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178 *Market street.*

BALTIMORE, *October*, 1846.

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PAULINE SEWARD.

A

TALE OF REAL LIFE,

BY

JOHN D. BRYANT.

"Religion, heavenly Maid!
What tears of love and hate are shed for thee!"

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

However unacceptable prefatory remarks may be to the general reader, they are sometimes indispensable. It seems to be so with respect to at least one feature of the present work. The dogmatical portions of it refer to eternal truths; the vehicle of whose description, language, should always be the same. The author therefore, instead of clothing them in his own imperfect language, has deemed it in some sort a duty, to transcribe them from those sources which are known to contain them pure. And though it has been indispensable sometimes so to modify them as to suit the colloquial use intended to be made of them, they will be found to be intrinsically the same. Their perusal may, to the instructed reader, seem long and tedious, and therefore be placed to the account of the many other imperfections of the narrative. To this he begs leave to re-

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quest that such readers may remember, the work was not penned for their perusal alone; and while it might be said to merit that criticism from them, it may fall into the hands of some, who will censure it for brevity in the same particular. It has been his endeavour to preserve a happy medium, by saying only so much upon each of the subjects he has thought proper to introduce as might render it intelligible to the inquirer, without being burdensome to others; whether successfully or not remains to be seen.

With the brief prayer that his effort may result to the glory of God, he leaves it in the hands of those for whose perusal it was designed.

THE AUTHOR.

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PAULINE SEWARD.

CHAPTER I.

"Joyous mirth and sick'ning sorrow alternately blend."—ANON.

IT was in the autumn of 18— that one of the most elegant mansions in the town of P——— gave unequivocal evidences of a soirée of unusual splendour. Carriages in quick succession stopped before its door, and one continued stream of gaily-dressed personages poured into the ample hall. The hall itself was brilliantly illuminated; and liveried servants with obsequious politeness moved to and fro, with the air and gesture of those who feel their own dignity to increase with the greater consequence of each new arrival of the *elite* of a gay metropolis.

The gorgeous rooms into which the guests were ushered gave ample evidence of the princely opulence of their possessor. Whatever art could produce of luxurious elegance; whatever wealth could purchase for ornament, comfort, or convenience, was there bestowed in the most lavish profusion; which, as may be imagined, lost none of their magnificence in the rich floods of light, that, streaming from ten thousand artificial suns, gleamed in every imaginable spot, where art directed by taste could devise. Here, beauty, wit, and mirth arrayed themselves in all their bewitching

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attractions, previous to their descent into the drawing-rooms.

Thither let us precede them, that at our leisure we may form some acquaintance with the interesting being, who is to occupy so much of our attention in the course of the following pages.

At the upper end of a suite of apartments, furnished with regal magnificence, stood Mr. Calvin Seward, the most elegant man of his day; tall, and well-proportioned; dressed richly, and with the most fastidious taste; yet in every, even the most trifling respect, corresponding with a gentleman of his age, which one unacquainted with him would suppose to be about forty, but which in fact was fifty-five; the erect form, the fine glow of health which still mantled his cheek, the glossy black hair, and the unbroken rows of fine teeth, all uniting to cause an observer to place him full fifteen years below his actual age. His mental qualities might be far more accurately prejudged. The most casual observer would, from his broad and lofty forehead, and from the smoothness and evenness of his features, pronounce him intellectually gifted, and of a mild and amiable disposition; unless, as to the latter, a certain sharpness of feature might indicate a corresponding acerbity of mind; though even that detraction from his perfect elegance would be strongly contradicted by a natural and quiet smile, that played with easy grace upon his well-formed mouth. You could not, however, gaze long upon his fine expressive face, without observing a shade of some emotion deeper than mere thought, clouding at intervals his usually calm brow. It might have been anxiety, though one who should gaze upon the costly profusion and dazzling splendour of the whole scene would be at a loss

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to ascribe it to such a cause. Be that as it may, the cloud was not suffered to remain long, where, whatever were the cause, we have observed it.

Upon his arm leaned, in easy gracefulness and dignity, a creature formed in nature's sweetest and most perfect mould. Pauline Seward embodied all the beauty, loftiness, and amiability of her father, softened and perfected in the finest touches of feminine grace. Art could not have chiseled features so perfect, a form so symmetrical. She had just passed her nineteenth summer; all days of sunshine and bliss: and if her dark eye flashed with eloquence in the consciousness of the possession of intellectual powers far superior to those around her, or if it fell beneath the admiring glance of the multitudes who worshipped at her feet, it was equally the result of an unaffected simplicity, uncontaminated by the sophistries of society. A perfect model for art, yet was she perfectly artless. And not less strikingly did the elegant simplicity of her costume contrast with the gorgeousness of those of the gay throngs that now crowded the drawing-rooms, and moved forward to pay their respects to their elegant host and hostess.

Let us take this opportunity to survey a scene whose dazzling splendour was never surpassed in the palmiest days of luxurious Rome. A scene, upon which, if our republican forefathers could have risen from their graves and looked, they must have shrunk back into their cold abodes, exclaiming, Is this the republican simplicity for which we endured every hardship and toil, and for which we counted not our lives dear! The bewitching harmony of viol, lute, and harp imparted its fascination to a scene around which refinement and art had thrown

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the most enchanting attractions. The mirrored walls threw back bright floods of light, completely changing night to day, and annihilating the remotest approach to a shadow; richly carved and cushioned furniture; antique chairs, elegantly contrasted with Turkish ottomans; voluptuous divans; softly yielding carpets, and whatever the most fastidious desire could crave for elegance, ease, and luxury. From a spirited march the music had now changed to a waltz; and already sylph-like forms whirled, seemingly on air, through the mazy round, in spirit-like harmony with the silver sounds that meltingly enchanted the senses.

Could some being unacquainted with our world have looked down upon that bright scene, and viewed that world through it as a medium, it might have sighed to leave its native skies and dwell on earth; unless it could have witnessed another scene, which was at that moment being transacted before the portals of that noble mansion; then, as it once more shrank within its native skies, it must have wept burning tears.

We have said the season was autumn. The month was October. It was at a period when winter did not languishingly linger, until the New Year had commenced his career; but when he came furiously on, with howling winds, and sleet, and snow, long before autumn had completed its course in the circle of months. The night was dark and desolate. Keen north-west winds came sweeping down with sleet and snow; and the curious gazers, who had been attracted by the gay equipages and music to loiter near the door, had long since sought the comfortable shelter of their peaceful homes. One little child of sorrow alone remained. Barefooted, her dress in shreds, and with no

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covering on her head, she stood cowering in the dark recess of the steps. She had wandered long and far that bitter night for charity; but no kindly heart had warmed to her appeal. Almost in despair, she had just been seeking some temporary shelter, where she might lay her hapless head for one more cheerless night, if indeed the howling storm did not crush the fragile flower before the morning came, when the flood of light issuing from the door shed a ray of hope upon her blighted, but pure and trusting heart.

"Here is plenty, light and warmth," she whispered to herself; "maybe poor Marie may here be heard." Become timid as a startled fawn by frequent rebuffs, she crept softly and slowly up the marble steps. It was a long, a lingering, a trembling effort that she made; but at last there she stands full in the blaze of light, the picture of hopeless wo. Her face upturned, frozen tears glistening upon her pallid cheeks; her attenuated hands clasped convulsively upon her breast; while her thin fingers worked with the agony of suspense as to what might be the result of this last appeal, before she lay down, perhaps to die. Some time elapsed before she could summon the courage to speak; and when she did so, it was almost with the tremulous shriek of despair.

"Dear, good sirs, poor Marie has no friends or home: dear mother's dead, and father's gone, and Marie is left alone. She is cold, and wet, and hungry; pity, dear sirs, and heaven bless you!" Thus, sinking upon her knees, she made her feeble prayer.

"Drat that beggar, they are always prowling about people's doors to see what they can lay their hands on!" exclaimed the burly porter, who stood behind the door, and at the same moment sprang forward to

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seize and kick the veritable little thief, that stole a mat the day before.

He might have thought he saw an angel, so suddenly did he pause; but certain it is, as his eye fell upon that kneeling, fragile girl,—her hands still clasped upon her breast, and the sweetest face that God ever gave to a poor orphan still upturned in speechless agony,—his heart melted within him; and, for the first time, the piteous, tremulous tones of her voice struck him as being those of real sorrow.

"Good God!" he exclaimed; "this child can be no impostor:" and stooping, he raised her shrinking form, whispering, "Sweet child, what aileth thee?" That act, that voice, that tone, those words, "sweet child," long a stranger to poor Marie's ear, pierced her gentle heart, unloosed anew the flood-gates of her soul, and tears of tenderest gratitude streamed from her eyes, while she moaned, "Poor Marie's cold and hungry."

The finer part of the rough man's nature was touched; and as he brushed the scalding drops from his own eye, he whispered: "Be still, my child, you shall have all you want." Had he spoken harsh words to her, she might have become still; but gentleness had been so long a stranger to her sorrowing heart, that it was gentleness alone that now caused it to beat almost to bursting.

"Don't be angry with Marie, dear, good sir," she cried; "the people don't speak so to her; dear mother did, but now she's dead, and Marie's left alone." The man himself would have needed a comforter, if this had continued; moreover, company just then arriving, and the scene having begun to attract some attention, he raised the exhausted child in his arms and de-

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scended with her to the kitchen. "Here, Betty," said he, addressing the cook, "is a poor little creature who seems to be almost perished; do give her a crust of bread, let her warm herself, and then send her home."

"Then send her home!" half said, half muttered Betty, for the porter had hastened back to his place at the door; "poor thing, she looks as if she never had a home! What is your name, dear?"

"Dear mother called me Marie, when she died," sobbed the innocent sufferer.

"May the Holy Virgin protect us!" exclaimed the good-hearted woman; "did ever poor child wear such an angel face? Who was your mother? Don't be frightened; tell me." But fresh bursts of grief had choked her utterance. It was not fright, however, for the kind woman had unknowingly touched a tender chord in the poor child's memory. "May the Holy Virgin protect thee, my sweet babe," were the last words of the poor unknown woman, as she laid her feeble hands upon the orphan's head, and leaving her to the tender mercies of a heartless world, died.

"There, there, my child, don't make on so; eat that. I know what's the matter; poor thing, she's almost starved and frozen; and only see the ice on her very face and hair. Send her home! much of a home such a poor thing as she's got. Where is your home, my child?"

"Marie's got no home."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"I don't know, ma'am; 'twas a great way off, under some step. Indeed I don't know, ma'am."

Her sobs, and the touching earnestness of her replies were too much for the tender-hearted woman, and

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turning from her, she wiped the big tears from her own eyes with the corner of her apron.

Dear reader, if the moisture has threatened thine, I pray thee repress it, unless thou hast first wept for the gay throngs within those splendid halls. Little as thou mayst be disposed so to think, poor Marie, with all her sorrows, does not need thy tears so much as they. Many a canker worm was busy gnawing at the hearts of those, every muscle of whose face was strained to aching to preserve a look of gayety and mirth; and conscience, how it lashed its restless victims with the recollection of their oppression of the poor, who had toiled night and morning to enable them to make display. What care, what anxieties, what heart-burnings would by turns pale or crimson o'er the cheek, when perhaps a forced smile at some sally of wit would be made to cover the real misery at heart. But, round went the dance, and round went the wine and song, for those were the days of song; round went the jest, and the cards went round, and die; for jest, and cards, and die were all invoked to add fresh charms and make the guests more gay. Did ever rosy hours before flit by on such rapid wings? Did e'er such fairy forms glide through the mazy dance? Was ever wine so red, or feast so rich, or guests so gay? It was long after midnight before Mordant hall was again restored to its long unbroken silence.

This last remark, though perhaps inconsiderately dropped, imposes upon us a new obligation; and, if the kind reader will not charge us with too abruptly dismissing the guests, we will at once proceed to reveal at least something of the cause of that long unbroken silence. The reader has already observed an occasional shade of gloom passing over the usually

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placid features of Mr. Seward. It was the cause of continual conjecture on the part of his friends, for as yet nothing had transpired to gratify inquisitive curiosity.

In presenting Mr. Calvin Seward to the reader, no mention was made of the only defect which he possessed. This was a strong, not to say bitter prejudice in his religious opinions. Being of a remarkably powerful mind, it was not, perhaps, to be expected that his sentiments should be otherwise than firmly rooted; and if necessary, strenuously maintained. In general they were cautiously formed, and not until the subject, be it what it might, was viewed in every aspect, and only then when every available source of information had been duly consulted. It is, therefore, the more remarkable, that in respect to the most important subject which the human mind is capable of entertaining, he should have passed a half century of his life without perhaps even asking himself the question, "On what grounds do I believe the doctrines of my religion?" Born and educated in the Presbyterian faith, habitually listening to the instructions of its ministers, being the leading representative of a line of ancestry which extended back almost to the time of Calvin, whose name he was proud to bear; it was a matter of course, rather than one of investigation, that he must be a Presbyterian. Upon no firmer basis did his religious convictions rest. He presumed his religion to be true; he was satisfied with it; and, though he could not go so far as the Westminster Confession of Faith, and say, "Salvation was not possible to be secured out of that Church," yet he thought the attempt to secure it elsewhere a very doubtful, not to say dangerous experiment; and he would infinitely rather have followed

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his beloved Pauline to the grave, than to have seen her, under any pretence whatever, desert the faith of her fathers. And yet, without being too sanguine in the anticipation of events, there was some reason to fear he might be called upon to lament such a calamity.

Three years previous, at a time when Pauline, born to be beloved and idolized, had just entered the gay arena of the fashionable world; and had already, by her beauty, talents and wealth, assumed a position which left her without a rival; Mr. Seward discovered in his daughter a marked disinclination to enjoy the thousand pleasures of her gay and sunlit path. Distressed beyond measure at this unlooked-for development, he sought in vain for a solution of the mystery, until one morning, on entering the library, he surprised Pauline surrounded by a pile of books of Presbyterian theology, and intently poring over a volume of sermons. So deeply was she absorbed in the occupation, that she had not heard the door opened, nor was she aware of the presence of any one, until her father, having approached near enough to ascertain the nature of the book which so much interested her, gently touched her shoulder, and playfully asked, "Does my love intend to study for the ministry?"

Pauline was of too noble and candid a disposition to conceal from her father any thing respecting herself, with which it was important for him to be made acquainted; and, had the thoughts and impressions which now oppressed her mind been otherwise than crude and indefinite, she would have confided them at once to a father whom she almost worshipped. "Why?" she would again and again ask herself; "why should I render him uneasy by the expression

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of doubts and fears, which, after all, may be but the fancies of youth and inexperience? No; I will banish them; or, if that be impossible, I will at least wait until they assume some definable form, that I may feel and know exactly what it is for which my soul so ardently longs." But it did not enter into her plans to be detected poring thus intently over a volume of controversial sermons; and blushing as she arose and threw her arms around her father's neck, she begged him not to be uneasy at a whim of hers.

He tenderly kissed her, as he replied: "I should not deserve to be your father, my love, if I could cease to be uneasy while my daughter is unhappy."

This was a new surprise for Pauline. She thought she had so skilfully concealed every shade of uneasiness as to have escaped all observation; but now, finding that her heart had been read by her fond parent, and that she had aroused his anxiety and was unhappy on her account, she deemed further effort at concealment useless and wrong; and, bursting into tears, she freely told him the tenor of her feelings, as far as she herself could yet realize them; and ended by saying: 'Dearest father, the world with all its pleasures, wealth, and grandeur, cannot satisfy this throbbing heart of mine. My soul craves happiness such as this world does not possess, and I long to seek it where alone it can be found, IN GOD: dearest, best of fathers, how, or through what medium shall I search for it in Him? Dearest, dearest father, be not angry with your own Pauline; she dare scarcely confess it to herself, but as often as that question rises in the mind, a voice from within exclaims, and—I know not why—a thousand echoes from without respond: 'SEEK IT IN THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.'"

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Mr. Seward was not a pious man, in the usual acceptation of that term; but he mingled his tears with those of his affectionate daughter; and had determined, as she proceeded in her confession, to propose sending for the worthy man whose spiritual instructions he had for so many years attended. But when the concluding sentence was uttered, you might have supposed that he, who a moment before was melted to tears at the grief of his daughter, had been suddenly transformed to stone. He sat, pale as marble, his features perfectly rigid, the tears still on his cheeks, and his noble figure erect and motionless as a statue. Alarmed beyond measure at an effect which she could not have anticipated, Pauline, with a wild shriek of terror, threw herself upon her knees before her father. "Speak to me, dearest, dearest father," she exclaimed: "speak to your unhappy daughter."

Bending forward, he gently raised her, and seated her beside him on a sofa, and pressing his marble lips to her not less cold forehead, he said: "Ah! Pauline, I could have borne any thing but this. You know not the pang you have caused me. Would to God! yes, Pauline, would to God I had laid your cold and lifeless form in the grave beside her whose perfect image you are. But enough, you must now leave me. I need not tell you to keep your own counsel, and breathe this awful tale to none. Leave me."

Pauline had never on the most trifling occasion disobeyed her father. When he spoke, she never made objection, but cheerfully did just as he wished. She did so now, in this most trying case. But there was a grave solemnity and decision in his tone, which he had never before used to her; and it sank deep into her heart. What would she not have given if the

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transactions of that hour could have been recalled. But no; they were past recall. She sorrowfully entered the retirement of her own apartments, and there, on bended knees, with tears and prayers, begged of a merciful God his Spirit to enlighten, and grace to sustain her.

Mr. Seward was a man of too much discernment not to perceive that either violent opposition, or even expostulation, would but increase the evil, which he clearly saw would require his utmost skill to repel; and he deemed it prudent to suppress all reference to the subject, until he should decide upon the best course of action. Therefore it was, that, the first shock being past, and as soon as he could recover voice to speak, he desired to be left alone.

When the door was closed, with agitated step he paced the library; the intensity of his thoughts urging him to and fro with a speed of which he was wholly unconscious; then, at intervals, bursting from his lips in audible expressions:

"Good heavens!—for what a trial hast thou reserved me.—Any thing but that.—A Seward, a Papist!—what would the world say?—The Sewards are mad.—Yes; she shall go. I'll take her to those lands where the scarlet beast sits in all her deformity. I will show her that deformity. She shall see the tombs of the martyrs, whose blood she has drunk. She shall see the degradation of her votaries. She shall witness the damnable superstition in all its most hideous aspects. Yes, she shall see Antichrist himself; and seeing with her own eyes, she shall rejoice, and thank God that she has escaped the delusion of the Man of Sin."

Two weeks afterwards found both father and daugh-

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ter embarked upon the broad Atlantic, on their way to a two years' sojourn in the consecrated lands of Catholic Faith. They had but just returned, when introduced to the reader; but with what success as to the object of their journey the following pages must develop.

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CHAPTER II.

Wearily, wearily drowned in her tears,
Sitting so lonelily, trembling with fears,
Hearken how sobbingly, come forth her sighs!
See, see how absently wander her eyes!
Listen—she dreamily murmurs a word,
Soft, and how touchingly, scarce it is heard.
Now she prays mourningly, bent to the earth;
Angels, that tenderly watched her from birth,
Sooth her now lovingly sinking with grief—
In voices so heavenly whisper relief.—MISS COLEMAN.

AT a late hour the following morning, Pauline sat pensively at the large trellised window of her chamber, her head resting upon her hand. Her face was somewhat flushed; perhaps, the effect of the last evening's exertions: but why those long and heavy sighs?

She had just dismissed her waiting-maid, with the message to Betty that her mistress was now ready for breakfast; when relapsing from the air of easy cheerfulness which she judged proper to assume even before her servants, but which she did not feel, she asked herself: "Why am I not happy? Once, how my merry heart did bound; but now its every throb is painful. Oh! that I could satisfy its cravings."

"Thou! helpless one! thou canst never satisfy its cravings. God alone is sufficient for thee," said a voice.

Half terrified, she started and turned to see who had intruded upon her retirement. But she was alone, and no sound broke the profound, impressive silence,

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save the whistling of the wind as it swept in merry gambols by. She again turned towards the window, and for the first time noticed the beautiful scene that was spread before her. The fierce storm of the previous night had exhausted its fury, leaving the ground and every object covered with sleet and snow. The sun shone with full refulgence, the sky was decked in brightest blue, with here and there a thin veil of fleecy clouds tossed by the playful winds. The shrubbery and trees, that ornamented the ample grounds surrounding Mordant Hall, covered with the purest crystals, glistened in the sun-beams, bright as poet ever dreamed them: then the snow-birds and robins, how cheerily they chirped and hopped about from branch to branch. Pauline, involuntarily extending her hand, exclaimed: "Come, little birds, teach me to be happy as you." And the merry sleigh-bells, how the air rung with their gingling tones; and what rosy cheeks and laughing eyes peeped from behind warm cloaks and furs; and what huge boas twisted in swelling folds, looking like veritable monsters, flew past the house, to the crack of the whip and the shout of merry children trudging along the footpaths. Could any one be sad midst such a scene? Yes; Pauline was very sad; and when her waiting-maid entered the room to inquire, for the coachman, if Miss Seward ordered the sleigh to be got up, she simply said: "No, Jane; tell him I shall not ride this morning; and leave orders with the porter, 'Miss Seward not at home to-day.'"

"Miss Crawford just entered the hall as I came up stairs, ma'am;" said the maid.

"Ask Miss Crawford to please walk up." But the message had scarcely passed Pauline's lips, when the happy, warm-hearted girl bounded into the room and

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was locked in the embrace of her most intimate friend.

Isabella Crawford and Pauline Seward were classmates at school, and almost from their earliest acquaintance had been chosen friends. Their friendship grew and strengthened as their acquaintance matured; each year still more firmly cementing it.

Though Pauline was in some respects the superior, yet in mental and personal endowments both were nearly equal. They loved each other with the devotion of sisters; they were seldom separated; and neither had a thought, a joy, or a grief, that was not confessed and mutually shared. In this one point alone, the cause of her present sadness, had Pauline failed to seek the sympathy of her friend; not from a disinclination or want of confidence, but from the hopelessness of receiving comfort.

Isabel had anticipated Pauline's return from abroad, with the most lively conceptions of the pleasure which awaited them; and now that she had come, her bounding heart thought of nothing but the realization of those waking dreams. These were not diminished in brightness by the opening fête of the season, given by her friend the evening before; and, full of spirits, she had hastened to Pauline that morning, to consult respecting her own, which was soon to follow, and which she had resolved should be in every respect worthy of her, in honour of whose return it was given: and, as she entered Pauline's chamber, her face beaming with delight, and the rosy tint of her morning ride, she could not conceal the effect upon her feelings, of her friend's sad and subdued appearance; and kissing her feverish lips and cheeks, she exclaimed: "Dear, dear Pauline, you are ill: what is the matter?"

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Pauline, wishing to waive a reference to the true cause of an appearance which she tried in vain to conceal, replied, "I fear, dear Bel, that the excitement of last evening was too much for my nerves."

"Dear Pauline, I have seen you too often after such excitements easily to suppose that you have told me the whole cause. Have we not always been friends, dearest, and have we not often consulted and rejoiced together, and shall we not be equally confiding when sorrow presses upon the heart? Dear Pauline, with the privilege of a friend let me say, I have long suspected some secret cause of grief; often before you left us have I noticed you growing more and more pensive. Tell me, now, dearest, if it be only the long protracted absence of Eugene, or if some more serious trouble be the cause. Pauline, I have read your heart. You are an altered being. Many things you formerly loved are now distasteful to you, and endured simply for the sake of form. Society has become irksome to you; yes, to you, Pauline, who are so richly endowed with every charm to adorn it; and though no one could have performed their part with more dignity and grace than you did last night, I saw that your heart was not interested."

Though one little word of Miss Crawford's had invoked the tell-tale blush, the force of another emotion caused it to fade from her brow as quickly as it came. Pauline was not till then aware how closely her friend had read her heart; and though Isabel spoke from the most tender concern, and warmest desire to sympathize with and comfort her, yet she would rather not have had that heart so deeply read. But still it was full: too full not to overflow; and to whom should she speak, if not to one who, she well knew, de-

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votedly loved her. As this reflection forced itself upon her mind, she resolved no longer to withhold from Miss Crawford the true cause of her sadness.

"Dear Bel," said she, "I feel the full force of your words, that friends should share their griefs as well as their joys, and I should long before this have unfolded to you the cause of my sorrow, had I thought that you could have afforded me the relief which I need. I was unwilling that you should share a sorrow, for which there was no prospect of alleviation."

"Don't speak so gloomily, dear Pauline, at least until we have fully ascertained that there be no alleviation. Remember your favourite lines, "earth hath no sorrow, that heaven cannot cure."

"Heaven! yes, it is that alone which can remove the heavy load that rests upon my heart. Without perhaps suspecting it, dear Bel, you have referred to the true cause of my grief. You see me surrounded with every thing that can be desired to make one happy. I have no wish that is not gratified as soon as or even before it is expressed, and yet I am not satisfied. I feel that I am not fulfilling the end for which I have been created. The mental powers, the intelligence, with which God has endowed us; the immortal principle within us; all, all, Isabel, indicate that we have a higher destiny than mere animal, or, indeed, mental enjoyment. I have an immortal spirit, and yet all I have ever done has had no higher object than present gratification. This world is all I have thought of. Why have we an immortal principle within us, if it be not to prepare for an immortal state of existence? The being that made us must have made us for himself. That being must be God. Bel, I have never given myself to God. I have only devoted myself to

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earthly objects. I have given myself wholly to them. I am not then fulfilling the end of my being. That end is God. Where?—how? dear Isabel, how or through what medium shall I find God? For him my soul sighs; with him alone will it be satisfied."

The solemnity, the deep fervour, with which Miss Seward spoke, so completely riveted the attention of Miss Crawford, that some moments elapsed before she thought of replying, when she said: "I suppose, then, you intend to join church."

"I intend to give myself to God. Show me his church, Isabel, and I shall be but too happy of the privilege you name, to hesitate."

Isabel, knowing the strong Presbyterian bias of the family of her friend, regarded her for a moment with a look of surprise; then said: "I thought your family were undivided on that subject, Pauline. Would it not be the church you have ever attended?"

"I know not, Bel; I have there searched for that after which my heart sighs, but I cannot find it; and yet it may be there."

Miss Crawford was an Episcopalian, and the thought flashed across her mind, that her friend might possibly be exercised upon the necessity of a Liturgical service; and, well knowing the uncompromising hostility of Mr. Seward to worship God through the medium of a Liturgy, however excellent, thought she now had some clue to Pauline's sadness, and observed: "Nothing could be more beautiful and perfect than our faith and mode of worship, Pauline; perhaps, you might obtain among us the consolation you seek. If you think so, what pleasure would it not afford me to assist you in an interview with our worthy pastor."

"I have sought it there, also, dear Isabel; and

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equally without avail. And I have sought it wherever there was the smallest shadow of hope that it could be found, but always with the same result. And after each examination I have found myself just where, and as, I started, only still more sad. I can find no one to *teach* me. All is mere opinion. There is no authority. Every one says, 'Search the Scriptures,' 'take the Saviour for your model and learn of him:' and, dear Bel, I have more than half come to the conclusion that this is the reason (there are so many sects,) each of which claim to be the true depository of the faith which our divine Lord came to teach. I more than half believe this to be the origin of all the confusion of the Christian world. And yet, true faith must be somewhere. Our Saviour taught with authority. He inculcated a positive faith, which all are bound to receive; and He promised that it should not fail. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away,' He says; 'but my words shall not pass away.' 'Go ye, therefore, teaching all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;' 'teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Christ must then have a church in the world. That church must be one body, as the apostle says: 'There is one Body, and one Spirit, even as you are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all.' Amidst so many conflicting creeds, dear Bel, where shall I find that one Body? Who has that one Holy Spirit? Who, that one dear Lord? Who, that one precious Faith? Oh! my beating heart! be still; God will reveal it in his own good time;" and, overcome by the intensity of her feelings, she burst into tears. Miss Crawford

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had no strength to comfort her friend, and after a brief silence Pauline continued:

"Yes, dear Bel, I will tell you all, in one short sentence; as often as I ask myself those questions, an almost audible voice says: 'Seek God in the Holy Catholic Church.'"

"Merciful heavens! Pauline, has religion turned your brain?"

"No, Isabel; on the contrary, though oppressed, I never was more collected. An inward monitor impels me forward, and if I knew how to obey its mandate, I feel that I should once more be happy."

"Then you are going to turn controversialist, I suppose?"

"I am going to seek God."

"If you knew as much as I do, Pauline, you would not seek God among the Romanists."

"Tell me, dear Bel, all you know, and I will bless you with my latest breath;" said the ardent inquirer, as a ray of hope brightened her beautiful features, and a sweet but transient smile curved her trembling lips.

"Pauline, did you know they were dark, designing, and cunning? did you know that they rob God of the worship due to Him alone, by transferring their adorations to dead men and women? did you know that they break the very commandments of that God by making and bowing down to images of wood, of stone, of silver, and of gold? did you know they are superstitious, and that to perpetuate their dark deeds they keep the people in ignorance, and deny them the use of God's own blessed Book, the Holy Bible? would you then believe that God need be sought, or could at all be found, among such a people?"

"Isabel, if but one of those awful things that you

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have named be true, it would be enough; yes, more than enough, to convince me that God is not there to be found. But I do not know them to be true, dear Bel, and if you can make me to know them certainly, I shall never again think of that being the source:—and yet I know not what might be the consequence should I fail in the discovery, where my heart has for so long a time been directing me to search."

"Leave the proof to me, Pauline, and though I am no theologian, I will convince you of every word I have said, and much that is still more dreadful; but dismiss your sighs and fears now, dearest, and let me see you smile once again."

Miss Seward had fully experienced the truth of the proverb, "Hope deferred sickens the soul." Three long, weary years had she been seeking the knowledge which now seemed almost within her grasp. During that long period she had kept her own secret. Excepting her father, no one had the most distant idea of the true cause of a depression, which was at times too marked to escape observation. He had not failed to use every means in his power to break what he deemed the spell of the demon of superstition, that tormented her. And finding that the object of his travels was likely not to result as he desired, he hastened homeward, determining if possible to destroy it, by forcing his daughter into gay and fashionable society. His first brilliant effort had been made; and though Pauline had acquitted herself with her accustomed dignity and grace, her sorrowing soul still breathed its plaint in secret. But here beams a ray of hope. Her friend comes to dispel the sadness of her mind, by assisting her to knowledge on the subject, whose mysteries she sought to have unfolded: and though it may be deemed

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a mournful kind of comfort, that sought to destroy her dearest hopes of attaining to the knowledge of God; yet any thing relating to it was hailed by her as one step nearer to its completion. Therefore it was that Miss Crawford needed not to repeat her request, to win a smile; and though it was given glistening amidst many tear-drops, it arose from the depths of her fervent heart, and those tears flowed from the fount of joy; prospective joy, prompted by the hope that she should yet be happy.

"I suppose I must not dare to speak of the party, after all this, Pauline?" inquiringly observed Miss Crawford.

"If you do not, Bel, I must; and farther, I shall expect to discharge full one-half of the duties of preparation," was Pauline's reply.

"Now you are my own Pauline again; but I have detained you so long, we will say adieu, until to-morrow;" and tenderly throwing her arms around her friend's neck, she kissed her fair brow, and the next instant the light-hearted girl was bounding out of the room, when she was startled by the again changed and solemn tone of Pauline's voice, as she called after her,

"Dear Bel, I have one fear."

"Naughty girl," she replied: "do I not forbid you to have fears, and also to wear that melancholy look?" Oh! dear Pauline, be yourself once more."

"But, dear Bel, this fear is not for myself, it is for you, lest by seeking to benefit me, you should subject yourself to ungenerous reproach. Where will you obtain the books?"

"Oh! never mind that; leave that to me. We Episcopalians are not so much afraid of Popish books as you are;" one more adieu, and she was gone.

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The clock struck twelve as Pauline sat sipping her coffee, and the bell of a neighbouring church tolled the Angelus. She had an undefined impression that it was for prayer, and dismissing the servant, she knelt, scarcely knowing why she should be prompted to such an act, simply because she heard a bell. But she knelt, and tremblingly said: "O God! wherever thou art, teach me to find thee. Reveal thyself to me. Alas! I am unworthy to know thee; most unworthy to possess thee; and yet without thee I must die. If thou dost approve that in which I am soon to be engaged, bless it; if not, show me some other way, by which to find thee—the better, the only true way. My poor distracted heart whispers an approval; but since the spiritual enemy of our race is ever ready to take advantage of our weakness, I know not but that it may be a delusion of his. Have pity on me, O God! and lead me to thy adorable self." She arose, refreshed in spirit, and was about to descend to the library, there to pass the intervening hours, till summoned to the dining hall, when Betty, entering the room, begged to know if she might speak to Miss.

"Certainly, good Betty; what have you to say?"

"There is a poor little sufferer in the house, and I did not know whether you'd be pleased, ma'am, with what I've done. And yet, ma'am, if you could see the poor, dear creature, I'm sure, ma'am, you'd not be angry with me. It must be an angel sent down from heaven, just to see if anybody would take notice of it. You never did see, ma'am, such a sweet face since you were born, ma'am; and such beautiful eyes and hair! Oh! ma'am, if you would only come and look at her while she is asleep, you'd think she was made of wax."

"I do not understand you, Betty: a poor little suf-

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ferer that is an angel, in my house asleep!—explain yourself; who is it? how did it come here? and where did it come from?" inquired her mistress.

"Who it is, and where it came from, ma'am, the poor creature don't know itself; but Robert, the porter, brought it to me in the kitchen, last night, cold, wet, and half starved. Oh! ma'am, if you could have seen the tears frozen on its pale cheeks, it would have broken your heart. I couldn't stand it, indeed I couldn't, ma'am; so, as I couldn't get to speak to you, I washed the dear creature, and put her in my own bed, ma'am; and as I could not first ask your permission, on account of the great folks, I've come now to tell you, and ask you, if you will please, ma'am, come look at it?"

Attracted by the novelty of the account, as well as by Betty's earnestness in giving the details, Pauline submitted to be conducted to the room, where, meekly, and without a murmur, almost without a sigh, innocence lay suffering. Had she not been rescued from the storm, she must have perished that night. And though she had been warmed, and fed, and clothed, with almost a mother's care, her fragile form had suffered more than it could bear. A burning fever had come on in the night, and there poor Marie lay, in broken slumber, delirious. An unnatural glow was on each cheek, but her face and neck were white and clear as alabaster. At intervals she moved her thin lips, and seemed to speak. Pauline, deeply touched with the sight of the beautiful being before her, spoke not, but kneeling beside her, listened intently to catch the words of the forlorn sufferer. It was some time before she spoke; but now her lips move again, and Pauline catches the low whispered words:

"Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners,

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now, and at the hour of our death,"—and after a pause: "Holy Mary, pray for poor little Marie; she has no home, no sweet mother to smile on her."

"Sweet babe!" said Pauline, "what hast thou done, that thou should'st be made to suffer so much?"

"Suffer, ma'am? yes, only look at her poor, darling little feet; said the tender-hearted Betty, as she gently raised the coverlet and removed some cloths from the child's feet: "did you ever see such gashes in any one's flesh before? See how the blood oozes from them.—I was afraid it would make you sick, ma'am; but I thought you ought to see it," she hastily added, as she flew to support her mistress, who had turned deathly pale and sunk back into a chair.

"Give me some water, Betty;—don't be frightened,—it will pass away in a moment.—There"—.

"I hope you are better, ma'am; I meant it all for the best, ma'am."

"Yes, I feel better now. This child must be immediately attended to, Betty. Send for Dr. Wirt, and request his instant attendance at the Hall. And in the mean time, prepare the little chamber adjoining mine, that she may be removed there as soon as she awakes. I will protect and nurse her myself: at least until we can discover her parentage."

"God will send you some blessing, ma'am, for such charity as that: and you are not displeased with me for what I have done, ma'am?"

"No, good Betty, unless it be that you did not tell me sooner. I fear she will die."

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CHAPTER III.

"I knew that the Angels were
Whispering with thee."—S. Lover.

The following morning Miss Seward devoted her first leisure hour to the care of the innocent being whose sufferings had made such an irresistible impression upon her truly generous heart. But she had now been for some moments seated in the library, in anxious expectation of the arrival of Miss Crawford, when she heard a carriage draw up before the Hall. The next moment the friends were locked in each others arms.

"Well, Pauline;" exclaimed the light-hearted Isabel; "though I am no doctor in divinity, I am at least punctual to my theological engagement; and, whatever my deficiency in mental equipment, it may, perhaps, be amply compensated by this array of authorities:" displaying, as she spoke, several books, by means of which she hoped soon to banish the unaccountable delusion under which she sincerely believed her friend laboured.

"I hope, dear Bel, you do not intend to sound the note of retreat so soon; your charges are of so grave a character, would it not have been well to have ascertained your 'mental equipment' to sustain them before they were made?"

"I have; be assured of that, Pauline. I have well

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weighed all I intend to say, and you yourself shall acquit me, before I have finished, of all desire to run away."

"Bravo, my dear Bel; go on, I will be your very attentive listener."

"Well, then, in the first place, dear Pauline, as to the dark, designing and cunning character of the followers of the delusion you desire to study, as I have no book authority at hand, we must appeal to our individual knowledge. And do we not know that, shrouded in mystery, its votaries, both male and female, prowl through the world, as the Scriptures say of the evil one, like roaring lions seeking whom they may devour? Where is the spot on the habitable globe, where their miserable priests and still more miserable nuns, (Ugh! I shudder whenever I think of those unhappy creatures,) are not to be found, building their churches and their so-called religious houses; stealing the hearts of young children, corrupting young women, and wheedling off the very flower of our youth?"

"Dear Bel, you know I am perfectly ignorant as yet of the Catholic church———"

"Romanist Church, if you please, Pauline."

"Just as you please, Bel; but did it ever occur to you, that being everywhere, as you say, throughout the habitable globe, may be a premise on which they rest their pre-eminent claims to the name of Catholic? Catholic you know means universal. And again; does it not seem to you probable that their being thus spread throughout the world, might simply be in strict obedience to those words of Christ: 'Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel?' Remember, Bel, I do not say it is so, for I know nothing about it. They may be the evil spirits that you describe them, seeking whom they may devour. It only seems to me, that

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merely being found throughout the world would not be sufficient to condemn them. They must be shown to be doing harm in it."

"That is precisely what I am now going to show You remember I said they rob God of the worship due to him alone, by transferring their adorations to dead men and women. If I can now prove that to your satisfaction, would you not think they were doing harm enough in the world, dear Pauline?"

"I certainly should, dear Bel, and I should need no further evidence to satisfy me that they are guilty of the most hateful impiety and abominable idolatry."

"Well, listen to me patiently, Pauline, for I have much to say on this point. I shall refer to their own books to prove what I say. I do not pretend to a very critical arrangement of my subject, but shall be content if I make myself clearly understood. I shall first take the catechism of the Council of Trent, and show you that they venerate, that is, as I shall presently prove to you, adore, or worship dead persons. Here it is, page 245, "On the honour and invocation of the Saints." It says, in the margin, that 'the honour and invocation of the saints is not prohibited by the first (that is our second) commandment.' Then in the text itself, it says: 'In the exposition of this precept, the faithful are to be accurately taught that the veneration and invocation of angels and saints who enjoy the glory of heaven, and the honour which the Catholic Church has always paid even to the bodies and ashes of the saints, are not forbidden by this commandment.' There, Pauline, read the monstrous doctrine for yourself. And even the catechism, put into the hands of innocent little children, teaches the same impious doctrine. On page 39, the question, 'Are we forbidden

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by the first commandment to honour the Saints,' is asked; and the very first word in the emphatic reply is, 'No.'

"Now, dear Pauline, let us see if their practice agrees with these standards; let us see if the poor deluded people really do pray to and worship these dead people. Listen to what I shall read from this prayer-book. 'We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God; despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers, O ever glorious and blessed Virgin.' What an impious prayer to a poor creature like ourselves; and just hear these still more impious expressions: 'Mother of divine grace:' 'Ark of the covenant:' 'Gate of heaven:' 'Refuge of sinners:' and I don't know how many more. Why, I had always thought Christ is the door by which we enter heaven, and that He is the refuge of sinners; but it seems here is another 'gate,' another 'refuge.' Oh! Pauline, I wonder you can have the patience to bear with me even in reading these wicked expressions. I expected to hear you say, 'You need not proceed, I have heard enough to convince me.'"

"Why, Bel, I was just that moment thinking whether the Catholics attach the same meaning to the prayer, and to those expressions which you have just read, as we, or even as they would, if addressed to God himself; or indeed whether the very words themselves may not, as most words have, a signification applicable to the use made of it at the time. You know our own Bible says, that when the officers of David came to see him before his death, 'all the assembly blessed the Lord, the God of their fathers, and they bowed themselves and *worshipped God and the king*;' 1 Chron. xxix. 20. Now either the word worship has more than one

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signification attached to it, or this assembly gave divine honours to a creature; and so of the other expressions, we sometimes call a person or thing 'divine' when we only mean transcendent. I hope, dear Bel, you have marked those places so that I may examine them at my leisure. If the words have, as we know words may have, various meanings, it is but just that we should ascertain which of the meanings those who teach these doctrines, and use these devotions, intend to be applied in each particular case; and also the exact degree of homage they intend to convey by their use. I, at least, am not satisfied; and cannot be so, until I know certainly. Do you not yourself think that is reasonable, Bel?"

"Certainly, Pauline; those who hold a belief ought to have the privilege of explaining it. The view you have just given never before occurred to me."

"And then," continued Pauline, "as to the answer you have just pointed out to me in the little Catechism, after the word 'no,' I find it expressly stated: 'If we only honour them as God's special friends and faithful servants, and if we do not give them supreme or divine honour, which belongs to God alone.' Now by this it is plain that Catholics do not intend to give to the creature the honour which belongs to God, but only some other or lesser honour; such, I suppose, as the people gave to King David. But you know that I have not yet examined, and therefore do not understand the subject: I merely say what seems to me just and charitable."

"Well, here is something you can understand, Pauline. You know the second commandment says: 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above,

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or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.' Now hear this barefaced contradiction of God's holy word, on page 250 of the Catechism of the Council of Trent. 'To make and honour the images of our Lord, of his holy and virginal Mother, and of the Saints, all of whom appeared in human form, is not only not forbidden by this commandment, but has always been deemed a holy practice, and the surest indication of a mind deeply impressed with gratitude towards them.' Our good old English Archbishop Secker used to say of them: 'The Church of Rome has other Gods, besides the Lord; and there never was greater idolatry among the heathens in the business of image-worshipping than in the church of Rome.' Is not that awful, Pauline?"

"Awful indeed, if true, Bel; yet it is mere assertion, not proof of a fact. But are you quite sure, Bel, that the Catechism contradicts the word of God?"

"Quite sure, Pauline! Yes, perfectly sure; certain. Does not the word of God say, you shall not make images? and does not the Catechism just as plainly say, that, 'to make and honour,' that is worship, 'images has always been esteemed a holy practice?'"

"But did not God himself command images to be made?"

"Why, no—Pauline,—that is,—yes, he may have done so in one or two instances."

"In many instances, dear Bel. God commanded Moses to make cherubims of gold, and to place them on the mercy-seat, where he himself promised to meet and commune with his servant, having the images on each side of him. Read the twenty-fifth chapter of Exodus. And God, in another place, again commanded

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Moses to make a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole; and said, 'it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live.' It seems to me then, dear Bel, that something else must be meant than the making of images. God would not break his own commandment. Then, there is that word 'worship' again. Now since we have left the drawing-room and turned theologians, do not let us be afraid of books: here is a dictionary; let us see exactly what it says about the word 'worship.' '*Worship*; 1. To adore; to pay divine honours to;—'"

"Just what I said, Pauline."

"Please wait a moment, Bel.—'To reverence with supreme respect and veneration. 2. To respect; to honour; to treat with civil reverence. 3. To honour with extravagant love and extreme submission; as a lover.' There you see, Bel, a person may worship, as the assembly did David, and not be guilty of idolatry. It also follows that we may also highly esteem inanimate objects; images, if you choose to call them so, without breaking the commandment."

"Yes, but the Romanists do not, Pauline."

"I am not certain of that, dear Bel; at least I will wait until I know more about it, before I can make up my mind that they do."

"Then you are not convinced, Pauline?"

"No, dear Bel, I must learn much more first."

"Ah! Pauline, I fear you are more than half a Romanist now; you admit nothing I say."

"Dear Bel, you would not wish me to admit that of which I am not convinced; neither could I do so; especially in so serious a matter. But I do not see how you could suspect me of now being a Catholic; or, as you say, a Romanist, since you well know I am

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not informed in any thing respecting them, except that they seem to be a very well-abused people. Until this morning, I have never so much as seen one of their books, and of course must be totally ignorant of what they believe."

"But you speak so tenderly of them; and that is a great step towards loving and imitating them."

"I have nothing against them yet, dear Bel, and it is but common justice not to condemn without a hearing. That I certainly shall not do; and with your assistance, Bel, I will make a thorough examination of all they believe and practice; and if I find cause to condemn, I promise you I shall not wound you by tenderness; but if I should find cause to approve,—Heaven only knows what may be the result!—Oh! my poor heart! how it throbs!"

"Now, Pauline, no sadness. There is no danger of your approving it, when you know the system of iniquity as well as I do."

"Do you know, Bel, of what I have been thinking while listening to you? It seems, to my uninformed mind, that the method which we have been pursuing this morning is not the correct one to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion."

"Any method that will show us the abominations of that horrid system, Pauline, is very satisfactory to me."

"But I fear that by such a desultory, or, if you will let me say so, skip-about method, we shall not be able to judge what may be abominations and what beauties."

"Well, what do you propose, Pauline? As it is wholly to win you back to your former happiness that I exert myself, I am ready to do any thing, or take any course you may desire."

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"Dear Bel, how my heart thanks you for your goodness. I hope it may be crowned with success:" said Pauline, fervently kissing her amiable friend, as a token of the gratitude she could not express. "I do not suppose that my plan is the best that could be devised; but it seems to me, that starting upon the principle universally admitted by all Christians, that Christ founded and established his church to endure to the end of time; we should first clearly ascertain which of the various divisions of the Christian church (since it is impossible that all are true, God is not the author of confusion) can trace its unbroken history back to the time when Christ and his apostles founded it. And after we had ascertained, beyond a doubt, which body of Christians had an uninterrupted continuation from those days to the present we should faithfully examine the doctrines they now teach, and compare them with those taught by our Saviour and his first disciples; and, indeed, as far as we might be able, with those taught in the succeeding ages; and I make no hesitation, Bel, in saying, that if successful in the search I would join that body of Christians, be it what it may; even though in it there should be some petty objections that did not affect fundamental truths. I would join it, Bel, because I should feel certain, that it was the church which Christ established; the church against which he said the gates of hell shall not prevail. But as all this will take time, and we have already wearied ourselves, let us for the present lay the subject aside."

"With all my heart, Pauline; I would lay the subject aside, and add the word 'forever' to it."

"Say not so, dearest, but forget it now, and examine with me these beautiful drawings. Pa saw them in Italy,

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and was so much pleased with them, that he ordered them to be sent to him, and they arrived only last evening. See what a beautiful head of the Madonna! Did you ever see any thing so exquisite? What proportions! what perfection in the execution!" But she had scarcely had time to dispose of her theological books, and make her exclamations of delight at one of Raphael's most perfect specimens of his art, when Mr. Seward entered the library.

"My sweet children," said the devoted father, "what have you been doing? You look as pale as students who burn the midnight oil, as we used to say at college."

"Dear pa," said Pauline, "we are just examining this beautiful collection of prints you ordered while in Italy. They arrived last evening. See, what a beautiful head! Can you guess whose it is?" she added, looking archly at Miss Crawford, as with her taper fingers she concealed the name beneath it.

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. Seward; "it must be—let me consider—yes, it must be the chef d'œuvre of the celebrated Corregio. Who else could execute so splendid a piece?"

"Not right, pa; guess again."

Here she laughed so merrily, Mr. Seward observed, "Some trick, Pauline! Show me the name, love." And removing her hand he read, Madonna.

"Let me examine the print more closely, Pauline," said he;—"Oh! the outline of that is very defective upon a more attentive observation. Observe that nose, Pauline; why I have seen you draw much better."

"There certainly is a very, very slight defect there, pa, but you compliment me too highly by mentioning my name in connection with any thing so exquisite. Oh,

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Bel!" she exclaimed, as she turned over another leaf, "see what a beautiful St. Agnes! Is she not sweet? How she reminds me of my own little pet lamb. Why, Bel, I have not shown you my little pet lamb, have I? Come with me instantly, and see the meekest little sufferer you ever saw. Pa, can you excuse us?"

"I can do any thing that will make you happy, love."

"One kiss, then, dear pa;" but the sweet girl had already taken it, and the next instant the friends had left the library.

"There, my merry-hearted, laughter-loving Pauline is herself once more. I knew it would be so, as soon as that foolish notion had got out of her head. What would I not give could I discover how it ever entered there! But no matter; thank God, the evil one has but little power over so much worth and innocence!"

Thus soliloquized the fond father, while the merry daughter and friend were skipping through the hall towards the chamber of the poor orphan.

"Gently, now, Bel, gently; she is as timid as a fawn;" and Pauline softly opening the door they both entered the room.

"How does she seem, Jane?" whispered Pauline to the waiting-maid, who never left the bedside, unless some one was there to take her place.

"She is still delirious at times, Miss, and very restless, though the doctor says she is much better. I think she is now asleep."

"You can go down stairs now, Jane; I will ring when you are wanted."

The friends approached the bedside, and stood for some moments in silence, gazing at the object before them. A tear trembled in either eye of Isabel, as she turned to her friend and said:

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"It is, indeed, the sweetest face that helpless sufferer ever wore. Who can she be?"

"Softly, Bel, a breath almost awakes her." But already the long dark lashes of Marie's eyes began to part, and after a hesitating struggle or two, the opened lids disclosed two orbs of deepest cerulean blue.

"There! there is the angel that Marie dreamed about! Let me kiss you, sweet angel; I know dear mother sent you. Won't you take me where dear mother is, sweet angel?—Hail Mary! Holy Mary!"

"Only hear the little idolater!" exclaimed Miss Crawford: "I thought I heard her whisper that before she opened her eyes."

A slight crimson tinged the meek child's face, as she became more conscious of surrounding objects, and she quickly concealed her head beneath the bed-covering.

"Do not be frightened, love; we have come to see if little Marie is better," said Pauline.

The gentle and soft tone of Pauline's voice reassured the child, and she timidly said:

"Sweet Miss, Marie dreamed she saw an angel just now; it was so beautiful! She thought it came to take her to Holy Mary and dear mother."

"You don't want to die, do you, dear?"

"Nobody cares for poor Marie now, and I want to go to Holy Mary and dear mother."

"Would you not rather go to God?"

"That is to God. God's there too."

"If you are to die, dear, we hope you will go to God, and to Holy Mary, and to dear mother, and to all whom you love: but we do not wish you to die. We love you; and wish you to stay here and be happy," said Pauline.

The sweet child had been so long a stranger to kind-

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ness, that she regarded her benefactress with an incredulous look, and sighed, as she answered, "Nobody will love poor Marie as dear mother did." But Pauline, observing that she had already been taxing the child's strength too far, bade her not talk any more, and she would soon come again to see her; and imprinting a kiss upon her lips, the friends once more committed the precious charge to Jane, and left the room.

"Pauline, have you no scruples in harbouring that poor little unfortunate?"

"Dear Bel! no; why should I have?"

"Because you neither know who or what she is, nor what may be the consequences of such imprudence."

"Of what consequences do you speak, dear Bel? I thought only of her sad and destitute condition."

"She is sick, and you do not know what dreadful disease she might be the means of bringing into your family. I really do not feel easy myself for having gone into the room."

"What should we have done, Bel? Should we have left the poor little sufferer to have perished in the street on that bitter night?"

"No, Pauline, heaven forbid; but you might have sent her to the hospital, where she would have received every attention her distressed condition demands; and I advise that you do so, without delay."

Miss Crawford was perfectly sincere in all she did; and though her judgment may in some instances have been, and in this certainly was, harsh, yet she spoke from the warmest interest that she ever took, in whatever regarded her amiable friend. We will not, therefore, even surmise, how far she might have been influenced in her present advice by the expressions of which little Marie made use in her dreams and broken slumber. Pauline's

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heart, however, had entwined itself too closely around the meek child to permit her for one moment to think of a separation; and as the friends parted, she simply assured her, that she would be wholly guided by the advice of her physician.

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CHAPTER IV.

What! this gentleman will out-talk us all—
Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.—
Tell thou the tale.—SHAKSPEARE.

ABOUT a fortnight after the incidents recorded in the previous chapter, Mrs. Templeton and her sister, Clara Stephens, were "at home," and in momentary expectation of the announcement of Mr. La Zourk, a young gentleman from Europe, who had been particularly attentive to Miss Clara the previous evening, at Miss Isabel Crawford's party. The gentleman, accompanied by Mr. Templeton, was not long in making his appearance; and after the usual preliminaries of an introduction to Mrs. Templeton, who had been deprived of that pleasure the evening before, on account of a slight indisposition, which detained her at home, a spirited conversation was commenced upon the topics usual at such times. The parties of the opening season; whose would be the most brilliant; who were the reigning belles, and so on, were well discussed. Then the operas, plays, play-actors, and the "divine danseuses," were all fully canvassed. And at last the usual dish of scandal was served up, well seasoned.

"How did it happen that the Crawfords led off second this season?" inquired Mr. Templeton.

"I suppose," replied his young wife, whom he had addressed, "it is because Isabel is so intimate with the Sewards; at least I know of no other reason. In-

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dependently of that, they have no claims to the distinction."

"It was understood to have been given in honour of Miss Seward's return; and that may have been another reason, why it should have been given so much earlier than usual," observed Miss Clara.

"Clara can always find some apology for whatever Miss Crawford says or does."

"If you were as intimate with, and knew her as well as I, sister, I am sure you would not seek so many opportunities to find fault with whatever she says or does," retorted Clara.

"Well, pray Miss, what do you think of her party? let us hear your opinion."

"I think, Madam, that unless Miss Seward herself gives another, it will not be surpassed, if equalled by any that remain to be given."

At that moment a carriage drove up to the door, and in a few moments after the servant announced Miss Templeton. "Happy to see you, Kate; just in time to tell us all the news. Where have you been this morning?"

"Oh! I've only made half a dozen calls."

"Well, what have you new?"

"Nothing very new, Jule, but something old, that has just been discovered. Do you know the cause of Miss Seward's mysterious melancholy?"

"I thought every one knew that she was sighing for the return of Eugene Neville."

"I know not how many sighs may have been devoted to that object, but that is not the cause."

"Then pray don't keep us in suspense, Kate, but tell us what is the cause."

"She is going to turn Papist."

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"Merciful heavens! what a disclosure," was the general exclamation. "Can that be true?"

"True! why is it not the talk of the whole city? And there is that Isabel Crawford, half Papist herself, has, this long time, been supplying her with Popish books, and urging her on by every means in her power, notwithstanding she must see it is breaking poor Mr. Seward's heart."

"Poor man! how I pity him," said Mrs. Templeton. "And that is the reason he is so changed; and I now more than half suspect that is the reason of their sudden departure for Europe two years ago."

"It certainly was. I was told only an hour ago, that he had no other earthly object in going but to show Miss Seward all the abominations of that wicked political system."

"And what effect do you suppose it has had?"

"Effect! why she is worse now than she was before they went; and Mr. Seward, unhappy man, thinks because his daughter seems more happy, like she used to be, that she no more thinks of the folly of which she has been guilty."

"Do you hear that, Miss Clara?" asked Mrs. Templeton; "of course you will never think of again calling upon Miss Seward."

"There is one thing very certain, sister, that whatever may be Miss Seward's religious sentiments, she will always be the most elegant and accomplished woman that moves in society; and I confess that I do not perceive why an interdict should now be placed upon an intercourse which has always been so agreeable; especially when I reflect that I am forced to associate with, and receive as a friend, one who is not only an avowed infidel in all her principles, but makes a boast of it."

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"Any thing is better than a Catholic," rejoined Mrs. Templeton; and turning to Mr. La Zourk, who, throughout, had been rather a listener than a participant in the scandal, she asked, "Have you the—— I cannot now say honour, but simply, are you acquainted, Mr. La Zourk, with Miss Seward?"

"I had the happiness, Madam, of an introduction to her ladyship, when on the eve of sailing for America; indeed made the voyage in company; and I beg leave to add, with Miss Clara, that I have never seen a lady who is her superior."

"So we all thought, previous to this unaccountable whim she has taken," remarked Miss Templeton; "but her position in society will be very much changed as soon as these reports obtain publicity."

Mr. La Zourk was a gentleman; therefore, whatever may have been his thoughts, he did not say, they were in a fair way of obtaining all the publicity that could be desired; but he did say, that "Whatever position society might be pleased to assign to Miss Seward, she would always stand pre-eminent, and ever give the tone to those circles in which she moved; and he did not doubt, but that Miss Seward's native dignity, to say nothing of the position her fortune gave her, would enable her to look down with supreme contempt upon the efforts of any portion of fashionable society to dethrone her."

We cannot admit that Mr. La Zourk's politeness would allow him to permit even the slightest tone indicative of feeling to accompany these pointed remarks; but nevertheless we must bear testimony to the good sense and correct feeling which forbade him to lend countenance to the young ladies, in the easy carelessness with which they were trifling with the

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reputation of the absent. Mrs. Templeton was not really deficient in good sense, but she allowed the frivolities of life and its prejudices to warp her judgment; and consequently was often guilty of retailing, to the injury of others, unfounded reports and even surmises, at which a little reflection would have caused her to blush. This salutary reflection was forced upon her by the just observation of Mr. La Zourk; and though she deeply felt its force, she succeeded in suppressing any evidence of it, more than the slightest possible increase of the bloom upon her cheek. Even this, however, escaped the observation of the gentleman, as the undiminished volubility of Miss Templeton, at the same moment, attracted him, by opening another budget of the morning news.

"Jule, do you remember that awful night of the Seward's party?"

"I have good reason, Kate, never to forget it."

"And the miserable little beggar, that was crouching on the steps, and came very near breaking all our necks as we entered the door?"

"Yes, it is that to which I referred."

"Well, she has become an inmate at the Hall, and the protégé of its mistress!"

"How perfectly ridiculous!"

"I should like to see one of the little wretches come to our door, whining and begging, I do not think it would be treated in that way."

"What can be the matter with Miss Seward, that she acts so strangely?"

"I suppose it must be, as people say. Miss Seward is becoming crazy on account of religion, and she must therefore be allowed to make herself ridiculous."

"Well, if religion causes one to act in that manner,

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I sincerely hope it may never be my misfortune to be tainted with it."

While Mrs. and Miss Templeton continued their discourse much in the same strain throughout, Mr. La Zourk and Miss Clara were conversing upon a subject, in which the reader will possibly be more interested.

"Have you ever met with Mr. Neville?" inquired Miss Clara of Mr. La Zourk.

"I have not had that pleasure, Miss Stephens, though I have heard so much respecting him, that I doubt not I could distinguish him wherever I might meet with him. Is it true that Miss Seward is destined to become the future Mrs. Neville?"

"Such has always been the understanding. Even from childhood they have been brought up to regard each other as pledged to become at a proper time husband and wife."

"And perhaps," observed Mr. La Zourk, "from that very fact pledged to make each other miserable. I never have approved of the European custom of espousing young children and forcing them to marry; it may serve the purpose of family aggrandizement, but seldom can secure the happiness of the parties most interested, and I sincerely hope such a custom may never obtain in this favoured land."

"I entirely agree with you, Mr. La Zourk," observed Miss Stephens; "but, in this particular instance, very little 'force' will be needed to consummate the wish of the parents. The parties seem to have loved each other almost by intuition. And if there be any virtue in external appearance, and in similarity of tastes; if nobleness, beauty and grace; if intellectual qualifications; if all these and whatever constitute human

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happiness be criterions, whereby to judge of the appropriateness of the marriage tie, in any particular case, then must Eugene Neville and Pauline Seward have sought each other under any circumstances."

Miss Stephens did not notice an almost inaudible sigh, as Mr. La Zourk observed: "How eloquently Miss Stephens portrays both the happiness and the necessity of this particular instance of forced love made voluntary."

"Not more so than Mr. La Zourk will himself portray it when he will have become better acquainted with the parties;" rejoined Miss Stephens. "The time cannot be very distant when Mr. Neville will return; then Mr. La Zourk will have ample opportunity to form his own opinion."

"Miss Stephens does not think, then, that Miss Seward's religious embarrassments will be likely to have the effect of changing her position with respect to Mr. Neville at least?" inquired, rather than observed Mr. La Zourk.

"That is subject of conjecture, which Mr. Neville's return will alone put to rest;" replied Miss Stephens. "The father of Mr. Neville and Mr. Seward were inseparable companions; intimately united in all their public duties and private friendships; members of the same church, and equally exclusive in their religious opinions. Mr. Neville had given no evidence, previous to leaving the county, that with his father's virtues, he would also inherit his prejudices; but if that should prove to be so, and if Miss Seward continue to retain the unaccountable impressions which have made her such a changed being, then it may be," she added laughing, "that there will remain some hope for Mr. La Zourk."

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Though uttered in jest, the slight start which followed, nay almost accompanied this unexpected personal allusion, did not escape Miss Stephens. Without seeming to notice it, however, she continued: "But it is to be seriously hoped, that no obstacle may intervene to separate two, who are so eminently fitted in every particular to make each other happy."

Recovering from the slight embarrassment, he observed: "I believe Mr. Neville has been for some years past in Europe. What is the cause of his protracted stay?"

"Mr. Neville is at present in the West Indies. Seven years ago, he left this country for Europe, on account of the superior advantages it afforded in point of a literary finish. That object being accomplished, he had commenced the tour of Europe. The classic grounds of Greece formed the first and principal attraction to a mind and taste like his. But intelligence of a mournful character suddenly terminated the pleasures he knew so well how to appreciate. While at Athens, he received a letter announcing the death of his father, and the necessity of immediately repairing to Tobago, the most beautiful of the West India islands, to settle and take possession of an estate so suddenly deprived of its head. Sufficient time has elapsed for their accomplishment, and his absence cannot be much longer protracted."

"How sincerely do I wish him joy, not on account of what he already possesses, but on account of that richer and more rare possession, which awaits him on his arrival here:" concluded Mr. La Zourk, and changed the subject.

Perhaps the fervour with which he last expressed himself, more plainly evinced the depth of his emotion,

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and its quality, than did either the almost inaudible sigh, or the slight start, which first betrayed him. Be that as it may, however, he certainly has risen to greater consequence, than, at the commencement of this chapter, may have been anticipated. This, together with another claim to our acquaintance, demands a more particular notice than has yet been accorded him. Mr. La Zourk is the representative of a class, which it is desirable, for the honour of religion, might soon pass away from American society, or else, repenting of their culpable, not to say infidel, coldness and indifference, practically become what they would seem to be; but, except in the mere name, are not.

He was the son of one of those French gentleman, who with their families sought a refuge, upon our shores and among the neighbouring islands, from the horrors of the Reign of Terror. If asked "What is your religious faith?" he would reply, "I am a Catholic;" but unless asked, it would never have been suspected that he possessed any claim to be so considered. By baptism he had contracted the obligations of that faith; but by no act of his life did he discharge those obligations: consequently, he was, as all of that class must ever be, a stumbling-block in the way of those who might otherwise be brought to the knowledge of the truth: a rock of offence, of whom the Saviour of mankind has said: "It were better that a millstone should be hanged about their neck, and that they be drowned in the depths of the sea." Nevertheless, Mr. La Zourk was, in the worldly sense of that term, a perfect gentleman. He was amiable; intellectually gifted; of a highly cultivated mind; possessed of ample fortune; and, in a word, *tout ensemble* a pattern card for the *beau monde*, in which he was a con-

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spicuous actor. Except from the name, it would not be supposed that he was of foreign birth. His arrival in America was at so early a period of his life as to entirely obviate any idiomatic or other defect in the use of a foreign tongue, that might have otherwise served to designate his origin. His education had been wholly conducted in the land of his adoption, except a certain finish, for the attainment of which he had devoted the last two years in Paris; and from which he happened to be returning when he accidentally met with Mr. Seward and his accomplished daughter on the eve of their return home, after an ineffectual effort to stifle inquiries which were likely, at least for a time, to destroy the happiness of both father and daughter.

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CHAPTER V.

"Prithee, fair theologian, whence all thy lore?"

None but they who have passed through the terrible ordeal, can know how awful are the pangs of a troubled conscience. Tears are a relief in earthly sorrows; but they bring no alleviation to the heart-burning anxiety of one, seeking—apparently, hopelessly seeking—the knowledge of God. The overwhelming sensation of doubt, the exquisite pain of conscious unworthiness, and the paralyzing influence of fear, intervene between the disconsolate inquirer and the object of his search, as a dark and impenetrable cloud; and often will the stricken heart, while writhing under the fearful tortures of suspense, rebelliously exclaim, "Oh God! if such a being hath existence, why dost thou not reveal thyself to me?" But God is good; and while he will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth, yet, his mysterious providence demands that it shall be attained only through much tribulation. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

But when to the spiritual conflict is superadded the sundering of the ties of nature; when, according to the testimony of the divine Redeemer, the father and the son, the mother and the daughter, are divided, the one against the other; and when a man's foes are they of his own household; when interest, gratitude, and, seemingly, love, must be sacrificed upon the altar of truth; when a pure

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and fond heart, like that of our heroine, is involuntarily led on, nay, forced to contravene a devoted parent's wishes, thwart all his plans, love what he hates, embrace what he abhors, then truly does it demand a supernatural force, a courage more than human, to persevere and carry the investigation onward to its triumphant completion. But God, who ever apportions strength, even to the humblest of those who with sincerity and truthfulness seek him, supported Pauline in a struggle, the commencement and prosecution of which was so overshadowed with gloomy apprehension. Some portion of almost every day found her and her generous friend seated in the library of Mordant Hall, deeply engaged in their theological investigations: the former, seeking to satisfy the longings of ardent desire to discover truth; the latter, as eagerly desirous to disabuse her friend's mind of doubts and fears, which she esteemed utterly groundless and unnecessary.

"I cannot understand, Pauline, why you persist in this particular method of investigation;" observed Miss Crawford, one morning, while comparing notes on the belief of the Christian church of the first ages. "You have thrown aside as worthless all those sources of information conveyed to us through the reformed denominations, and implicitly sit at the feet of the teachers of a faith which all the world unites in pronouncing corrupt."

"You do me some injustice, dear Bel, in this statement of my rejection of the information derived through the various denominations. You well know that I did not reject them until I had fully examined all their claims to be considered the church of Christ, and until I had perfectly satisfied myself that they wanted the most evident proofs of being the true church."

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"I do not understand you, Pauline."

"Have patience with me, Bel, and I will make my meaning plain. We both believe that our Lord founded a church; we believe that he taught positive doctrines; that he taught, as the Scriptures say, 'with authority, and not as the scribes;'—that is, he meant that what he taught should be believed and practised; and that he himself said, 'He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.' We also both believe, that our Lord established his church to continue for ever; that he promised, the gates of hell should not prevail against it; that he would always abide with it; that he would endue it with the spirit of truth, and that this divine Spirit should be present to conduct it in the way of truth always, even to the end of the world."

"Yes; I believe all that, Pauline, but do not perceive how it can justify either your partiality for, or this appeal to the teaching of a fallen, and, therefore, dead branch of that church."

"That is just what I am on the point of explaining, Bel; if it be true, that the Church of Christ has always existed from the time of its establishment, then it must be possible to trace its history through each preceding age of its existence, up to the time when its divine Founder said; 'On this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' And, dear Bel, I am firmly convinced, that that, and that only, can be the true church, which can trace back its history to the first age. The church over which God presides, and in which he visits his people, must possess that one attribute at least. It must plainly exhibit—what shall I term it?—I do not mean catholicity, but, perhaps, continuity; that is, I mean it must always have existed from the days of Christ, and it must be made so evident; it must be so clearly seen

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to have been so, that, in the language of Scripture, 'Wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.' "

"That I grant you, Pauline, and I am prepared to show you, that what you are seeking among the Romanists you will more readily find, disencumbered of all their follies and corruptions, in the Episcopal Church."

"I am not so certain of that, dear Bel. You remember what a long and anxious search I made to discover it there; and, led on by what then seemed to me the beautiful chain of prelates, reaching back through several ages, found the difficulties connected with the consecration of Mathew Parker baffle all my efforts to surmount them; and eventually found that it afforded me no more inducement to hope for success than did my search for the connecting link between the churches of Calvin and Luther, and that of the apostles."

"You have retrograded far indeed, Pauline, if you can speak thus, respecting two of the most popular and influential denominations of Christendom."

"It is, dear Bel, because they *are* two, and not *one*; and because of the impossibility of uniting them, either to each other, or to primitive Christianity, that I do and can speak of them thus. It is no secret to you, Bel, at least, that having thoroughly examined the claims of every prominent branch of the reformed church, I discard them all, as having no claim to the very first and most essential features indicative of a divine origin. The Church after which I so ardently long must be ONE. These are not one; they are numerous, opposite, and perpetually multiplying. It must always have existed. All these together are not three-hundred years old. But I now have, by your kindness, dear Bel, or think I have, the key to the discovery of truth, where my heart has for so long a time

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told me it is to be found. And yet, alas! all still seems impenetrable, wild, chaotic darkness."

"And so must it ever seem, dear Pauline, as long as you continue to grope amongst such confused masses of superstitious rubbish and formal observances."

"I cannot judge of that, until I become better acquainted with the system of which you speak so discouragingly. If, however, I could discover any one Christian denomination that can trace its history down to the time of Christ, I would even now lay aside all these books, and there seek to identify the unchangeable and undying faith once delivered to the saints. Do you know of such a church in the wide world, Bel? If you do, tell me where it is, and I will search out its history and learn its less objectionable creed, and if it be really that of which I am in pursuit, I will, dear Bel, with a heart full of love and gratitude to God and you, embrace it, cherish it, and, by the goodness of God vouchsafed unto me, be guided all my life long by its heavenly precepts."

"I know of none except our own, Pauline."

"But you know I have not been able to admit that yours is an exception. I have found it impossible to remove some objections to certain faulty links in the chain; and you yourself must admit, that one single link broken, irrevocably vitiates the claim set up. Give me your account of the apostolical succession in the Episcopal Church, Bel; and disabuse my mind of those objections of which I spoke. I will listen to you with the greatest interest and attention."

"I know not, Pauline, that I am capable of satisfactorily performing the task you have set me, but, as far as I understand it, it is briefly this. We hold, with the church in all ages, that when our Lord, after his

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resurrection, breathed on his apostles, and said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost—as my Father hath sent me, so send I you;' he gave them the power of sending others with a divine commission, who in like manner should have the power of sending others, and so on even unto the end; and that our Lord promised his continual assistance to these successors of the apostles in this and all other respects, when he said, 'Lo, I am with you' (that is, with you, and those who shall represent and succeed you,) 'alway, even unto the end of the world.' And, if it be plain that the apostles left successors after them, it is equally plain that the bishops are these successors. For it is only the bishops who have ever been called by the title of successors; and there has been actually a perpetual succession of the bishops in the church, who alone were always esteemed to have the power of sending other ministers to preach and administer the sacraments."

"In all this I perfectly agree with you, but what have you to say as to the fact of the apostolical succession existing perfect and unbroken in the Episcopal Church?"

"It is generally supposed that St. Paul preached the gospel to the Britons; and that he first planted the Christian church among them. But however deficient history may be in its testimony to such a fact, it is certain that when, at the close of the sixth century, St. Augustine arrived there, he found a small body of Christians who held such a tradition. St. Augustine was so successful in his mission, that in a very few years the whole island was brought under the peaceful and benign sway of the gospel. Here then are two channels through which to trace the apostolical succession; one, it is true, only strongly presumptive;

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but the other, that by St. Augustine, who derives his commission through the Bishop of Rome, of whose succession there is no question, indisputable."

"Go on, dear Bel, that is exactly as I understand it; but this accounts for only six centuries."

"From the time of England's conversion by St. Augustine, the two channels, if the first be admitted to have been direct, unite and flow on together until the reign of Henry VIII., about the middle of the sixteenth century, by whose energy and zeal the English branch of the church Catholic was purified of the numberless corruptions, which had been so long accumulating throughout the whole Christian world, to the serious detriment not only of morals but of faith itself."

"I do not wish to interrupt you, dear Bel, in this most interesting account, but that last remark seems to me to be directly contradictory to Sacred Scripture. Christ himself declared that the gates of hell should not prevail against his church. He promised to be with it for ever; and, as if that were not enough to insure the continuance and purity of true faith, gave his Holy Spirit ever to be with it, expressly to lead it and keep it in the way of truth. Now I can easily conceive that morals should become corrupt; I can imagine the world buried in sin; but I cannot for one moment admit that God having established his church, and having promised that it should never fail; and, moreover, pledging the direct superintendence of himself and the Holy Ghost; I say I cannot for one moment admit that *faith* was, as you say, in jeopardy. If I could believe that, then should I be forced to doubt the truth of God himself; and if God be not true, then must I be content to die as I have lived, without a thought of the future, and without one de-

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sire to live or to act for any other than mere human motives. But excuse me for this interruption, I long to hear the remainder of your account."

"You are no doubt as familiar with the historical account of the consecration of Archbishop Parker as I am; I need, therefore, only state the fact that Queen Elizabeth issued the commission for his consecration on the 9th of September, 1559, and that on the 17th of December of the same year, he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury. This point being established, it is easy to follow down the succession through this line of Anglican prelates to our own venerable Bishop White."

"But, dear Bel, this is precisely the point that is not established; on the contrary, after the most patient and persevering search I can discover no evidence that Mathew Parker, 'the Queen's favourite,' as he is called, was ever consecrated. Permit me, in as few words as possible, to give you the result of my investigation on this subject. Queen Elizabeth, on the 9th of September, 1559, issued a commission to the Reverend Fathers in Christ, Cuthbert, Bishop of Durham; Gilbert, Bishop of Bath; David, Bishop of Peterborough; Anthony, Bishop of Landaff; William Barlow and John Scory, to confirm and consecrate Mathew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, which see was made vacant by the death of the Roman Catholic archbishop and cardinal, Reginald Pole. The first four were Roman Catholic bishops; all of whom, very naturally, refused to consecrate a man who was, at least in their estimation, a heretic, and were in consequence, with the exception of the Bishop of Landaff, deprived of their sees. The two last, Barlow and Scory, not being bishops, but, according

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to the testimony of Stowe, merely styled such, as being Bishops *elect*, had no authority to consecrate, even if the commission had authorized a portion of the prelates named to act. Thus, then, was the first commission to consecrate rendered abortive. Nor can I discover that any other commission was more successful; while, on the other hand, there is much to prove that he never obtained consecration; but that he entered upon the duties of the see of Canterbury with no better commission than a vote of Parliament and the order of Queen Elizabeth. And this seems to be fully confirmed by two or three remarkable circumstances; the first of which is, that although it is not pretended that he was consecrated until the 17th of December, 1559, we find him named, in a commission of the queen issued on the 20th October, nearly two months before his alleged consecration, as 'the most Reverend Father in Christ, Mathew, Archbishop of Canterbury.'"

"Although I have been endeavouring to satisfy you, Pauline, that the apostolical succession is truly to be found in our church, I do not myself place much stress upon the fact, nor consider it of much importance."

"Your remark, Bel, does not surprise me; and I was just then about to give, as another evidence that Mathew Parker *assumed* the office and duties of archbishop, that an impression very extensively prevailed at that time that it was not important to have episcopal consecration, that the commission of the queen and an act of Parliament were all-sufficient for the purpose; or, indeed, that the commission of the queen as supreme head of the church was of itself sufficient. So at least have the advocates of Anglican ordination, themselves, admitted. They tell us of six

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lawyers, whose opinion of the validity of the queen's commission being equivalent to the act of consecration, was demanded and subsequently given, as follows: "We, whose names that are hereunder subscribed, think in our judgments, that by this commission (referring to the queen's commission issued the 6th December, 1559) in this form penned, as well as the queen's majesty may lawfully authorize the persons within named to the effect specified, as that the said persons may exercise the act of confirming and consecrating in the same to them committed." Signed, William Hay, Robert Weston, and four others. This looseness of opinion, coupled with the fact that no positive evidence exists of the consecration of Parker, and also, that he is named Archbishop of Canterbury and is called upon to perform episcopal acts two months before he is alleged to have been consecrated, is, to say the least, strongly presumptive that he never was consecrated. If Parker had really been consecrated, Bel, is it reasonable that there should exist no proof of it? I think not; and yet the very champions of your church and of the Anglican succession, from first to last, have failed to prove it. Why, it was but yesterday I commenced the study of this new work entitled, "Essays to prove the validity of Anglican ordinations," by a Layman; and almost the first passage that arrested my attention was the following, which occurs on the second page of the preface. "They (the Roman Catholic bishops) denied the title of the Anglican bishops, and called on them to prove it.—The rule of requiring proof of every thing being adopted and uniformly acted upon, *it became impossible for the Anglicans to prove any thing*." Now is not this most absurd? The Anglicans say, Mathew Parker was consecrated

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Archbishop of Canterbury, and that through him the apostolical succession is continued in the Episcopal Church. "Prove it," says the Roman Catholic. "If you had not demanded the proof, we would;" says the champion of Anglican ordinations; "but because you demand the proof, it is impossible for the Anglicans to prove any thing!"

"You are very severe, Pauline."

"It is this champion of Anglican ordinations that is severe; not I, Bel. The words I have used are his; not mine. But there is another point, which I have learned from the books which you have been so kind as to furnish me; and I confess that while it has thrown some light on my mind, it has also caused me considerable anxiety to ascertain how far it may be true: since if it is true, then must I admit another imperative claim to seek the knowledge I desire in the Roman Catholic church. I refer to an observation with which I met, to the effect, that, 'even if the apostolical succession were known to be retained unbroken in any particular case, which is true of the Greek church, yet as long as *charity and the unity of Faith* were violated, the mere succession would not avail in the great work of salvation.' You know, Bel, that my search is not particularly directed, merely to the one point of genuine ordination, but that I am in search of that identical church which Christ himself planted, and which retains and will always retain those identical characteristics and attributes, with which he has endowed it; not one of them simply, but all of them."

"I acknowledge their importance, Pauline, but I have thus far been so unsuccessful that I cannot hope to be of much assistance to you."

"Dear Bel, say not so: you are my only, my best friend. It is to you that I am indebted for all the

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knowledge that I possess on the subject, and if you should desert me, I shall be lonely and sad indeed."

"I would do any thing in my power, Pauline, to make you happy; but I am no theologian, and while I seek to benefit you, I may be only the means of leading you farther into error."

"I am no theologian, either, dear Bel. In that we are perfectly equal. I am seeking to learn what you have been taught all your life, with the firm resolve if it satisfy the cravings of this restless heart, to embrace it at every cost."

"It is true I have been taught from my infancy to believe as I do, but I do not know that I have ever particularly examined the grounds of that belief. I believe what I have said, because I have been taught to believe it: not because I have proved it. I do not think I am capable of proving it; or indeed that the majority of persons are capable of doing so."

"Then, after all, Bel, your faith may be a mere chimera, and not contain one true article."

"Not quite so bad as that, Pauline; I believe as the majority of Christians believe."

"Then you must be Roman Catholic, Bel; all Protestants, with the Greek Church united, form but eighty millions, while the Catholics number two hundred millions, or nearly three times that amount."

"You are becoming facetious, Pauline; you would hardly suspect me of meaning other than a Protestant Christian?"

"There are so many varieties and changes among Protestant Christians, Bel, that I find it very difficult to ascertain what they believe."

"I suppose, Pauline, after all I have heard to-day, that I may not expect you to fulfil your engagement and

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accompany me to hear our worthy doctor preach to-morrow?"

"You well know, dear Bel, that I attach too much importance to the fulfilment of engagements, to permit me to break one, unless under the most absolute necessity; and I shall be truly disappointed if any thing occur to deprive me of the pleasure I anticipate in listening to that learned and eloquent man."

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CHAPTER VI.

His tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason.
He pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.—MILTON

PRECISELY at quarter past ten, next morning, the carriage of Miss Crawford stopped before Mordant Hall. A few moments afterwards, our heroine was seated beside her amiable friend, and on her way towards the church, of which Miss Crawford was an exemplary member. It was a fine, bracing morning in January. The music of a thousand bells danced merrily through the air, inspiring a corresponding feeling of sacred joy to the multitudes who thronged every avenue, great or small, of so populous a city. The deep and dignified tones of the cathedral bell were heard at regular intervals over all the others. Pauline thought there seemed to be a shade of mournfulness in the sound, and yet, perhaps, it was only the peculiar state of her own temperament that caused the impression, for at that very moment she was making effort to suppress a sigh, which struggled to escape, as she inwardly wished that the cathedral might have been her destination for the morning, instead of the church which she was now fast approaching. But the miniature world, through which she now moved, decked in all its brightest hues, was happy; and smiles, and bows of recognition greeted her on every side; and

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"why should I be otherwise than happy?" thought she, as with a strong effort she subdued the feeling that had almost overpowered her. At that moment the carriage turned into the avenue that immediately led to the church of the Rev. Dr. Bogus, when Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, and Miss Clara Stephens, were brought into full view. They had just stepped from the sidewalk to cross over to Mr. Spring's church, which they usually attended, because it was one of the most fashionable churches of the Presbyterian denomination, indeed almost rivalling that of Dr. Bogus. The recognition was simultaneous. Miss Clara and the two young ladies exchanged polite and cordial bows, while those of Mr. and Mrs. Templeton were so slight and stiff as to be scarcely perceptible.

"The reports we have heard must be correct," my dear, said Mrs. Templeton to her husband; "there go those two semi-papists to hear that Jesuit in disguise, the Rev. Dr. Bogus. Let us walk slowly and see if the carriage does not stop before his church. I wonder that Mr. Seward don't keep a better watch over his pet; she will certainly give him the slip one of these days, and then, poor man, his eyes will be opened. I almost think it a duty to go and tell him; he certainly cannot be aware of the danger in which his daughter is at present placed, from her connection with Miss Crawford. Yes, just as I expected: the carriage has stopped, and there they are entering the church door!"

The church edifice was a noble specimen of its kind. It was built of stone; of the old English style of architecture, with walls of massive thickness, and huge windows and doors, rounded at the tops. The aisles were paved with brick; the pews were of that peculiar old-fashioned and uncomfortable, square high-backed genus, so common at that date. The interior walls of the church

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had been recently painted, which gave to the otherwise dingy temple a comparatively cheerful aspect. The congregation was now rapidly filling the church. Wealth, fashion, and beauty crowded the aisles, and pressed forward with bustling consequence to their respective seats.

Pauline felt extremely annoyed to find herself so much an object of attraction. The Templetons had not been idle in spreading their reports, and, turn which way she would, opera and quizzing glasses were levelled at her; nor could she avoid overhearing the whispering of some of her nearer and more ill-bred fashionable neighbours.

"Can it be true, my dear, think you, that she really has changed her mind, and intends to content herself with going no farther on her way to Rome, and stop at the delightful medium of the Episcopal Church?"

"One would be led to think so, certainly," was the reply, "or why should she have left her own church to-day?"

"Rumour says strange things respecting it," said another: "would you believe that I heard only yesterday, that she is engaged to Mr. La Zourk, and that they have taken a pew at the Cathedral?"

"I could believe almost any thing now-a-days, if"—

But the organist just at that moment commenced a celebrated overture, and relieved Miss Seward from a continuance of the vulgar annoyance. A few minutes elapsed, when the reverend pastor, the celebrated Dr. Bogus, ascended to the reading desk, and addressed himself to the solemn duties of the morning. He was a man of a highly intellectual and prepossessing appearance; altogether such as to predispose a beholder to give him full credit for all the eloquence and talent

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which fame accorded him. As soon as the organ ceased to sound, he, with a calm, deliberate and dignified tone of voice, which penetrated to the remotest parts of the church, commenced to read the service. The words were, "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." The silence that prevailed was impressive: the whole congregation seemed deeply absorbed in the words as they fell from their pastor's lips: and Pauline, lost to herself and to all around her, was utterly unconscious how firmly her attention was riveted to the words she heard, until she found the congregation kneeling around her, and she yet standing in the inclined attitude of an intense listener. Slightly starting at her own absence of mind, she coloured and turned to kneel, when she observed the lingering traces of a smile near the mouth of her worthy friend; but as this was no time for remark, she quietly joined in the responses and the other prayers customary to be said in that form of worship. She was deeply interested in the whole service, and much pleased with the music, the principal parts of both of which, she was not at that time aware being borrowed from the Catholic church. But as she came for instruction, she very naturally felt more particularly anxious to receive the information which she did not doubt, whatever might be the subject, would be communicated by so distinguished a man. The prayers being now over, and the last hymn sung, the Rev. gentleman ascended the pulpit, and opening the Bible, read the words of his text. Could Pauline, herself, have had the selection of them, she could not have chosen words more consonant with her feelings, or a subject better adapted to that particular stage of her inquiries. The words were: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, bap-

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tizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. xxviii. 20, 21.

"This, my brethren," commenced the Rev. Dr., "is that glorious commission, which our divine Redeemer gave to his apostles after his resurrection from the dead, and when he was about to withdraw from them his visible presence. He had fulfilled the work, which his Father had sent him to perform, and he must now resume the ineffable glory, that he had had from all eternity; but his love for the helpless and fallen creatures whom he came to save, and his divine intentions, required that he should leave in the world visible representatives of himself, who should possess certain delegated powers for the continuance of his visible church. These representatives were his apostles, and their lawful successors; those powers, the administration of the sacraments, and generally all that appertains to the government of the Church militant. I would further remark in the premises, that this commission embraces 'all nations,' and all time; 'alway,' says the Redeemer, 'even unto the end of the world.'

"Two subjects therefore logically force themselves upon our attention: namely, the apostolic succession of the ministry; and the catholicity of the Church of Christ.

"When Episcopalians maintain the apostolic commission of their ministers, they are sometimes met with the objection, that they cannot prove it without tracing their orders back to the Church of Rome; a position, indeed, which in a certain sense is true. And hence

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it is argued, that they are reduced to the dilemma, either of acknowledging they had no right to separate from the Pope, or, on the other hand, of giving up the ministerial succession altogether, and resting the claims of their pastors on some other ground: in other words, that they are inconsistent in reprobating Popery, while they draw a line between their own ministers and those of dissenting communions.

"Our reply to this is, a flat denial of the alleged facts on which it rests. The Episcopal Church did not revolt from those, who in that day had authority by succession from the apostles. On the contrary, it is certain that the bishops and clergy in England remained the same as before the separation, and it was these, with the aid of the civil power, who delivered the church from the yoke of papal tyranny and usurpation. Neither does it in the least prejudice the cause, that the civil arm of the state was needed and did actually bring all its power to the aid of the establishment; for I will go further, and state that it may become the duty of even *private* individuals to take upon themselves the office of protesting against and abjuring the heresies of a corrupt church. Though such an extreme case it is unpleasant and unhealthy to contemplate."

Having thus opened his discourse upon the certainty of an apostolical succession, the Rev. gentleman dilated more particularly upon that branch of his subject relating to the succession in the Anglican church. He spoke of it as flowing onward in an uninterrupted stream in connection with the Church of Rome, about whose succession, he observed, there was no dispute; and, that upon the separation of the English and Roman branches the succession was continued through Archbishop Parker, and was thence conveyed to the Anglo-

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American church through the venerable Bishop White. In all of which he advanced nothing, with which Pauline was not already familiar. She was somewhat astonished, however, to hear him quote the following passage of one of Bishop Heber's sermons, and with much vehemence of style maintain it, as a mode of supplying the defect of episcopal ordination, which certain circumstances might make necessary.

"Even," said he, in the words of Bishop Heber, "if the Scriptures had given us no information as to the persons by whom this authority was to be exercised, the validity of our ordinations would still be sufficiently plain, and the danger of separation from, or rebellion against our church, would be sufficiently great and alarming; inasmuch as, where no distinct religious officer was instituted by God, the appointment of such officers must necessarily have devolved on the collective Christian church, *and on those supreme magistrates, who, in every Christian country, are the recognised organs of the public will and wisdom!*"

Pauline was surprised at this avowal of so singular a mode of supplying a defect in the apostolical succession, not because it was new to her, for she had repeatedly met with it in her investigation of the Anglican succession; but she thought that it had at that late day of the discussion been exploded, and was no more advanced in support of a cause, which, even she could perceive, needed too much argument, and too much subterfuge to secure belief in it. But the reverend preacher had now concluded this branch of his discourse, and had commenced his argument on the second division of the subject suggested by the text, the catholicity of the Episcopal Church: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." Pauline was aware that this was urged by theologians,

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not only as a very important feature, but as a test whereby to ascertain the true church. She had not, however, carried her investigations so far as to satisfy herself of its applicability to any particular church; but especially had she never thought of it as being applicable to the English or American branch of the Episcopal Church, or, indeed, to both united. The subject, however, was particularly interesting to her, and prompted a train of reflections which will appear in the sequel, but which, with all respect to our heroine, must be waived from deference to the learned doctor.

"Bear with me," said he, "while I express my fear that we do not, as much as we ought, consider the force of that article of our belief, 'The One Catholic and Apostolic Church.'

"Now, concerning this universality of the Episcopal Church, the question is not, whether, at this present time, or in any former age for these thousand years past, there are, or have been, more who profess the Romish religion established in the Church of Rome, than the religion established in the reformed churches since the separation was made. If we should come to calculate voices after this manner, 'whether will you be a Roman Catholic, or a Protestant?' they might, perhaps, have three voices which would be ready to cry, 'for the Roman Catholics will I be,' to one that would exclaim, 'I am for the Protestant.' But it is far from our meaning, that universality should be measured after this fashion. The multitude of voices thus taken for them, may prove their faction to be greater and stronger than our church, but it cannot prove their Faith to be so universal as our Faith is."

The learned doctor then proceeded to show in what the universality of the Protestant Episcopal Church con-

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sists, and how, numbering only some ten or twelve millions, it is universal; while the Roman Church with her two hundred millions is not so to be accounted at all; but on the contrary, is, as he terms it, a mere "faction," that must shrink before Protestant Episcopacy, and surrender her claim to the name Catholic. On what authority, however, he made his assertions, Pauline never could discover. It was also perfectly problematical on what authority he based the following:

"For the universality of our Faith, we have every member of the Roman Church a suffragant, or witness for us. Nothing is held as a point of Faith in our church, but the Romish Church doth hold the same, and confess the same to have been held by all orthodoxal antiquity. Now, although the present visible Romish Church be much greater than the Church of England, yet, seeing the Romish Church, how great soever, doth hold all the points of Faith which our church doth, for catholic and orthodoxal: our consent and their consent, our confession and their confession, is more universal than their consent without ours."

Pauline's active mind was intensely excited to hear what was to be the conclusion of this novel mode of argument. She had heard the preacher make use of the Roman Catholic Church to make out a case in favour of Protestant Episcopal universality; and she expected, for once, to hear the generous avowal made, that the "Roman Church" had at least one argument by which it could support its claim to be considered catholic; namely, the converse of the above. But, after a short pause Dr. Bogus continued:

"But if their consent unto the points of Faith believed by us, prove our Faith to be universal, and our church by consequence to be catholic; should not our consent

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unto the points of Faith believed by them, prove their Faith to be universal, or their church to be catholic? By no means; since it is not enough to hold all points of Catholic Faith, unless the same points be kept holy and undefiled. And this is the fundamental and radical difference between our church and the Romish Church, which admitteth such an illimited increase or growth of Faith as is in heaps or congests of heterogeneals."*

Though Pauline was deeply absorbed in listening to the learned doctor, and had employed herself in making notes of the most important admissions and statements advanced, yet was she quite pleased to find that this grand flourish of "congests and heterogeneals" closed the morning effort.

On resuming their seats in the carriage, Miss Crawford was the first to speak, and inquire how her friend was impressed with what she had seen and heard.

"Oh! do not ask me just now," dear Bel, she replied, "my poor distracted head is so confused with—what shall I call it?—mysticism and high-sounding words, that I know not yet what to think: when my thoughts are more collected, I will tell you. In the mean time I must compare what I already know, with what I have just heard. But I was thinking, when you spoke, if Dr. Bogus might not explain himself better, or at least better adapted to my comprehension."

"I have no doubt, Pauline, that he would render you any information or explanation that you desire."

"I did not refer to his making the explanation to me, Bel; I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, and,

* The above sketch of a sermon, attributed to Dr. Bogus, is copied verbatim et literatim from the Oxford Tracts.

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under the circumstances, should question the propriety of consulting him."

"You would find him a perfect gentleman, Pauline, and I see no reason why you should hesitate for a moment, to take that, or any other course, to satisfy your mind. You would find him," she added, smiling, "a very different specimen of a theologian from your present spiritual instructor, as you are pleased to term me."

"Oh! I never could endure it, Bel; I do not regard the opinions of others, but it certainly is very annoying to be the subject of such whisperings as those to which I was compelled to listen this morning, in church."

"Who could possibly speak of it, or even know it, Pauline? It might be effected in perfect secrecy."

"I know not how, but it seems to me reports fly just in advance of the actions contemplated. People suppose what will happen, and speak of it as actually having taken place."

"Leave the conduct of this matter to me; you know I have already proved my generalship, and so you may expect very soon to receive general order number two."

"I fear the order will be disobeyed, Bel; it certainly will, unless I can approve of all the conditions that accompany it."

"The subordinate never questions the conditions of his officer, and you will beware of the penalties that may ensue from disobedience. There is one thing I must tell you beforehand, however. I do not agree with Dr. Bogus on all points; indeed, I feel quite disposed to dispute with him, on the very first opportunity, many of his positions of this morning."

"Your remark surprises me, Bel; I thought the Epis-

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copal Church, at least, was undivided in its faith and mode of worship."

"Very far from it, Pauline; you must know that before the Rev. Dr. Bogus came amongst us, our congregation was what Episcopalians denominate 'low church;' but now that the older members are dropping off, the younger and more active portion of the congregation have the control in their own hands, and being for the most part tainted with the Puseyite doctrines, they have united in calling Dr. Bogus to the pastorship of the church, and we are obliged to submit, every week, more or less, to such sermons as those to which we have listened this morning."

"What are the doctrines, Bel, to which you particularly object;—are they of vital importance?"

"So much so, Pauline, that many of our wisest and best church members think that the peace of the church, if not its union, is seriously assailed. But you will form a more correct judgment of the true state of the question, when I relate to you the points of difference. You know that Episcopalians hold, in common with other denominations, that there are two sacraments ordained by Christ himself, as generally necessary to salvation—the sacrament of Baptism and that of the Lord's Supper. It might be supposed that belief in these is simple and uniform. But this is not the case; the church is divided, and nearly equally so, upon both these doctrines. One party holds, that by baptism a person is regenerated, born again, and actually made a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven; while the other party hold no such thing, but maintain that it is simply a *sign* of regeneration, or perhaps not even according it so high a character as that; regarding it merely as an initiative rite, whereby a person is known to be a Christian. Dr.

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Bogus is of the former school; our previous pastor, with whom I nearly agreed, of the latter. So also the sacrament of the Lord's Supper has its strenuous partisans: the high church party maintaining that the elements of bread and wine become, after consecration, 'verily and truly,' the body and blood of our Lord: while the low church party just as strenuously maintain that they become no such thing; but that the consecration operates merely as a blessing, converting the elements from a common to a sacred use, without any direct reference to the body and blood of Christ, except as a remembrance of it. Besides these, there are many other points of difference, as well of doctrine as of mere discipline: and it would be well for the church if the number of these was stationary; but every year swells the catalogue. Especially have the Oxford Tract writers much to answer for in this particular; since, within the last few years, they have re-opened, and, indeed, re-advanced every Popish doctrine which was rejected at the time of the Reformation. These have been so successfully discussed, that at the present time there are many of our most learned bishops, and multitudes of their clergy and of the laity, who greedily devour all that is said, and thus make themselves parties to perpetuate 'the novelties,' as one of our worthy prelates styles them, 'that destroy our peace.' But it would weary you to speak of half the things that might be said, and I shall only add, to put you on your guard, that Dr. Bogus himself holds some of these dangerous doctrines."

"Dear Bel, I shall never be able to submit to that interview; my head is already so filled with crude ideas, and I am so bewildered by conflicting doctrines and opinions, that it will be a hopeless task even to attempt to extricate me. I had hoped that the farther I ad-

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vanced the more easy would every thing become; but instead of that, confusion seems worse confused, and I have no hope that it will ever be any better."

"It is precisely on account of this confusion that I desire you to converse with the Rev. doctor; for though he will not instruct you on all points as I could wish, yet his great learning will enable him to bring order out of the confusion which now perplexes you."

The ladies had now reached Mordant Hall, and Miss Seward being really worn out, as well as perplexed with all she had passed through that morning, resisted all the urgent entreaties of Miss Crawford to accompany her home; and the friends parted for the day.

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CHAPTER VII.

Spring, with breezes cool and airy,
Opened on a little fairy;
Ever restless, making merry,
She, with little lips of cherry,
Lisped the words she could not master,
Vexed that she might speak no faster—
Laughing, running, playing, dancing,
Innocence her joys enhancing—
Full of mirthfulness and glee,
It was a joyous sight to see
Sweet Little Nell!

KATE CLEAVELAND.

"WHAT a sprightly, little elfin it is?" exclaimed Pauline one morning, as she listened to the merry shouts of her now happy Marie. The sweet child, however, has been a sad sufferer since last we saw her. Her fragile form had sustained to its utmost limit of endurance the fearful hardships of exposure and want; and the fever, that followed upon her providential rescue, now threatened utterly to destroy the slender tenure by which she still held on to life. Day after day she lay parched up with heat, and almost constantly delirious; and when the crisis of her disease approached, it was often thought by those who ever watched by her side, that she had ceased to breathe, and her pure spirit had taken its happy flight to the God who gave it. But then again her deep blue eyes would open upon her kind-hearted friends, and an ineffable smile of gratitude and calm resignation would tremble upon her thin lips. There she reposed; oh!

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what a perfect model of submission to the will of God! without one sigh, one sad complaint. Almost the only words she breathed, during her lucid intervals, were in low, soft accents: "Sweet Jesus;" Holy Mary;" "Dear, sweet friends."

Her meekness and amiability as well as her history, as far as it was known to the inmates of Mordant Hall, had excited in the attending physicians the most lively interest on her behalf; and during this trying period of her disease, one or other of them was constantly near her, watching the changing symptoms, ready to seize the proper moment so to apply the means of her recovery as to insure success, if that were possible in such an extreme case. It may be easily imagined, then, where such intense interest was excited, with what delight the announcement, "She has passed the crisis of her disease and is now out of danger," was received by all. Five weeks of pain were, however, still to be added to the brimming cup of sorrow of that sinless child; (how mysterious are the ways of God!) and five weeks of careful, weary watching on the part of her benefactress; but they are now past, and the rainbow of promised health and happiness once more beamed upon the orphan's hapless lot.

Trust it not too fondly, sweet Marie; it is a transient ray, and the dark gloom of affliction's night may yet lower upon thy gentle head.

Those were happy hours that Pauline now spent at the bedside of Marie's recovery, listening to her innocent prattle; and, as she could bear it, eliciting from her whatever she knew of her past history. But whenever reference was made to the poor child's "dear mother," it seemed that her beating heart would burst, so lively was her grief when "dear mother" was the

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theme; and Pauline ever found it necessary to quickly soothe her feelings and win her attention to something else. All that she could learn was in detached sentences and nearly to the following effect, that, "father went away; little Marie did not know when or how; but he never came back again; and dear mother was very sad; she often cried, and little Marie cried because dear mother did." It was very cold when they came to the city of P———, and after searching for a great while, her mother found a comparatively comfortable lodging, which she had occupied but for a few weeks, when her small means demanded that she should seek a more humble abode; and accordingly she rented a miserable garret; soon after which she was taken sick and obliged to keep her bed, from which indeed she never arose but once, and that was in an effort to prepare some food for her helpless daughter. Too much exhausted by sickness, she had scarcely put her foot on the floor when she fell heavily and senseless. The noise of her fall and the cries of Marie brought a charitable neighbour, who occupied the room below, to her aid. A few days after this she died, blessing her child and committing her to the care of Him, in whom she had ever placed her trust.

"But what did little Marie do when 'dear mother' died?" soothingly inquired Pauline.

"They put her where there were a great many children; but they beat her, and used her bad; and one warm day little Marie found herself in the street; she don't know how she got there, or why, but she walked on, and when night came she couldn't find the way back, so she crept into some place and slept. Then summer came, and she walked about every day begging, and slept wherever she could find a place; and

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at last cold weather came, and poor Marie must have died, if it had not been for sweet Miss."

"Can little Marie read?"

"No, sweet Miss, only a little; but she can learn; and she will do any thing sweet Miss wishes her to do."

"Did not 'dear mother' teach little Marie?" But that name, "dear mother," prompted anew sobs and a flood of tears; so after a pause, she replied:

"Oh, yes, 'dear mother' taught little Marie many things."

"Well, what does she know then?"

"She knows 'I believe,' and 'Our Father,' and 'Hail Mary.'"

"What is 'I believe,' and 'Hail Mary?'" inquired Pauline. But the child looked incredulous, that any one should not know what was meant by those expressions, and she with perfect simplicity asked:

"Why, don't sweet Miss know them?"

"I wish to hear you repeat them, love;" said Pauline, waiving a direct reply. And she commenced and repeated that simple but most replete and comprehensive code of faith, the Apostle's Creed; and those two inimitable models of devotion, the Lord's Prayer and the Angelical Salutation; only the latter of which it is here deemed necessary to repeat. "Hail Mary, full of grace; our Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen." Miss Seward recognised in it the words which the child had so often repeated during her illness, and which excited the animadversions of her friend; and she said:

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"I do not know whether I love little Mary to say that." The child looked still more astonished, and not yet fully realizing that anybody could really be kind to her since her fond heart had been so long desolate, she regarded this as the commencement of new rebukes and buffetings. Her gentle bosom heaved, and her heart beat almost to bursting; and it was some time before Pauline could make out, between her sobbings and efforts to be calm, the words of her reply.

"Sweet Miss won't be angry with Marie: dear mother loved to say it, and poor Marie would die if she could not say it too."

"Well, then, my sweet child, you shall say it; and I will love you to say it as much as you please; and little Marie will let me help her say it. Will she not?"

"Oh yes, sweet Miss, every time the bell rings."

"What bell, child?" asked Pauline, with some astonishment in her tone; for it was now her turn to express surprise.

"The church-bell, sweet Miss; that's the time to say it with the other prayers." And a faint recollection crossed the mind of Pauline, that in all the Catholic countries through which she had travelled in Europe, the church bells were rung regularly three times a day; at six o'clock in the morning, at twelve, noon, and at six in the evening. And she also remembered that all devout Catholics, and even those that were not so, whether in their houses or in the streets, would instantly, at the sound of the church-bells fall upon their knees; and she was now, for the first time, learning, from the lips of this innocent child, not merely that the object was worship, but that it was the devout act of hundreds of millions of Christians, scattered throughout the world, prostrate in one

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faith and one form of words adoring God in the sublime mystery of the incarnation of our blessed Lord. Her heart beat with an undefinable emotion of surprise and joy, as she also remembered the regularity and constancy with which the church-bell in her own neighbourhood tolled, at those same hours. And it was with more deep and breathless attention than she had ever given to orator, or divine, that she now hung upon the words of little Marie, as she breathed the whole of that beautiful devotion into her listening ear.

"The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary; and she conceived of the Holy Ghost."

"Hail, Mary, full of grace; our Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women; and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word."

"Hail, Mary, full of grace," &c.

"And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

"Hail, Mary, full of grace," &c.

"V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God."

"R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ."

"Pour forth, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy grace into our hearts; that we, to whom the incarnation of Christ, thy Son, was made known by the message of an angel, may, by his Passion and Cross, be brought to the glory of his resurrection, through the same Christ, our Lord. Amen."

"May the divine assistance always remain with us; and may the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen."

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"And that is what you say when the bell rings?" observed Pauline.

"Yes, sweet Miss, isn't it beautiful?" But Pauline's thoughts were wandering at that moment over the Catholic world, a little startled, it is true, at what she had but just now learned, yet full of eager curiosity to learn more; and catching at every little reminiscence, in hopes of recovering something that she thought might throw light on the subject of her thoughts, but which had passed from her memory: and, instead of answering the child's question, she simply asked:

"Is not little Marie tired?"

"No, sweet Miss, little Marie never gets tired of talking about Holy Mary," was the naïve reply.

In such simple and unaffected conversation with the interesting object of her care, would Pauline pass hours during her protracted recovery; but she had for several weeks been perfectly well, and we must now conclude this long parenthesis, and explain the cause of the exclamation with which the chapter commenced.

It was now the depth of winter. The clouds which the evening before portended a storm, had not deceived the weather-wise; and the citizens next morning had arisen to find themselves barricaded in their own dwellings by huge banks of snow, which defied, if not positively all egress or ingress, at least all pedestrian and equestrian locomotion for that day. Let not the gentle reader suppose, however, that we are going to deplore its effects upon the business community at large, mercantile pursuits suspended, and rich speculations foiled. No such thing. We are simply going to speak about snow-birds, and robin red-breasts: and there they are in flocks, pecking with all their little might at Marie's window. She had been so long a prisoner in

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her comfortable little chamber, that she had taught the pretty parasites to come there for their breakfasts. But this morning of unusual scarcity for them, they had flown there for their repast in greater numbers than usual; and little Marie, full of glee, had just raised the window to throw them some crumbs; but it was scarcely up, when wooed by the gush of warm air, and fearless of their tender mistress, in flew the hungry chirpers, flock after flock. She shouted with joy, and clapped her hands in ecstasy of delight. Pauline happened to be passing through the lower hall, and heard her: half alarmed and half wondering at what could be the cause of it, she ran up stairs and entered the room. What an unexpected sight met her delighted gaze! There, upon a low stool, sat sweet little Marie, dressed in pure white and blue; her flowing ringlets scattered in every direction; her breakfast beside her; and little birds, some on her shoulder, some on her head, some by her side, some on her taper fingers, eating the crumbs as she broke them in the palm of her hand, while others, that seemed to have had enough for the moment, hopped about the room, making all sorts of efforts to say; "We thank you, sweet, pretty miss."

Just as Pauline opened the door, she had gently tapped one on the head with her finger, saying: "Ah! naughty jack-robin; why did you take that nice crumb from Miss Molly: there, take that piece for your pains and be off." But the noise of opening the door had already startled them all, and away they whirled out of the still open window: and as she sprang forward in vain to detain some of them, she turned, sorrowfully exclaiming: "There, now, sweet Miss Pauline, all the pets have gone!"

"No they have not," exclaimed our heroine, "here

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is the prettiest and sweetest of them all!" and catching the sweet child in her arms, she covered her no longer pale, but rosy lips and cheeks with kisses.

Though restored to health, the tender devotion of Pauline would not for some time suffer her innocent charge to leave her room, lest a too hasty exposure should cause a relapse, which her delicate frame could not support. Little Marie, however, was capable of receiving the visits of an instructress, who had been engaged for the pleasing task of developing her mind. And a pleasing task indeed it was; for though sorrow and want must, in some degree, have stunted her intellectual activity, yet she possessed a quickness of perception and liveliness of memory, that rendered her tuition a task of singular delight. Day after day, as her bodily health and strength increased, the faculties of her mind unfolded; and, she gave many evidences of the possession of abilities that irresistibly won the admiration of her friends. The mere rudiments of knowledge were soon acquired, and she pressed on to higher themes of study and even accomplishments, with an energy and perseverance truly astonishing. At first she studied for the smiles and approbation of her friends; and to evince how desirous she was to perform any task, or fulfil any wish, intimated by them; and repay them for the benefits, which her grateful heart caused her cheerfully to acknowledge, by living and acting, not for herself, but entirely for those who were making her so perfectly happy. Pauline's smiles were to her as bright beams of love from heaven; her approbation all the earthly reward she craved. With such a heart, and such a will, as those of little Marie; and with such a benefactress as Pauline, it is easy to suppose what perpetual showers

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of those love-beams and sweet approbation were poured into her gentle bosom; and how ravishing must have been the happiness of the innocent orphan.

Early one fine morning in the month of May, if the reader will permit this sudden advance in point of time, an incident occurred, which caused the inmates of Mordant Hall considerable alarm; and threw an ominous shade over the minds of little Marie's friends. Accompanied by a servant, she was making her usual walk before breakfast. The clock was on the stroke of six, just as they reached the cathedral square. The bell of St. Helen's had pealed the Angelus, and was now ringing to call the devout to early mass. At the same time, an acquaintance of the servant coming up, she let go of Marie's hand, and in the laughter and gossip of the moment entirely forgot the strict orders of her mistress respecting her charge.

In the mean time, Marie, crossing herself from the force of habit at the sound of the bell, and impelled by curiosity to ascertain if that were the kind of church which she had been accustomed to frequent, wandered from the side of the servant and approached the church door. Peeping in, she beheld the well-known sign of redemption, and other symbols of the faith. Her gentle bosom heaved, and her heart beat with joy at the discovery; while with a timid and subdued air she silently moved up the aisle towards the altar. When she arrived at the upper end, she sank upon her knees and buried her face in her hands. The length of time that had elapsed since she had last bowed before the altars, which, from her earliest infancy, she had been taught to love, prompted, with peculiar force, mingled feelings of sorrow, joy, and devotion. She remembered "dear mother," who had first led her

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to those altars: all the sorrow which she had experienced, and her loneliness in the world, rushed tumultuously through her mind: then she thought of the happy circumstances in which she was now placed by the devoted friends whom God had raised up for her; and as she meditated and prayed, warm tears of gratitude and love—silent but irrepressible—gushed from their fountains, and, oozing between her fingers, moistened the pavement where she knelt.

The servant, having finished her gossip, turned to resume her charge; but to her dismay Marie was nowhere to be seen. Not thinking of the church, or perhaps, judging by her own prejudices that it were not possible she could have entered there, and terrified beyond measure at her own culpable neglect, she ran to and fro, up and down the street, crossing and re-crossing, inquiring of all whom she met, if they had seen a sweet little child pass that way. But no one had seen any child that answered the description she gave; and after an hour's fruitless search she turned her slow and fearful steps towards the Hall, to announce the sad tidings to her mistress. The distress of Pauline may be easily imagined; but wasting no time in useless upbraidings on her faithless servant, she summoned her household and sent them in every direction to search for the lost Marie. It was an hour of dreadful suspense to Pauline. So closely had her affections begun to cling to the child, so fondly did she love her, that she found it impossible to curb the agitation of her feelings, and, rising she paced the room with agitated and irregular steps. A suffocating oppressiveness came over her; and partly with the hope of herself succeeding in the search, and also to relieve the oppression which was fast overpowering her, she threw on her bonnet and

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shawl, determined to leave no effort untried of recovering the child. She had reached the hall door, and had just opened it, when she beheld the dear object of her anxiety, almost exhausted, running towards the house. The sight of the open door re-animated her, and rushing up the steps, she faintly exclaimed: "Dear, sweet Miss, that dreadful man!" and fell fainting in the arms of Miss Seward. The next moment an ill-looking wretch, with a fiendish scowl, passed rapidly by the house. Pauline, terrified, hastily closed the door and bore the senseless child to her chamber.

After many fruitless efforts Pauline was rewarded with Marie's returning consciousness. Her languishing lids once more disclosed those calm, blue eyes, and though she still trembled from her recent fright, her extended arms, and the sweet smile that played about her mouth, showed that now at least she felt secure, and was in the presence of one who loved her and would shield her from harm. As Pauline pressed her to her bosom and kissed her pale lips, she gently asked her to tell what had frightened her, and how it had all happened. But the bare recollection of the scenes of the past hour caused a convulsive shudder to agitate her tender frame; and closing her eyes, she hid her face in her hands as if to shut out from her mind images so frightful as still to deprive her of the power of speech.

She had remained, as we last left her before the altar of God; equally unconscious of time and of events passing around her. Holy Mass was finished, and the people had dismissed, yet there she knelt absorbed in deep devotion; her heart as well as her body humbly bowed before the mercy-seat. There she poured out her mournful plaint; there she breathed her warm

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thanksgiving; and there she begged for the constant protection of those cherub spirits, who minister to the good, and ever behold the face of their Father in heaven. "Sweet Jesus" trembled on her lips. She prayed, that she might be like him, a sweet, good child. And as her pure heart warmed more and more in devotion to "sweet Jesus," so did her love for His pious Mother. "Holy Mary," how soft and musically it sounded on her tongue! And though she may be supposed almost never to have sinned, yet would she ever lisp: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Having finished her devotions, she arose, unconscious of what length of time had expired, and found herself alone. She hastened to the door of the church and once more breathed the fresh air of the morning; but on regaining the street she became alarmed at not finding the servant. She looked in every direction; and ran, and called; but no one answered save now and then some kind passenger, who asked if she were lost. "No, dear sir, or sweet ma'am," was her reply; "little Marie is not lost, but nurse has gone away and left her." But now that she had made several vain efforts to retrace her steps, the bewildering sensation which overwhelms a wanderer crept over her. Her limbs grew too weak for her support, and sinking upon a step she remained for some time confused and almost unconscious; then suddenly springing up, pressed forward in a desperate effort to go somewhere. She passed one street, and came to another, from the corner of which she with a scream of delight beheld Mordant Hall, which in reality was no great distance from the spot where the nurse had lost her. But she had scarcely started onward with a joyful countenance, when

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an ill-looking man, whom she just passed, exclaimed: "Ah! you miserable little wretch. I've got you at last, have I?" She turned, and seeing his threatening look and extended hand, shrank back; and as if animated with more than her natural strength, ran towards the Hall.

For reasons of his own, the man seemed desirous not to attract public attention; so instead of running after her, he pursued her with rapid strides in a walking pace, and must have soon overtaken her; when to his surprise and evident disappointment she darted up the steps of the house, where he saw her fall into the arms of a lady. He passed on with the fierce look and air of one who had been foiled in some criminal design, and for the present was no more seen.

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CHAPTER VIII.

When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world.—CHILDE HAROLD.

THE library of Mordant Hall had now for more than four months been the scene of Miss Seward's almost daily theological researches. There did she repair, secluded from the jarring strife of wrangling denominations, to seek in solitude, with humble prayer, peace for her troubled soul. Many a dark shade of gloom obstructed her mental vision, as with untiring patience she pored over the mysterious pages, which unwavering faith impelled her to believe contained the hidden treasure of the knowledge of God. Him to find, the way, the truth, and the life, was the priceless boon for which she toiled; and though overwrought exertion might for a time cause her to desist, yet the pause was but momentary, and served only to increase the burning ardor that fired her soul to overcome every obstacle which impeded the consummation of her toil. It is true, she felt the insufficiency of all mere human energy; and especially was she often forced to confess and mourn her own weakness and want of knowledge. But then, that never-failing source was near, that everlasting gate ever stood before her; the source, the gate of prayer. There did she hourly kneel, until the waters of divine grace were moved in her behalf; and loudly knock, until the golden gates of heaven swung open at her cry, and bless-

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ings showered on her head. "Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," was the divine maxim which animated her in every step she took. And though tear-drops often trembled on her cheeks, and deep emotion quivered on the lip, yet her confidence in her Redeemer God was such as to fill her soul with calmness and resignation to his will. The language of her favourite psalm was at once the true expression of her confidence and warm desire: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat, day and night. Why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance."

It is such, and only such ardent, prayerful seekers after truth, to whom that God ever deigns to reveal his adorable will.

"There," exclaimed Pauline, one morning, after a diligent and thorough study for several weeks, of a work entitled 'The Primacy of the Apostolic See vindicated:' "thanks be to the spirit that guides me, I can now connect link after link of an unbroken chain that unites at least one Christian church of the nineteenth century to the church of the apostles. I can now look through the long vista of eighteen centuries, and, though it be but as through 'a glass, darkly,' I can see a long line of ancestors reaching back to the founders of that Faith revealed by the Son of God. But, how shall I ascertain if these be not degenerate sons? How shall I satisfy myself that these certainly teach the same doctrines, exemplify the same faith, and practise the same rites as did those to

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whom I have now happily traced their origin? May they not have added to, and corrupted the religion which eighteen hundred years ago was taught in purity and truth by its divine Founder and his apostles? Could I but be perfectly satisfied that none of these evils have happened, and that the same eternal truths are held and taught now, as then, my anxious heart would then indeed be once more happy and at rest."

Apostolicity is one of the four marks upon which theologians insist as necessary to designate the true church. The mental operation, which forced its consideration upon Pauline, and contrary to every thing she had been taught, to insist upon its necessity, demands a more extended reference than has yet been given to it. She first considered, as has been before observed, the positive fact of the establishment of Christianity: and guided by the plain and positive declarations of Christ, recorded in sacred Scripture, that it should last to the end of time; that it should never fail; that though now like a grain of mustard seed, very small, it should increase and overspread the whole earth; that it should be perpetually endued with his Holy Spirit, to lead it in the way of all truth, and that he himself should abide with it for ever; she naturally and firmly believed, if the Christian religion were true, and not a mere fable, that just as certainly as it was founded, it existed now; and if existing, and meant for the salvation of the human race, it was discoverable; and if discoverable, that it was so by certain plain, visible marks; and finally, that one of those marks must consist in its being able to trace back its history to the period of its foundation, and prove beyond a doubt, that it was founded thus and so, and by such and such persons; namely, Christ and his apostles.

It was very natural, and, under the circumstances, a

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bounden duty, when her mind first became deeply exercised upon the subject of religion, to critically examine the history of that denomination, which, from the example of both parents, she had been taught to respect; and thus to remove some doubts which rested upon her mind as to its alleged origin in the sixteenth century. She had no difficulty in procuring the necessary works for this object. A large portion of her father's library consisted of volumes on Presbyterian church history, theology, and controversial subjects. These, she spared neither time nor pains to study; but, after a long and laborious investigation, the only conclusion to which she could arrive was, that Presbyterianism, either the name or the thing, could not be discovered to have existed before the sixteenth century; a date, full fifteen hundred years after Presbyterianism ought to have had its beginning, if it be the religion of Christ.

She was told that "the tyranny of Rome had kept it concealed during that long period, but if she would again refer to church history, she would discover it peering through the moral darkness of the middle ages, under the names of Wickliffites, Lollards, Waldensians, and Albigensians."

She did again refer to church history; and though she was familiar with those names, she patiently re-examined every thing that was known respecting them, and whatever other sects were mentioned to her as so many links to the chain that connected Lutheranism and Calvinism to the church of the apostles. She searched: but all that she could discover was, that they were, each, so many distinct sects, having little or no similarity in church polity; no unity in doctrine; no connection in reality; and indeed no one bond of union, except, perhaps, that the leaders of the respective sects were all, not apostles, but

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apostates from the Church of Rome. That one was not a successor of the other, but that each was distinct and independent, and in no sense holding such a relative position as to entitle them to be considered members of the same body. She searched; and was forced to the conclusion, that the idea of arriving at the church of the apostles through such a medium was purely imaginative.

Miss Seward relinquished her investigations in that quarter, almost in despair. To her, the religious world was now a blank; and so remained, until a work on Anglican ordinations was incidentally thrown in her way. The plausible theories there propounded, and the author's subtle reasoning, at first captivated her. She fairly devoured the work; her eagerness being proportioned to the hopelessness of the despair she had before experienced. Keeping steadily in view the main question, she followed out every collateral point; then with carefulness and patience, reviewed the whole subject, until she had completely mastered it. Then it was, and not till then, she drew her deliberate conclusions; namely: that the validity of Anglican ordinations could not be proved; that no reliable proof could be adduced to show that Mathew Parker, through whom alone Anglican orders are alleged to be derived, was himself consecrated; and that, one link being broken, the chain must be irrevocably sundered, the succession lost, and the Spirit of God departed from the temples, once holy, but now converted by unhallowed hands to purposes that had not his divine sanction.

But in the course of her investigations, new and unexpected light burst upon her mind. She had been so accustomed to hear the Church of Rome evil spoken of, that, as is the case with many others, it had not

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once entered into her thoughts that any good could be derived from a source so unholy. What then was her astonishment to learn, that while the validity of Anglican ordinations was constantly and positively denied; the Anglicans themselves and the Anglo-Americans admitted without reserve the validity of the orders of the Roman Catholic Church! The more she considered this admission, the more remarkable did it appear, and the more did she long to possess the means of exploring the field now open to her view. These, after many disappointments and much delay, were, in due course of divine Providence, furnished by her amiable and devoted friend, Miss Crawford. Among the Catholic and Episcopalian works thus obtained was the volume already mentioned, "Primacy of the Apostolic See."

With trembling anxiety, and a heart buoyant with hope, she chose that book above all the rest; and she slackened not her eager pace, nor suffered her eye to fail, or her frame to grow weary, until the sublime theme of her studies was unfolded to her delighted and astonished mind, in all its immortal perfection and grandeur. Step by step she moved along the course of time, through eighteen hundred years; examined every change; searched every seeming flaw; traced and and re-traced her way, cavilling and suspicious, lest what she read might simply be a snare to catch the unwary, or a delusion to beguile the weak minded. But no; she is convinced; and with swimming eye and throbbing bosom she sinks upon her knees, and raising her heart in love and veneration to God, thanks him for his mercy and goodness to one, whose forlorn hope had almost taught her to despair. She blessed him; she blessed the author of that book, whoever it might be;

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she blessed her friend for the possession of it; and she now implored more grace and light to crown her investigations with success.

"I desire, O my God," was her humble and contrite prayer, "to love thee with my whole heart, to praise thee, to bless thee in all time, in all places, with thy saints, who without ceasing glorify thy holy name. Thou art my light and my hope, my strength, my patience, and my glory; my God thou art my wisdom, my prudence, my beauty and my joy; thou art my God; lead me in the way I should go. Thou art my defence, my buckler, and my sword; defend me from error and from wrong. Teach me thy way. Thou art all my riches and all my treasure; endow me with the priceless wealth of heavenly wisdom. Thou art my fortress, my refuge, and the protector of my life. Open my heart to learn, to understand, and to prastise thy holy law; and give me resolution and strength to walk in the way of thy commandments, whithersoever they lead me. Fortify me by thy holy word; for thou alone canst aid me; there is no other that can save me and conduct me to eternal life, because thou alone art my God. Lead me to seek, teach me to find, and cause me to embrace thee wheresoever thou art. Unite me to the body of thy faithful servants, whether despised or esteemed, to live and to suffer with them below, if haply I may have the unspeakable joy of reigning with them in thy glory hereafter. Amen."

Of all the privileges granted by a beneficent Creator to his fallen creatures, that of prayer may be said to be the greatest. The first favour that the disciples besought our Lord to grant was, "Lord, teach us to pray." And if there be one exhortation more frequently made and insisted on in sacred Scripture than

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another, it is exhortation to pray. "Pray always," "Pray without ceasing," are the divine admonitions reiterated in the sacred text. It is by prayer that we are permitted to invoke the blessings that are needful for ourselves, and all for whom love or duty makes it incumbent upon us to approach the throne of grace. In prayer we approach as it were the ineffable majesty of Jehovah, talk with him as with a familiar friend; or, over-awed by the sublime perfection of his nature, adore him in the abasement of our souls. In prayer we confess to him; while he, bending from the unapproachable glory that encircles his throne, stoops and lends a listening ear to the confession of our imperfections, infirmities, and deviations from the path of rectitude; and, as we plead with him, through the merits of the atoning blood of the Cross, he graciously pardons all our backslidings, heals all our infirmities, and remembers no more our sins that were against us. In prayer do we dedicate ourselves to him, and thank, and bless his holy name for the innumerable blessings that he graciously vouchsafes to bestow.

Prayer! how simple, yet how sublime!

——"the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.—
Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high;
Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer."

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Pauline well knew its value, and often experienced its efficacy. She had just felt its refreshing power, and, rising from her devotions with a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, who had vouchsafed to her increased light, she resigned herself to the train of pleasing reflections that this fresh accession of knowledge inspired.

She had utterly banished from her mind, as a mere sophistry, the idea that Christ's church consisted, not of a *visible* body, but simply a spiritual, invisible church, the good of all creeds. No; the church which she sought, must, in her favourite scripture language, be "a city set upon a hill;" "a candle set in a candlestick, that it may give light to all." It must be so plain that "he that runs may read," and that the "wayfaring men though fools may not err therein." Intimately blended with this train of thought came the subject of her recent study. The glories of the church of the city of the seven hills arose before her mental vision; the splendour, the endless variety, and yet simplicity of its worship; its long line of illustrious pontiffs; its boundless extent, embracing the whole or a part of every nation and tribe under the whole heavens. "Is not this," she would ask herself, "the grain of mustard seed that was to have grown a great tree, whose branches should spread over the whole earth, and give shelter to the birds of every clime? Could any other than this be that rock hewn out of the mountain without hands, which grew and filled the whole world? Yes!" she would then exclaim, in the excess of her delight, "I have at last found a church, whose history is inscribed on every age and nation of the world. A church of which none can say 'I have never heard of it.' A church, whose fame, its heroic

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followers, with unflinching courage, have spread before all people. I see them penetrate the burning regions of Africa; I see them unfurl their triumphant standard in the heart of Asia; and gathering strength by zeal, I see them subdue to the yoke of Faith all Europe; I see them penetrate the icy North, the burning South, the Islands of the seas, and raise their voice until 'their sound hath gone forth to the uttermost parts of the earth.' For the love of this faith, I see kings throw aside their jewelled crowns, princes desert their thrones, the rich man scatter his wealth among the poor, and clad in the humble habiliments of religion, devote their lives to works of charity and faith. Surely this, and none other than this, can be the fulfilment of that wonderful prophecy of Isaiah:—'I will lift up my hand to the Gentiles; and set up my standard to the people, and they shall bring thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters shall be carried upon their shoulders. And kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers.' And then, what a glorious line of pontiffs! What a chain of illustrious prelates, uninterruptedly extending through the entire space of eighteen hundred years! I see Pius VIII., seated upon the pontifical throne; I see his predecessor, Leo XII.; and *his* predecessor; and so on through each preceding generation until in the second century, I see the succession retrospectively continued through Alexander, Evaristus, Anacletus, St. Clement, St. Cletus, St. Linus, to St. Peter, who was commissioned by our Lord himself: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Matt. xvi. 18. Yes, this is indeed the church which has the first claim to my attention!"

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Pauline had become so perfectly absorbed in the meditations and studies of the morning, as to have entirely forgotten the flight of time: and she was taken completely by surprise, at the sudden interruption, as it seemed to her, of the servant, who entered the library to announce that dinner was ready, and at the same time to hand his mistress a note.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, pressing the seal to her lips; "that well-known, familiar hand. Dear Bel, why have you so long neglected your forlorn friend?"

She broke the seal, and read that Miss Crawford had obtained the promise of a visit from the Rev. Dr. Bogus: and that he had sent her a message, stating that it would give him great pleasure to redeem his promise to-morrow morning. The note continued:

"No reference was made to you, dear Pauline, in my invitation; but, nevertheless, you understand how particularly I shall expect your company. You will not, however, regard this simply as an invitation, but, recalling to your mind our last conversation, consider it as I then said, 'order number two.' I think I can assure you that there will be no interruption to our tête-à-tête. Come early, that you may be certain of being here before the doctor, and believe me

Ever your affectionate

BEL."

"I fear that I have not the courage to admit of this interview," musingly said Pauline; and she passed out of the library to make her toilet for dinner.

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CHAPTER IX.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm. YOUNG.

IT was a severe struggle that now transpired in the secret chambers of Pauline's breast. She ardently desired the information which she hoped to derive from an interview with Dr. Bogus: but her native delicacy shrank, both from the communication of her doubts and fears to a stranger, and from the notoriety that, despite precaution, would defy all attempts at secrecy. On the other hand, the consideration of duty, which made it incumbent upon her to permit no opportunity of discovering truth to pass unimproved, and the fear lest she should have cause to reproach herself, should she do so, impelled her forward to the interview.

Such was the contest that invaded her mind. It raged violently and long; but at last, duty, religion triumphed over human respect, and ten o'clock next morning found her at the house of her friend, Miss Crawford.

Isabel had heard the voice of Pauline in the hall, and she ran forward to embrace and welcome her. Sweet and cordial was the greeting of the amiable and devoted friends. But Isabel saw at a glance that her guest was determined to be sad, and she resolved, on her part, to spare no effort to divert her to a more cheerful train of thoughts. Her first effort verged a little upon the ludicrous.

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"Dearest, only see in what a dilemma I am placed," she exclaimed, with mock gravity, as she led Pauline to the scene of her charitable operations of the morning. "No doubt you have been especially sent to rescue me from despair. You perceive that I have been arranging some work for the ladies of our 'Dorcas' society, and having made use of all the stuff, have no alternative than to put green and red sleeves to yellow gowns. Am I not in a sad plight?"

Pauline tried to preserve her gravity, but the ludicrous exhibition her friend had made to her, provoked the smile, that the amiable girl longed so ardently to see brighten the beautiful features of her friend, and which formerly needed no incentive to call it forth. The pleasant turn, however, which Isabel hoped to have given to Pauline's temperament, did not long continue; for after a short desultory conversation, she relapsed into her former pensive mood.

"Well, Pauline," continued Isabel, "if you are not going to laugh, you must sing. There is all your favourite music, besides some new pieces, that have just been sent home; and the instrument is open for your especial use."

"Dear Bel, ask me not to do any thing," she replied; "I so dread the arrival of Dr. Bogus that I feel more like deserting you altogether."

"But you must please to bear in mind that you are under orders this morning," playfully observed Isabel; "and, therefore, have to consult, not your pleasure but obedience; and that I may have no cause to suspect you of a wish to be otherwise than obedient, you will immediately comply with my demand."

Pauline really felt more like weeping than singing: but, partly willing to try what effect music might have

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upon her feelings, and, hoping in some measure at least to forget her sadness, she turned to the instrument near which she sat, and carelessly ran her fingers over its keys: she then for an instant paused. It was only an instant, but enough to complete the wonderful change that had been gradually passing over her. Her countenance was flushed; her eye glowed with unaccustomed fire; her position was erect and firm, and seemingly unconscious of the presence, or even the existence of any other human being, her melodious voice burst forth in the words of Heber. Such was the deep solemnity of her tones, such their fervour and pathos, that it might have been said she prayed, rather than sang, the beautiful words that had inspired and absorbed her soul.

"I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer."

"I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears."

"I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me ———."

but her voice, which had become more and more tremulous as she proceeded, at this point, utterly failed. Her emotion was too deep for utterance. Her tearless eye was still upturned, as if she were in momentary expectation of the messenger of death in answer to her prayer. But now, leaning forward her head, nature,

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which had been resisted to its utmost limit, gave her relief in a copious flood of tears. Isabel stood beside her friend, and though deeply affected herself, threw her arm around her neck and breathed to her sweet words of comfort.

A half hour afterwards, the servant presented to his mistress the card of the Rev. Dr. Bogus. "At last!" said Miss Crawford; "courage now, dearest, and you yourself will be surprised at the *belles manières* by which he will cause you to forget that this is the first time you have met. I must again caution you, however, that on many points I differ with him, and I should be very sorry to see you either believe or practise much that he feels it to be his duty to inculcate."

Pauline made no reply; and, after a few moments hesitation, suffered herself to be conducted to the parlour, when she was indeed truly surprised to find the prediction of her friend perfectly verified. Instead of the cold and dogmatical theologian she had expected to meet, she saw before her a person of easy and graceful carriage; and in conversation, energetic, and beyond expression winning. As far as this world is concerned, he was a perfect gentleman, whatever he may have been as to the citizenship of the next. Many minutes had not elapsed before she found herself not only at home, but deeply absorbed in listening to his observations upon the subject that had so completely filled her mind for several weeks past.

"You are of opinion, then, Dr. Bogus," Pauline ventured to remark, when he had finished his observations on one part of his subject, "that the three orders of Bishop, Priest, and Deacon are absolutely necessary to the existence of the true church; and that the church which does not possess them, and cannot

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trace its succession back to the days of the apostles, wants two of the essential marks of the church of Christ."

"I most certainly am of that opinion, Miss Seward;" was his reply. "With me, it is emphatically, 'no bishop, no church.' And, as to the essentiality of the apostolical succession, I think, if there be any point of sacred Scripture plain and intelligible, it is this very one, of the handing down, so to speak, of the sacred deposit of the divine ordinances from one generation to another; or, in other words, their perpetually unbroken transmission by duly authorized persons, namely, first the apostles, then their successors, the bishops. And I never could see, nor can I admit, that those perpetually arising and never-ending divisions and subdivisions, by which the Christian church is, fortunately as some good Protestants esteem it, but most unfortunately as I hold, broken, have the most remote title to be considered as lawfully constituted; and by consequence are not to be accounted churches at all."

Miss Crawford closely watched the countenance of Pauline, to catch from its expression the probable effect of this strongly marked specimen of high church theology; for this was one of those very points which she so warmly contested with the Rev. Doctor. Her comprehensive charity was unwilling thus unceremoniously to exclude from the pale of Christ's church four-fifths of the Protestant world: and her low church principles forbade her to admit, that Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, &c., were not members of Christ, equally with Episcopalians, and that they did not bid as fair successfully to run the Christian race and finally attain heaven. She, moreover, in her meditations on this subject, had come to the very plain and natural conclu-

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sion, that, if this high church notion were correct and the true statement of the question, the whole host of reformers, excepting this one little faction of prelatists, had started wrong; that they had placed the Protestant church upon a wrong basis, and thus proved themselves to have been commissioned, not by heaven, but by some other power not pronounceable in ears polite: and, while her simplicity refused to admit the first, her piety recoiled with horror from the latter conclusion. The Rev. Doctor would, perhaps, have shrunk from this plain and unmystified exposition of the opinions he had been expressing; but that Miss Crawford's thoughts literally defined the position he had taken, needs no great depth of theological knowledge to perceive.

Pauline's thoughts, however, had taken a different, and perhaps not less interesting direction; and she observed:

"If your position be a correct one, Dr. Bogus, it must be of the most essential consequence to the church claiming the three orders, to be able to show incontestibly, and so as to place it beyond the shadow of a doubt, that it really does possess the inestimable treasure of the apostolical succession. For if that had either by accident or design become vitiated or broken, the aspirants to the episcopal character must possess a mere phantom, instead of the reality; and in such a case, the advocates of episcopacy would be in as hopeless a condition as those who not only do not claim, but totally reject it. Would they not?"

"Undoubtedly they would," replied Dr. Bogus, "and I could name those, whom charity compels us to regard, in some sense at least, as brethren, who are precisely in such circumstances."

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Miss Crawford shuddered.

"Without pretending to be versed in theology, it is not difficult for me to see the conclusion to which that position must force its advocates," observed Pauline; "but would Dr. Bogus consider it impertinent to inquire if no doubt is cast upon the legal succession of bishops in the Episcopal Church?"

"Not at all, Miss Seward; on the contrary I should be most happy to have the privilege of proving to you, that not only is there no doubt of the episcopal succession in the church whose ministry I esteem it an honour to exercise, but that it is the purest system of church polity in existence."

"I should be too much indebted to Dr. Bogus, for the first favour," said Pauline, "to task him so extensively. But with some degree of zeal and patience I have searched the history of the Anglican succession, and I confess my inability satisfactorily to decide the question in their favour."

"I deeply regret to hear Miss Seward make such an observation," said the Rev. Doctor, "for if Miss Seward's mind is at all biassed against the fact of the Anglican succession, perhaps nothing that I can say would carry much weight with it."

"Does Doctor Bogus mean to say then, that the apostolical succession in the Anglican church is not susceptible of positive proof?"

"No; not exactly that, Miss Seward; but the evidence of it depends upon so many collateral questions, and events that preceded and followed the consecration of Mathew Parker, that unless the mind is at least unprejudiced upon the subject, it would be very difficult to offer an argument, in a mere conversation such as this must necessarily be, that would be con-

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sidered conclusive; and yet I am as morally certain of the fact as I am of any other fact which depends upon human testimony."

"Dr. Bogus," said Pauline, with deep solemnity, "I am not pursuing this conversation from mere whim, or for the want of a subject upon which to converse; but it is intimately connected with questions, the correct answers to which have become as precious to me as the salvation of my soul; and I therefore ask, with all the earnestness of an inquirer who feels its grave importance, can you prove to me, by undeniable evidence, that Mathew Parker did receive episcopal consecration?"

"That is precisely to what I referred," replied the Doctor. "Undeniable evidence should not be so much insisted on; for the Romanists deny every thing; but there is evidence, which at least ought to satisfy every reasonable inquirer."

"I am no logician," rejoined Pauline, "but if Doctor Bogus will take the trouble to instruct me, at least he will not find me an inattentive listener, or an unreasonable inquirer."

"No trouble, I assure you, Miss Seward," politely rejoined the Doctor; "on the contrary, I shall esteem myself but too happy, if I can so divest the subject of all technicalities as to remove the objections of Miss Seward, and prove to her beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the apostolical succession is unbroken and unvitiated in the Episcopal Church. The first record which I shall adduce in the series of evidence, concerning the consecration of Mathew Parker, is a commission for his consecration, from Queen Elizabeth, directed to the bishops of Durham, Bath, Peterborough, and Landaff, and to William Barlow, bishop,

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and John Scory, bishop. Though candour requires me to say of this commission that it has been alleged to have been forged: yet, I desire to remark, that it proves three things. First, that a consecration of Parker was really intended. Second, that all the necessary steps had been taken, previous to the issuing the commission to consecrate. Third, that it was from the first intended, that Barlow and Scory should have a part in the ceremony of consecration."*

"But, if you will excuse the interruption, Doctor Bogus," said his attentive listener, "I do not perceive how a forged document can prove any thing."

"We are willing to surrender that document altogether, Miss Seward," replied the learned theologian; "since we have another, the authenticity of which has never been disputed. A second commission was afterwards issued, directed to Anthony, bishop of Landaff; William Barlow, formerly bishop of Bath and Wells, now elect of Chichester; John Scory, formerly bishop of Chichester, now of Hereford; Miles Coverdale, formerly bishop of Exeter; Richard and John, suffragan bishops of Bedford and Thetford, and to John Bale, bishop of Ossory. In other respects this was a repetition of the former commission, with the addition of a clause for supplying defects.† When I say that the authenticity of this commission, was never disputed, I mean to be understood as saying that it has never been disputed by persons whose dissent carries much weight with it."

"The persons to whom you refer are, I suppose, the Romanists, Dr. Bogus; but without wishing to be

* See a recent work entitled Essays on Anglican Ordinations, by a Layman, pages 39 and 40.

† Idem, page 41.

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troublesome, what necessity was there for issuing two commissions to perform the same act? I should have thought that the first mandate of the queen, and such a queen, would have been all-sufficient to have insured the performance of the required duty."

"We must make some allowance for the troublous times in which she lived. When we consider the waywardness of the creatures of her court, it is not to be wondered at, that some of those whom she commanded should shrink from the performance of her wishes."

"But why do we find the names of the intended consecrators substituted by others?" inquired Pauline.

"Simply because the former persons refused to consecrate."

"This surprises me, Doctor Bogus. It seems to me incredible that men, bishops of God, who alone possess the mysterious power of legally perpetuating the church of Christ, should find an important section of that church without a spiritual head, and yet refuse to make use of that power to consecrate such a head! Why should they withhold the exercise of their delegated power?"

"Miss Seward, the answer to that question would involve the whole subject of the controversy that separates us from Rome. It is too extensive a subject to discuss here."

"Doctor Bogus, it is that whole controversy which I am struggling to understand; and I shall never rest until I have explored it in its full extent."

"I should be most happy, at the proper time and place, to assist Miss Seward to understand it."

"But, Dr. Bogus, there are some questions which impress me so deeply at the present moment, that it

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seems to me impossible to pass them by. Was not the Roman Catholic religion the religion of England for at least one thousand years before the time of Queen Elizabeth?"

"It was so," replied Doctor Bogus.

"Were not all the sees filled by Roman Catholic bishops? and was not the late archbishop, Reginald Pole, to whom it was intended Mathew Parker should succeed, a Roman Catholic?"

"I cannot deny positive facts of history, Miss Seward."

"Were Queen Elizabeth and her favourite, Mathew Parker, Roman Catholics?" pursued Pauline.

"They were not," replied the Doctor.

"Were the commissions to consecrate Mathew Parker issued to men who held the same religious opinions that he and the queen held, or were they issued to Roman Catholic bishops?"

"It cannot be denied, but that they were issued to Roman Catholic bishops."

"Did they perform the queen's commission, and consecrate Mathew Parker?"

"It cannot be denied that they refused to consecrate him: though they were deposed from their sees, and punished for their disobedience."

"Am I correct in supposing that Doctor Bogus recognises the principle of church *authority*? In other words, that God has endowed His church with power to rule and govern and order its members in all things that pertain to its welfare and the glory of God?"

"I most certainly recognise and maintain all those points, Miss Seward; for, of those who offend, our divine Lord himself hath said: 'Tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be to thee

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as a heathen man and a publican. Verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and, whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven.'—Matt. xviii. 17, 18. But may I ask Miss Seward, in what manner she would apply the principle of *authority* to the subject of our conversation?"

"Unskilful as I must necessarily be, Dr. Bogus, in theological disputation, I may, perhaps, be chargeable with passing over much that is important, and of too soon applying a test, by which the actions of the principal performers in this most extraordinary drama may be tried. All my reading upon this subject has forced me to conclusions directly opposite to those which the advocates of Anglican succession desire should be drawn. I needed but to converse with some learned divine of the present day, as Dr. Bogus, (the doctor made a profound bow,) to enable me to feel certain that I fully understood what I had or thought I had discovered. This conversation has fully confirmed me in the impressions which my investigations had first made. I regard the *dramatis personæ* in the whole series. I see a long succession, running through hundreds of years, of Roman Catholic prelates and kings. Suddenly, I see a sovereign arise, who, whether from good or from bad motives, dissents from that ancient Faith. I see a prelate, Cardinal Reginald Pole, a Roman Catholic; he dies. I see that sovereign, who loves not his Faith, raise up a favourite, who also loves not his Faith, to sit in his chair. I see that sovereign command the Roman Catholic prelates, who confessedly occupied those sees, to consecrate that creature of her choice. Now, I apply the principle of *authority*. Those Roman Catholic prelates, faithful to the trust reposed in them, and by the authority vested in them, to

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rule, and govern, and order that branch of the Roman Catholic Church, in all things that pertain to its welfare, refuse to place a man at the head of it, who, in their minds at least, (for I do not yet understand the doctrinal differences of the parties,) would have been to them a wolf in sheep's clothing. These are the conclusions to which my reading in general, and this conversation particularly, have forced me."

"Miss Seward's words distress me beyond expression," fervently responded the Reverend Doctor. "She may well observe that she does not understand the doctrinal differences that separate us from the Papists; otherwise she might have applied the figure of the wolf to the opposite party."

"I beg Dr. Bogus not to misunderstand me," rejoined our heroine. I acknowledge myself incapable of applying it absolutely, or at all, to either of the parties. I simply spoke of, how they, the Roman Catholic bishops, must have regarded Mathew Parker. But I find that I have interrupted Dr. Bogus, in what, to me, is the most interesting part of his observations. I think he was on the point of furnishing me with the undeniable proof of the actual consecration of Mathew Parker."

"I was on the point, simply to observe, Miss Seward, that the commission to confirm and consecrate having been issued, the next step is to confirm the election. Now, if this can be shown to have been done, it is obviously an important link in the chain of evidence; for it confirms the authenticity of the commission, under the authority of which it was done, and increases the probability of the consecration, towards which it is the last preliminary step. The act of the confirmation of Parker's election remains, and has often been printed; the first by Archbishop Bramhall, in 1674. And it has there-

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fore been long enough before the world for the Romish controversialists to make their objections."*

"Have objections never been made?" inquired Pauline.

"Yes;" replied the doctor: "but they are too trivial to merit notice."

"I should deem nothing too trivial, in a matter of such grave importance," answered Pauline.

"I will pass them by, at present," rejoined the doctor; "and with Miss Seward's permission, will send to her the volumes in which the whole subject is discussed."

"Doctor Bogus places me under too great obligations to him; but I can assure him, I have so much confidence in his candour, that I need nothing more than his word to convince me of the truth of his testimony; and I am now only anxious to hear him speak upon the last, and most important point, that of the actual consecration, in order to have my mind perfectly satisfied and at rest upon the whole subject."

Throughout this conversation Miss Crawford had been a most interested and attentive, though silent, listener. She more than once exhibited marked uneasiness; when, as she thought, the Reverend Doctor had perhaps admitted too much, and thus given his intelligent inquirer some advantage over him. But this she was content to set down as the diplomatic skill of the learned theologian; but as the argument progressed, she could not conceal occasional and more marked evidences of surprise. We will not venture to surmise that some faint foreshades of doubt had crossed the mind of Miss Crawford, as to whether the Anglican succession could be fully and plainly proved; this would be expecting too much from one, who, up to this time,

* Essays on Anglican Ordinations, pages 50 and 51

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had never given the subject an hour's serious study. She was, as has been already observed, of the low-church party; and though, in a general way, she supposed the apostolical succession might have been, or, stronger still, was preserved in the Episcopal Church, it was sufficient for her to believe the church apostolical, because it was *like* the church of the apostles; and not so absolutely necessary to prove an unbroken succession. The Methodists have their bishops, without being able, or thinking it necessary to prove the unbroken apostolical succession; and why not Episcopalians the same? She saw no satisfactory reason against forming such a conclusion; but at the same time, she was intensely anxious that her friend should be convinced, and thus induced to give up the horrid idea of becoming a Papist. It was, therefore, with a clouded and anxious brow, that she saw Pauline so skilfully wield the Reverend Doctor's own weapons, and completely corner him on the queen's commissions, and church authority. But at her concluding observation, that she wanted but one more link in the chain to make her perfectly convinced, a bright, though somewhat puzzled smile once more illumined her sweet face, and she inwardly rejoiced that she should have been the means of quieting her apprehensions, and of restoring her in ever so small a degree to her accustomed cheerfulness. The Reverend Doctor himself, if we may judge from his reply, must also have been deceived.

"I can assure Miss Seward, that nothing gives me more pleasure than to unwind the web which Popery has thrown around this whole subject, and, stripping it of its sophistries, exhibit it in all its glory and purity, as we have it in 'the Catholic Episcopal Church, Protestant.' As to the last point, however, of which I shall now speak—that of the actual consecration of Mathew Par-

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ker—I have little more to say than simply to assert the fact; as it is a point the evidence of which rests upon the 'authentic act' itself. The authentic act of his consecration is to be found in Parker's register, entitled: 'Rituum atque cæremoniarum ordo in consecrando, &c.' The order of rites and ceremonies in consecrating the Right Rev. Father in Christ, Mathew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, Dec. 17th, 1559. This act is distinctly admitted by the Romanists themselves to exist, and to have existed in the beginning of the seventeenth century."*

"Pardon the interruption, Dr. Bogus," said Pauline: "but you said, if I mistake not, that Mathew Parker was consecrated on the 17th of December, 1559; and then you further say, that the existence of this important document, 'the order of the rites and ceremonies of the consecration,' is not admitted to have had existence earlier than the beginning of the seventeenth century, or a half century after the consecration is stated to have taken place. Am I to understand that the document did not exist until a half century after the consecration?"

"By no means," replied Dr. Bogus: "it existed, at least so we believe, from the time of the consecration itself; but the whole history of it is so complicated that Miss Seward would perhaps hardly have the courage to attempt to evolve it."

"Then I suppose this also is a point which has been constantly denied?" inquiringly observed Miss Seward.

"It certainly has been involved in a great deal of controversy," was the Doctor's reply: "but I doubt not

* Essays on Anglican Ordinations, page 51.

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that this, as well as all other difficulties, will vanish before so intellectual an inquirer as Miss Seward; and if I can continue to be of service to her, I shall esteem those hours passed in the investigation with her, among the happiest of my life."

Pauline felt her cheek burning with, she knew not what emotion, as the Reverend Doctor delivered himself of his compliments, and scarcely knowing what she said in reply, the doctor arose, and relieved her from further embarrassment, by wishing the ladies a very good morning.

But Pauline was now doomed to a most unexpected mortification. While Dr. Bogus was still saying the last words with Isabel, the servant threw open the parlour door, and announced, "Mr. La Zourk." She felt as if she could have sunk through the floor, or fled from the room. But there was now no election; and biting her lips with vexation, she resigned herself to what she could not but consider her fatality, always to be seen doing what she had wished should remain a secret, until she had fully satisfied her mind, and made her final decision. Isabel deeply felt for her mortified friend; yet she had no alternative but to entertain her fashionable visitor.

"Had I not some acquaintance with the Rev. Dr. Bogus, and therefore know his profession," smilingly observed Mr. La Zourk, after the doctor had withdrawn, "I should certainly mistake him for a beau, if not indeed, a fashionable groom in his wedding suit; but," he playfully added, "if I were questioned as to which of the fair ladies before me had attracted him, I confess it would require the utmost penetration of even a divine to decide; much more one of my inexperience."

"The facetiousness of Mr. La Zourk is only surpassed

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by his excessive politeness;" quietly observed Miss Seward.

"I confess, Miss Seward," he still continued, "that the look and gesture with which the doctor left the room was such as to impress me with the conviction, that the —what shall I call it?—morning call, was very agreeable, to at least one individual; namely, himself."

Pauline smiled, but made no observation. Isabel looked grave, and said:

"Dr. Bogus is a man of such elegant manners, and agreeable conversation, that it would be almost impossible not to feel impressed in his presence."

"Am I to consider this as Miss Crawford's confession?" inquired Mr. La Zourk.

"I leave confession to the Romanists;" she evasively replied.

"And I also, Miss Crawford;" said Mr. La Zourk.

This last remark gave a sudden and unexpected turn to the conversation. Both ladies looked surprised; and Miss Seward observed:

"I had thought, Mr. La Zourk, that confession was an obligation in the Catholic church, and that all Catholics were accustomed regularly to observe it?"

"Confession is a sacrament, in the Catholic church, and of course of obligation, Miss Seward," said he; "but, I have never taken the trouble to ascertain how generally it may be observed."

"I believe that Mr. La Zourk is a Catholic?"

"That is the Faith, Miss Seward, in which I have been educated; but I have never particularly felt it incumbent upon me to pay much attention to its duties. Our good old priest faithfully instructed me, and, as long as he was able, kept me in the path in which he thought I ought to walk; and I remember to have gone several

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times to confession, during my youth, and also to have been confirmed; but after that, I took the authority in my own hands, and escaped the burdensome task. In fact, Miss Seward, to tell the whole truth, though I consider the Catholic Church the oldest, and, indeed, the only one which can prove its title; and though I should be very sorry to die in any other, yet it cannot be denied, that it is the hardest for flesh and blood to live in, and practise all its duties. When I get old, and have lost my relish for the world, I shall then begin to think seriously of the solemn duties of my religion."

It is truly lamentable that the case of Mr. La Zourk is not a solitary one; and it is perhaps equally so that such should have been the sad specimen of Catholicity that was first presented to our heroine's notice. Had she been less intelligent than she was, or less determined to examine the whole subject for herself, this one interview might have proved fatal to the salvation of her soul. As it was, she had the discernment to separate the chaff from the wheat, and place the subject before her in its true position. She replied:

"You surprise me, Mr. La Zourk, and do not consider how injurious your coldness and indifference might be to an inquirer after Catholic truth."

Miss Crawford's presence, just at that moment, was needed in another room, and, excusing herself, she withdrew. Mr. La Zourk took that opportunity so to word his reply, that Miss Seward could not fail to perceive its full meaning. He said:

"Could I suppose that the profession of my religion interested, and would be of any benefit to Miss Seward, or that my non-profession could cause her the slightest injury, I would this day commence the practice of its sacred duties."

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"Pardon me, Mr. La Zourk, if I speak too pointedly," said Pauline, rising to leave the parlour; "but, if Mr. La Zourk would do that for a creature, who has no authority to command, which he refuses to do for God, who has authority, and who, he believes, does command, but little confidence could be placed in any of his professions or protestations."

"Miss Seward will be pardoned any observation she may be pleased to make; it matters not, however severe;" was Mr. La Zourk's reply.

Pauline excused herself, and left the parlour, at the same moment that Miss Crawford re-entered. Mr. La Zourk soon after made his adieu.

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CHAPTER X.

"Why shouldst thou linger, Horatio?
One brief hour may close the book of fate."

GENTLE reader, art thou practically acquainted with the confessional? If not, hasten with all thy speed to learn what it is. It may be that thine everlasting life or death depends on instant action. Hast thou grievously offended thy God by doubting his love, his promise, his goodness to thee? hast thou defied his mercy, his long-suffering, his patience? hast thou murmured against his providence, resisted his holy inspirations, and refused charity to thy suffering fellow? hast thou sinned against faith, by omitting the duties of holy religion, and by turning thy feet away from the sanctuary of thy God? hast thou sinned in thought, and word, and deed? hast thou sinned by omitting to perform what thou knowest to have been thy bounden duty to do? Is thy poor soul agitated and alarmed lest God should visit thee in his wrath and chastise thee in his anger, and wouldst thou escape the awful storm that is gathering about thy devoted head? Then fly; fly to the confessional; and there on bended knees, before thy God confess, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee; and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Cry, "Holy Spirit, source of light, deign to shed one bright ray into the sin-darkened chambers

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of my soul, and expose to me the depth of my ingratitude, the heinousness of my guilt, the blackness of my crimes." Say, "O my God, glory, justice, and mercy appertain to thee. I merit naught but shame, confusion, and chastisement. I believe, O God, help thou my unbelief. I know that I am unworthy to obtain thy mercy, but I implore it, though I tremble while I pray. Thou art just, and cannot permit sin to go unpunished. Just Judge, terrible and Almighty God, be just, yet justify the sinner, who hopes in thee. Spurn me not; cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed, thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow." Thus approach the sacred tribunal; thus enter it; thus cry aloud for mercy and forgiveness, and thou shalt find it, and shalt return with a countenance beaming with love and gratitude; thy heart shall bound with joy, and thy soul shall magnify the Lord thy Saviour.

Hesitate not, because thou art to breathe thy sins into the ear of a poor sinful mortal like thyself. It is the ordinance of God. Thy Redeemer hath commanded it; hesitate not to obey. "Confess your sins one to another." "As the Father hath sent me, so send I you. Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." "Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven." Doubt not with the proud Pharisee, and the unbelieving Jew, whether the son of man can on earth forgive sins. So he taught, and rebuked their infidelity with a miracle.

But it is not only the repentant sinner that shall there

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find peace. The mournful sighing of the sad is there exchanged for exulting shouts of joy. There are the tears of affliction dried up from sorrow's cheek. The care-worn there lay their heavy burdens at the feet of divine mercy. Hast thou crosses to bear—heavy, afflictive crosses—that cause thy steps to falter on the rough and thorny path of life? So had thy Lord; and go thou to the tribunal of penance, and thou shalt learn of him how to bear them with beams of happiness illumining thy countenance, and with blessings upon him, who provides them for thee. Art thou bereaved? Go to the confessional, and thou shalt find thy treasure, Jesus, thy dear Lord; and having him, thou shalt wish no other good. Art thou sick? Jesus will heal thee. Art thou weary of life? Sweet Jesus will teach thee uncomplainingly to bear its weary burdens for the sake of his dear name. Is thy heart bowed down? Sweet Jesus will raise thee up, strengthen thee, and lead thee on thy way. Is thy fond and trusting heart wounded, lacerated, bleeding, on account of those whom thou lovest? Jesus will pour into it the balm of Gilead, and sweetly soothe and heal its sores. Art thou at the point of death—earth's last and greatest trial? Confession will aid thee to wing thy heavenward flight with an angel's speed. Then haste thee to the confessional, and there practically learn what it is. There shall the bad become good; the good, better. The saints went daily. Go thou, and do in like manner.

Pauline did not return from the house of her friend until late next day. As she entered the Hall, little Marie ran forward to meet and welcome her. Her eyes were red and swollen, evidently with weeping; and her voice was faltering and broken.

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"Oh! sweet Miss Pauline," she sorrowfully exclaimed: "I have been so naughty!"

"So naughty, love!" said Pauline, touched by the melancholy tone of her voice, "how could you be naughty?"

"I don't know, sweet Miss; but you stayed away so long."

"But, my dear, it could not make you naughty, that I stayed away so long."

"Oh! yes it did, sweet Miss."

"I do not understand you, sweet babe," said Pauline, taking her in her arms: "tell me how that could make you naughty. You never did any thing naughty in your life."

"I cried, sweet Miss, all the time you were away; and when they told me not to cry, I couldn't help it, but just cried on more; and the more they told me, the more it made me cry. But, indeed, I couldn't help it. I didn't want to cry, but something made me do so. I thought of dear mother, and when I was left alone, and had nobody to care for me, and I had to sleep under the steps; and I thought, when sweet Miss goes, what shall I do."

"But, love, it was not naughty to cry when you tried not to do so, and could not help it; besides, I am your mother now, and you must not think that I would leave you. You are always going to live here."

"Are you my mother, sweet Miss? because I often think how you look like her; and you speak to me just as dear mother did."

"Yes, sweet pet, I will be your mother."

"Well then, sweet Miss, I won't be afraid to ask you something; will I?"

"No, dear, why should you?"

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"I don't know; but I was afraid."

"Tell me now, dear."

"I didn't tell you all how naughty I was. I did a very bad sin. I was impatient; that's the reason I cried; and that's what makes me feel so bad now; and I want sweet Miss, to let me tell the good Priest."

Pauline started; the colour deepened in her cheeks; and the sensitive child, mistaking the effect of her request, hastily continued:

"There, now, sweet Miss Pauline, don't be displeased with Marie, she was afraid to ask you, but you looked so kind and said you would be my mother, and dear mother always took me when I was naughty."

Pauline did not wish to tell the child that she knew nothing about what she desired; yet, willing to satisfy her tender conscience, she promised to take her tomorrow. Her beautiful countenance brightened in view of the promised favour, and the last trace of sadness vanished like the mists before the morning sun.

From the earliest dawn of reason she had been led by her pious and afflicted parent to practise the duties of religion; and, when in the mysterious providence of God, that parent, her only earthly friend, was removed to another world, the rich legacy of the seeds of piety, which the unknown woman left her desolate child, was fostered in her pure heart. Often as she roamed the streets in quest of bread, would she move meekly and quietly along the aisles of some open church, and wait her turn with the kneeling crowds who throng the ever open doors of the tribunal of penance: and, at night, (O wonderful and mysterious Providence, that ordereth all things aright!) while thousands of sin-polluted beings, pampered with

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wealth, would lay their guilty heads on pillows of down, that sinless child laid her defenceless form upon the cold, damp ground! It was only since her sojourn with her new friends that these oft-repeated visits to the church and its sacraments was interrupted. The interruption, however, was not caused by any obstacle intended to be thrown in her way in the discharge of her duty; it was rather the result of not knowing how to administer to her spiritual necessities.

Pauline, however, found herself not a little puzzled to devise means to fulfil a promise made to the child rather with the desire to quiet her anxiety about an imaginary sin, than upon consideration as to what she must do to accomplish that promise. The more she reflected, the more did she feel the difficulty of her position and the necessity of precaution. The nobleness and dignity of her nature forbade her to act secretly and as if by stealth; and, on the other hand, a laudable caution was demanded in order to avoid the animadversions which must certainly follow, should it become known that Miss Seward had visited a Catholic priest. Oh! thou vainglorious, boasting land of freedom! when shall it be that thy devoted children shall enjoy untrammelled liberty of conscience? It must not be concealed, however, that the progress of our heroine in the investigation of divine truth and her state of mind were such as to prompt her ardently to desire such an interview, did she know how to effect it. There were questions which she felt must be answered; points of church history, requiring a more extended knowledge than she possessed, that needed elucidation, before she could proceed with entire satisfaction; but she had shrunk from the idea of thrusting herself into the presence of

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a class of men, of which she had no knowledge, except such as was derived through the tongue of slander; yet had she secretly longed, and even prayed for an open path to the consummation of the wish of her heart, a fair and thorough investigation of Catholic dogmas. She seriously asked herself, therefore, whether the innocent being that had now learned to live upon her smiles and seek her love, may not have been sent to her, as an angel from heaven, to win her to pursue the lonely way upon which she had so resolutely entered; and whether this particular incident was not intended as the medium of encouragement to seek the coveted interview. So, at last, she interpreted it; and resolved to act accordingly.

On the morrow, she arose somewhat earlier than usual, and habited herself for a walk; at the same time telling her waiting-maid, that she believed she would take little Marie with her, and to have her prepared. Though winter had not yet taken leave of the North temperate zone, he gave occasional evidences that he was packing up for his journey, by short spells of the balmy temperature which characterizes the coquette that follows him, now beaming with smiles, then drowned in tears. It was a spring-like morning, and Pauline, as she sallied forth, felt her drooping spirits invigorated by its genial influence. Her reflections, however, were not unalloyed; doubts disturbed the confidence which she had wished to preserve as to the propriety of her course; a multitude of thoughts bewildered her usually clear and collected mind, and for a time she could not even define the object of her intended visit: she moved mechanically, musingly onward. Little Marie skipped gayly along, occasionally looking up to ascertain why "sweet Miss Pauline"

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was so silent, and then move on, humming some simple tune; but Pauline had even forgotten her: in fact she had forgotten herself, she had forgotten place, circumstance, and time; when just as she passed the public square the deep-toned city bell sounded the knell of another hour. This re-called her to herself, and as consciousness returned, she started, as if just aroused from sleep, to find herself in the streets; and taking little Marie's hand, she hurriedly passed into the less frequented avenues, and directed her way towards the cathedral. It was not distant, and a few minutes' walk brought her to the street in which it was situated. She turned the last corner, and there it stood in full view. At the sight of it her courage again failed, and her heart throbbed violently. Still she moved onward: she came to it; the gate stood wide open, but she had not the resolution to enter. She passed on; when little Marie, whose hopes had been brightening at every step, anxiously exclaimed:

"There, sweet Miss Pauline; there's the church; see, we've passed it."

Whether the child's voice encouraged her or not; she replied, "So it is;" hurriedly turned, and scarcely knowing what she did, entered the gate, which led to the clergyman's residence. She ascended the steps and paused; still hesitating whether to proceed. Little Marie not being able to divine the meaning of all this, looked up in her face inquiringly; and thus driven to extremities, she raised her trembling hand and rang. The moments that elapsed she wished might have been hours. But they have passed, and without knowing how, or by what species of magic, she finds herself in the hall, deeply confused, and in the presence of the aged and venerable Bishop of

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P———. He perceived her embarrassment, and with a peculiar gentleness and delicacy observed:

"You are fatigued with your walk, madam, will you not enter the parlour and rest yourself?"

Pauline, now somewhat reassured, suffered herself to be conducted by the bishop, as she said:

"Being a perfect stranger to you, sir, I am somewhat doubtful whether this intrusion may not be considered impertinent. If so, I must beg pardon in advance."

"Not at all, madam, I do assure you; on the contrary, it will give me great pleasure if I can in any way assist you, in the object of your visit."

The blandness of the bishop's manner encouraged her, and as a further excuse for the visit, she said:

"This child, who calls herself Marie, thinks she has committed 'a very bad sin,' and has insisted that I should bring her here that she may tell it."

Though little Marie had often spoken to the priests, she had never approached a bishop; and now that she found herself in the parlour, in the presence of one, she became so much overawed that she was at a loss how to act. But the words of her benefactress restored her confidence, as well as her recollection of the important duty she had to perform, and moving timidly forward, she threw herself upon her knees before the venerable man, and concealing her face in her hands, said:

"Oh yes, father; little Marie has been very naughty."

"Rise, my good child, and tell me what troubles you."

"I have been very naughty father," she said, still kneeling: "sweet Miss Pauline went away and left little Marie alone, and little Marie cried; she cried all day, she did, and wouldn't be still. The more they told her

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to be still, the more she cried, though she tried to stop, and couldn't."

"Well, my good child, if you tried to stop crying, you was not naughty."

"That's what sweet Miss said; but I did a very bad sin besides. I was very impatient, and that was naughty."

"And did you try not to be impatient?"

"No, father; I was naughty."

"Well, my good child, I forgive you, in the name of the Holy Trinity; and may God, our heavenly Father, without whom we can do no good thing, also forgive you. Now rise, and do not be impatient again."

"Yes, father, but what must I do?"

"Say 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' &c., once; and a little prayer for Miss."

The innocent child was then pacified, and kissing the symbol on his right hand, she arose with a cheerful countenance, wiping away the moisture that had silently bedewed her cheeks, and once more perfectly happy, took her place beside Pauline. The bishop's curiosity, however, had become somewhat excited, with respect both to the sweet child, whom he had just absolved, and the stranger before him, and he observed:

"I have seen that child before."

Pauline had been both amused and impressed with the simplicity of the scene which had just transpired; and all feeling of embarrassment having passed away, she recounted the whole of little Marie's history, from the night of her rescue. And when she described the scene in the church, on the morning she was lost, it was instantly recalled to the worthy man's mind, as the occasion upon which he had seen her.

The greater part of this conversation was continued

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by Pauline, rather as an excuse for prolonging her stay, and enabling her to acquire sufficient confidence to speak respecting her own anxieties. She had, in the course of the interview, distantly referred to her own want of knowledge of divine truth, and said something of the happiness it would afford her, if she possessed the simplicity and faith of even the little child beside her, and, making an effort to rise, concluded her observations in the universal language of polite society:

"Mais je n' aimerais pas à en parler devant même cette petite fille."

"Asseyez vous, mademoiselle, si'l vous plait: j' aurai du plaisir à continuer la conversation avec vous de cette manière."

Pauline, having now no excuse, was fain to resume her seat, when she gave him a detailed account of all that had transpired since she had become so deeply interested in the search after Christ's church.

"I should be much pleased to hear you explain, Right Rev. Sir," she continued, in the same beautiful language, under which she concealed, even from little Marie, the nature of the subject that occupied her mind, "the origin and practice of the consoling authority, the interesting exercise of which I have been so delighted to witness this morning; but I must confess that my investigations, in every respect imperfect, have not yet been extended to the doctrines of any creed. It is true, I have been educated a Presbyterian, but were I able to define my present position with respect to the religious world, it would, perhaps, be best done by saying, that I stand self-isolated from every form of Christianity, challenging each one to show me the credentials of its claim to being the church of Christ. I believe with the apostle that Christ is not

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divided; that his church is one; and, therefore, that but one of the many forms of faith which I see around me can be his. That one I wish to discover. That one I will embrace at every cost. I have already carefully examined the history of every form of Christianity that seems to me worthy of the name; Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, &c. &c., but, as I recede with them along the course of past ages, I lose them. One by one they drop off; and I do not find so much as their name mentioned for long and weary ages that intervene between the point of time at which I lose them, and that in which even they acknowledge our divine Lord founded his church. Out of their own mouths, therefore, I condemn them; and, as I said before, have isolated myself from them, and earnestly implore that church which alone is Christ's, to show me that it is such, and aid me to embrace it. But I must crave your indulgence, Right Rev. Sir, while I add one more word, which will explain why I now appear to be knocking at the door of the Roman Catholic Church. I might say much, but I will simply say, that it is the only one which I can trace in the history of the past, extending all the way through eighteen hundred years up to the time of Christ and his apostles, that has not by any act of its own cut itself off from the rest of Christendom. I will not disguise, that all I have ever heard of this church is hostile to it: that its doctrines have ever been represented to me as loathsome and superstitious; its sacraments as idolatrous; and its votaries as oppressed and degraded. Neither will I conceal, that while my heart craves more and more to investigate the truth of all this, yet there are times when the force of education alone, causes me to shrink with horror from the very idea of regarding it possible

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that it is the church which Christ has established for the salvation of mankind. It is not so much the doctrines of the church that I wish now to have explained to me: I must first feel confidence in the church whose instructions I seek, before I can listen to her doctrines; but it is aid to discover the great leading features of the true church; and, my dear sir," Pauline, unconsciously to herself, becoming more excited as she concluded, "if you can assist me, you may be the means of restoring peace to a heart, that now for years has known nothing but anxiety and suspense."

"I can do nothing for you, my child, at present;" was his only reply.

Pauline was speechless with astonishment. She had by a most extraordinary effort summoned the resolution to reveal to a total stranger the entire history of her religious trials; she had fairly exhausted herself in the effort to say all at once, lest she should never have the courage or the opportunity of again doing so; she remembered the volubility of the Rev. Doctor Bogus, and the manner in which he essayed to prove to her satisfaction, nay, almost force her to believe, the integrity of the apostolical succession in the Protestant Episcopal Church; and the least she had expected from one of the prelates of that church, which she knew to be undeniably the most ancient, in whatever other respect it might be peccable, was, that he would take some pains to argue the point with her, and show her wherein it was right and all others wrong. But no such thing; "I can do nothing for you, my child, at present," was the sole response he gave to her very pathetic appeal.

"What then shall I do?" she at last found words to say.

"Return home, my child, and pray God to give

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you his grace to enlighten you, and patience and humility to bear whatever crosses his providence may be pleased to require you to sustain."

If Pauline were surprised at the first reply, she was much more so at this; and the impression, that she had been very imprudent, if indeed not exceedingly bold, in revealing what she had for long and weary years concealed from her most intimate friends, gaining strength, she was beyond expression distressed; and wished herself, she knew not where, so she were but out of the presence of the bishop; but endeavouring to compose herself, she asked:

"But will you not, Right Rev. Sir, give me some instruction now? It may be that I shall never have the fortitude, perhaps I should say boldness, to repeat this."

"No, my child, you are agitated now; and, therefore, not in a proper state of mind to hear instruction. Calm yourself, and commit your future course to God. You must take time, and reflect and pray much, and God will reveal to you your duty. Here is a book, which you may read with advantage in your calmer moments. It is called the "Faith of Catholics on certain points of Controversy, confirmed by Scripture, and attested by the Fathers of the first five centuries." Read it; and may Almighty God bless you."

Pauline had now no alternative, and with indescribable emotions of disappointment she took the book and bowed a silent adieu. "C'était la première fois que cette chose était arrivée; ce sera la dernière;" she muttered half aloud in the same language in which the conversation had transpired; then, as if just recollecting that she was not addressing any one, continued in her own tongue: "How could I have been

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so bold as to have spoken as I did; the bishop must have thought it some hoiden that came simply to intrude herself upon his notice? Oh! what would dear pa think if he knew that his daughter could have been guilty of such conduct;" so absorbed had she again become that she was altogether unconscious of the tears that bedewed her cheeks, till little Marie, whom she had for the time forgotten, with deep sympathy in her tone, asked:

"What makes sweet Miss Pauline cry?"

"The wind blows very keenly, sweet child; come let us hasten home." Thus she waived, but did not answer the question; and taking her hand they soon after reached the hall. Just as they entered, the clock struck the quarter to ten; and Mr. Seward, who was on the stairs descending to the breakfast-room, smilingly greeted his daughter:

"Good morning, my love, your early walk has caused white instead of red roses to mantle your cheeks. Are you ill, Pauline?"

"No, dear pa, but quite exhausted."

"Our little pet lamb looks as happy and blooming as a cherub."

"Little Marie is very happy, dear sir, but she fears sweet Miss Pauline is not; she looks so sad."

"Fie, fie, my pet," said Pauline with one of her merriest, though we must confess somewhat forced, laughs; "how can you speak so about Miss Pauline;" and taking her fond parent's proffered arm she moved merrily forward and took her seat at the breakfast table.

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CHAPTER XI.

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee.—BYRON.

IT was some days after the circumstances related in the previous chapter, before our heroine could recover the equilibrium of her usually calm and well-balanced mind. She endeavoured to excuse the boldness with which she constantly charged herself, by dwelling upon the necessity which had impelled her to take the step, and which she felt made it in some sort a duty. But as the excitement gradually wore off, and as she again sank into her former loneliness, she became still more deeply impressed with the hopelessness of her condition. A horror of great darkness obscured her mental vision; deep melancholy settled upon her mind; she seemed to have lost her way; to have become bewildered, and for the first time since her investigations had been commenced, she sat down totally discouraged. For a time she had not one single desire to proceed. Her books lay before her, but unopened; and the hours that she usually devoted to study, rolled tardily and gloomily on. Her reflections were just beginning to assume a more reasonable tone, when her innocent ward entering, unconsciously gave a most happy direction to them.

"Sweet Miss Pauline," she joyfully exclaimed: "I have learned the catechism that the bishop gave me; won't you please to hear me say it?"

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Her merrily ringing voice roused Pauline by its very contrast to her own, and strikingly reminded her of what her own once was; and while she wondered that she could have become so changed, she with some degree of pleasantness, replied:

"Certainly, my love; I shall be much pleased to hear you say it: and if you answer the questions correctly, I will make you a pretty present."

"Thank you, sweet Miss Pauline, but I want to say it because I love to say it. Here it is."

Pauline took the catechism and asked the questions. She proceeded for some time without any thing occurring that particularly attracted her: but, still advancing, she arrives at a series of questions that instantly absorb her attention.

Ques.—"What are the marks of the true church?"

Ans.—"The true church is One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic."

"Yes," she soliloquized, before proceeding; "that is the church after which I sigh. It must be one, and holy, as its Lord is one, holy, and undefiled. Those words are ever sounding in my ear. And it must be Catholic, universal, everywhere; it must be like the tree mentioned in the Gospel, that spreads its branches over all the world, that all nations may sit under the shadow of it. That certainly cannot be the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, nor any other of the Protestant churches. It is not true of any one of them, nor, indeed, of all combined. I know of none of which it is so likely to be true as that of which this little book now speaks. Besides, the Protestant churches are not one. They are rather ten thousand fragments; and even those fragments, ever dividing and subdividing. This church must also be 'apostolical.' Could any thing more perfectly cor-

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respond with the result of my laborious search after that church, which can most clearly trace its history up to the time of the apostles? Courage, my soul! perhaps I shall now survive this dark hour."

"You answer very well, my love; now tell me, how is the church one?"

"In being one body and one fold, animated by one spirit, under one head, and one shepherd, Jesus Christ, who is over all the church."—Ephes. i. and iv.

"In what else is the church one?"

"In all its members believing the same truths, having the same sacraments and sacrifice, and being under one visible head on earth."

"Sacrifice!" mused Pauline; "I did not know there was a sacrifice in the Christian church. Christ offered himself up a sacrifice, and Christians sometimes make voluntary sacrifices, but this must refer to something else;—who will inform my darkened understanding?"

"How is the church holy, my dear?"

"In its founder, Jesus Christ; in its doctrines and sacraments; and in numbers of its children, who have been eminent for holiness in all ages."

"How is the church Catholic, or universal?"

"Because it has subsisted in every age, and is to last to the end of time, and is spread through all nations."

"How is the church apostolical?"

"Because it was founded by Christ on his apostles, and was governed by them and their lawful successors; and because it never ceased, and never will cease to teach their doctrines."—Ephes. ii. 20. Matt. xxviii. 20.

All these Pauline joyfully recognised as the impressions which she had received from her study of sacred Scripture, as attributes necessarily belonging to that one church after which she so ardently sighed. She had

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never till now found a church that had taught them. All the Protestant denominations with which she was acquainted, not even excepting the great mass of Episcopalians, boasted of their being cut loose from the primitive church and the fathers. None of them insisted upon the necessity of having one household of Faith; they were not only content to be separated into many, but, on the foolish principle that one party served to hold the other in check, deemed it a blessing. It is true they professed the desire to have their church holy, but there were so many standards of holiness, that it was bewildering and unsatisfactory in the extreme; and as to being styled Catholic, they abhorred the very idea."

Pauline thus for awhile mused; then praising Marie for saying her lesson so prettily, bade her go play; and as the happy child left the room, our heroine once more extended her hand towards her mute friends:

"Come here," she said, "my silent counsellors, who teach me without fear or flattery; come, tell me all you have to say on the catholicity of the church. Which of you will instruct me?"

After carefully searching her little stock of theological works, she finally selected three volumes that seemed best suited to elucidate the points she desired to establish. The "Sincere Christian;" "Pastorini's General History of the Church," and "The Faith of Catholics." The first, which she had obtained by the kindness of her friend, Isabella Crawford, gave her the full scripture authority for the catholicity of the church. This was favourite ground with her. She felt perfect confidence when supported by the Word of God. Her difficulty was not, however, so much as to the fact or necessity of this mark, as to her inability to prove it,

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and to follow it out with respect to some one particular branch of the Christian church. She had tried, but utterly despaired of finding it applicable to the Protestant Churches; and she knew not enough of the history of the Roman Catholic Church, or of its doctrines, to discover if it might be applicable to it. Now she has discovered the means that she desired, and she pursues her investigations with renewed zeal; her eager mind becoming, as she proceeds, as elated as it was at first depressed. Pastorini's General History supplied what Bishop Hay's work had not embraced, while the "Faith of Catholics" filled up the hiati of both, with the universal testimony of the ancient Fathers. Pauline's studies occupied her for several days. But at last she completes them. She triumphs; and closing her books with a thankful heart, she exclaims:

"I know not what terrible doctrines Roman Catholics may teach, but one thing I know, she has pre-eminently proved her claim to the title Catholic, or universal. If any one shall ask of me, how it appears that the church called Roman is Catholic? I will answer in the words of Bishop Hay:

"The word Catholic signifies universal, and means that the church of Christ is not confined to one corner of the world, or to one nation, as the Jewish church was, but is made for all nations and for all countries, so as to embrace the whole world. This church was instituted by Jesus Christ, to be diffused through all nations, and propagated to the utmost bounds of the earth. Thus he gave the pastor of the church express commission to carry the light of the gospel everywhere; 'Going therefore,' says he, 'teach ye all nations;' Matt. xxviii. 'Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature;' Mark xvi. 'And you

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shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth;' Acts i. 8. Yea, Christ himself assures us, that he suffered for this very end; 'Thus it behooved Christ to suffer,' said he to the eleven, 'and to rise again from the dead the third day: and that penance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem;' Luke xxiv. 46, 47. The church being intended for this purpose, and being of this diffusive nature, must possess in herself those means and qualifications, which are necessary for propagating the faith of Christ among all nations, and for converting all mankind to Christianity. These in the beginning were apostolic men; men burning with zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; who, leaving all for Christ, cheerfully sacrificed their own ease, and their life itself, and underwent all dangers and difficulties in order to convert souls to Christ: men eminent for their holiness of life, and on whom God bestowed the gift of miracles, as proofs of their commission, and to confirm the truth of what they taught. In consequence of this, the church must, from the beginning, be propagating the faith of Christ, and, from time to time, be converting nations, till at last she be spread over the whole universe; thus 'From the rising of the sun even to the going down my name is great among the Gentiles;' Mal. i. 11. 'All the ends of the earth shall remember, and shall be converted to the Lord: and all the kindreds of the Gentiles shall adore in his sight. For the kingdom is the Lord's; and he shall have dominion over the nations.' Psalm xxi. 28, 29. 'Ask of me, and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession.' Psalm ii. 8.

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And concerning the kingdom of Christ according to the Protestant translation, Isaiah says, 'Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth, even for ever;' Is. ix. 7. And, in the New Testament, to omit many others, St. Paul says to the Colossians, 'The truth of the gospel is come to you, as also it is in the whole world, and bringeth forth fruit and groweth;' Col. i. 5, 6. From all this it is evident that to be catholic or universal is an essential quality of the church of Christ; that she is not, and cannot be confined to one corner or nation, but is more or less spread over all the known world, and is the church of all nations. Oh! Bel," she continued to say half aloud, "why are you not here to listen at least to this scriptural proof of the catholicity of the church!"

"Dear Pauline."

And Pauline started to hear the gentle voice of her friend. Isabel *was* there: she had entered almost at the commencement of Pauline's soliloquy, and unobserved had approached her chair and stood behind her till she heard her own name pronounced by the abstracted inquirer.

"Oh! Bel, how you have frightened me!"

"I beg pardon, Pauline, but allow me to say, 'how you have delighted me!' All that you have said applies so beautifully to my own dear church."

"Nay, dear Bel; now you jest."

"Perfectly serious, dear Pauline, I was never more so."

"Do you mean to say that the Episcopal Church is catholic or universal, Bel?"

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"Even so, Pauline: have you forgotten Dr. Bogus' sermon?"

"No, Bel; nor the absurdity of what he then advanced. He even admitted that the Roman Catholic Church far outnumbered his own."

"Yes; but he also said, that catholicity does not depend upon numbers."

"Upon what then does it depend?"

"It depends upon true doctrine."

"You do not perceive, Bel, that you are confounding two distinct things: but that which you have now advanced on the part of Dr. Bogus, and which I have since found he extracted from the Oxford Tracts, is merely an evasion. Prove to me that even the doctrines of the Episcopal Church are catholic or universal, in any sense. Who believes them besides your own church? If they are universal, then must they always have been believed, and all the Christian world must be episcopalian: a discovery, which, could it be made, would perhaps astonish a great majority of even the Protestant world, to say nothing of the surprise it might occasion the hundreds of millions of Roman Catholics."

This was an argumentum ad hominem, to which Miss Crawford had no reply, and Pauline continued: "But follow me, dear Bel, while I give you a brief sketch of the subject, which has so inspired me with the hope that I am pursuing the right course, and in the right quarter; and which, in a still small voice, whispers that I shall yet be happy. In 'Pastorini's History of the Church,' which you placed in my hands, I have watched the growth of that little grain of mustard seed mentioned in the Gospel; first I see the twelve disciples, then the seventy, then the hundreds whom they converted; by and by they number thousands, and

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so its branches increase, until before the first century closes I see them luxuriantly overspread Syria, Arabia, Greece, Gaul, and Spain. In the second and third, Retia, Germany, Scandia, Gothland, and Armenia repose under its pleasant shadow. In the fourth and fifth centuries, Iberia, Abyssinia, Ethiopia, Austria, Ireland, and Scotland seek its shelter. It spread over England in the sixth century, and also about the same time enticed back to its refreshing cover the Arian heretics and the Saracens. It would weary you, dear Bel, to carry you with me all over the world, naming the nations converted during each succeeding century. I have marked the places, and you can read them at your leisure; but, wherever I turn my eyes I see the fertile tree still spreading its branches. It suits all climates; the burning zone, the frozen poles. On every spot of earth accessible to mortal footsteps do I behold the busy husbandmen at work. In the language of sacred Scripture, I behold the valleys exalted, the mountains and hills laid low: the crooked made straight, and the rough places plain. They penetrate the islands of the sea; no spot of earth escapes their vigilance; 'yes, verily, their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world.' A hemisphere sat under the shade of the tree; a hemisphere was watered in the same laver of regeneration; a hemisphere believed the same doctrines; and professed the same faith. But more than this, I find, dear Bel. When by the enterprise of two Roman Catholic sovereigns the western hemisphere was disclosed to Christian Europe, I find these same husbandmen among the foremost of those who leap upon its shores, with the emblem of our redemption in their hands: and here I see them labour in the same cause until millions of souls in the New World em-

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brace the same faith thus conveyed to them, which millions of their brethren in the Old World hold dearer than life. Bel, I may be an enthusiast; but I have history to support my enthusiasm. Here are the books, read for yourself; it has cost me days and weeks of study, and I could talk for days and weeks upon the one theme. I see millions of beings in two hemispheres, for hundreds of years holding the same doctrines, worshipping in the same household of Faith. Judge for yourself then, Bel, whether the presumption is not altogether in favour of such an august body being the Catholic, the Universal Church; and whether I can be justly censured for searching after divine truth there. Observe, however, Bel, I do not say it is the church: that still must be proved by its doctrines: I merely have examined two grand leading features; its continued succession, upon which rests its pre-eminent claim to be considered apostolical, and its universality. Of whatsoever crimes it may be guilty, or whatever bad doctrines it may teach, I know nothing; all I have yet discovered is, that it pre-eminently merits the titles of catholicity and apostolicity. And these two are sufficient to encourage me to persevere until I have examined the whole."

"And when you have examined it, Pauline, you will find that it is a fallen, fallen church. But why do you claim the apostolical labours of the first centuries for the Papists? There are others who lay some claim to them."

"I was going on to tell you, Bel, of a delightful book I have got, called 'Faith of Catholics.'"

Pauline was speaking under the impulse of new and powerful convictions, and she forgot discretion, until the fatal name had escaped her lips; then the crimson of her neck and face told more than words.

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"Faith of Catholics! Pauline? I have never seen that book before. Where did you get it?"

"That is of no moment, whatever, dear Bel," said Pauline, quickly recovering from her embarrassment; "only listen what it says, and how it proves that the Roman Catholic Church and no other can be justly mentioned in connection with those historical records. First, let me say, Bel, that you yourself know very well that were you to go into any place in Christendom and ask for the Catholic church, you would be directed, not to your own denomination, not to the Presbyterian nor to any other Protestant place of worship, but to the Roman Catholic Church. Do you not?"

"Well, what then?"

"Why, I am going to show you from this book, that it was precisely so in the first ages of the church. The author quotes the Fathers."

"I have not much confidence in the Fathers."

"Unconsciously, Bel, you strengthen my faith. If the Fathers supported the Protestant side of the question, they would not be defamed or discarded."

"I do not defame or discard them, Pauline; I simply prefer to search the Scriptures, for in them I think I have the words of eternal life, and I know them to be infallible."

"Yes; they infallible and we fallible, and therefore just as likely individually to err. But for myself, I do place great confidence in what those holy men said. They were taught by the apostles themselves, and they must therefore have well understood the Christian faith. And I find that whenever the Fathers speak of the Christian church, in contradistinction or opposition to every separate society, they invariably denominate it *Catholic;* as it is called in the creed ascribed to the

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apostles. The church of Smyrna says, that St. Polycarp, who lived in the first century and was a disciple of St. John, 'offered up his prayers for the members of the whole Catholic church.'* St. Clement, also, of the first century, uses the same distinguishing name; and St. Clement of Alexandria says, 'the ancient and Catholic church alone is one in essence, in opinion, in origin, and in excellence, one in faith.'† St. Irenæus and St. Cyprian also speak of the Catholic church; and the latter says of it, that 'Sacerdotal Unity took its rise from the church of Rome,' 'the chair of Peter.'‡ But hear what St. Cyril of Jerusalem, who lived in the fourth century, says: 'If you should ever arrive as a stranger in any city, do not ask merely where is the church? the heretics dare to give themselves this name; but ask where is the CATHOLIC church, for that is its particular name; that is the essential title of this holy mother of *all* the faithful; of this glorious spouse of our Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of God.'§

"Now, Bel, is not that exactly as we find it at the present day? and when we consider that in the first ages the word Catholic, and the expression Roman Catholic, designated the same universal body of Christians, as it does now, is it not, to say the least, a most remarkable coincidence? Just listen to this striking language of St. Augustin of the fifth century: 'The heretics do not communicate with us; but wherever they are, there is also the Catholic church; they, however, or any other heresy, are not wherever that church

* From this letter of the Church of Smyrna, it is clear that the surname of *Catholic* was given to the Church of Christ, even in those times which immediately followed the age of the Apostles. Dr. Bull, Jud. Eccl. Cathol. p. 53. See Faith of Catholics, p. 110.

† Strom. lib. vii. pp. 899, 900. ‡ Ep. lv. p. 86. § Catech. xviii.

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is.'* Again, 'It is our duty to hold the Christian Religion, and the communion of that church which is Catholic, *and is so called*, not by us only, but by all its adversaries. For whether they be so disposed or not, in conversing with others, they must use the word Catholic, or they will not be understood.'† Again: 'Among the many considerations that bind me to the church, is the name of Catholic, which not without reason, in the midst of so many heresies, this church has alone so retained, that, although all heretics wish to acquire the name, should a stranger ask where the Catholics assemble, the heretics themselves will not dare to point out their own places of meeting.'‡ Bel, I have taken these two or three remarkable passages at random. You must read the whole book yourself to get any thing like a just idea of the beautiful, and, as far as I can learn, universal, consent of these early bishops and martyrs to this designation; and its applicability to the Roman Catholic Church. It is not more notorious now than it seems to have been then.

"I will mention only one more; and I wish to do so particularly, because it contains the idea of the apostolical succession, the search after which caused me so much anxiety. Here it is clothed in the elegant and forcible diction of St. Augustin. He is speaking of the ties that should make us cling to the Catholic, or, as he sometimes calls it, Roman Church. He says, 'Her authority is first established by miracles, cherished by hope, extended by charity, strengthened by the lapse of years; the succession of pastors from the chair of Peter, to whom the Lord committed the care

* Contra. Creson. tom. ix. p. 251.

† De vera Religione, tom. i. p. 752.

‡ Contra. Ep. Fund. tom. viii. p. 153.

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of feeding his flock, down to the present bishop, (when I was in Rome, Bel, Pius VIII. was sitting in that chair, the two hundred and fifty-fourth incumbent, in regular succession from St. Peter,) and 'lastly,' St. Augustin goes on to say: 'the name itself of Catholic. These, so many and so great ties, bind the believing man to the Catholic Church.'* How all this may affect you, Bel, I know not; but, for myself, I am perfectly satisfied, and have nothing to do but to examine the grounds of separation between the church here spoken of, and those of the Protestants. This will necessarily lead to an investigation of the doctrinal points. What will be the result I know not; but if my success should at all correspond with what I have already accomplished, the path of duty is plain, and whatever be the sacrifice, or however severe the trial, I shall at once thankfully enter upon it."

"Would you not first consult your father, Pauline?"

"Dear Bel, I love, honour, venerate my devoted father; but what you ask, it would be useless to do upon this subject. I know him well. He forbids me even to intimate it to him, or gladly would I speak of it, even though I know he would spurn me from him the moment after. But oh! Bel, talk no more of this."

"Much that you have said this morning, Pauline, is perfectly new to me; if you have finished reading these books I should be glad to examine what you have said."

"Yes, take them, dear Bel, and may God enable you to read with an unprejudiced mind. I cannot entirely resign them, however, for they must still be my counselors in the continuation of my studies."

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* Contra. Ep. Fund. tom. ii. p. 120.

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"Pauline, tell me where you obtained this one; 'The Faith of Catholics.'"

"Bel, you know I keep no secrets from you, but the manner in which I obtained it has since been so distressing to my feelings, that I beg you to excuse me."

"I will, certainly, Pauline, if you wish not to tell me; but at the same time, I must acknowledge, that you have still more excited my curiosity."

"Well, Bel, I would not upon any consideration it were known; yet to you I may confide it in the strictest confidence." And she told the particulars of her morning walk to the Cathedral. Miss Crawford looked, and really felt distressed, that her friend should have taken such a step, and thus probably subject herself to severe animadversions. She however made no remark as to its propriety or impropriety; for her own sense of delicacy, and the consideration she had for her friend's feelings, made her almost as desirous as Pauline could have been to forget the whole matter. Yet she could not forbear some remarks.

"How did the bishop receive you?" she asked.

"In the most courteous and dignified manner. I thought I had never seen a gentleman act more so."

"He was of course delighted to receive application from so illustrious an inquirer."

"He might have been so, Bel, but he did nothing to evince it; on the contrary, he seemed very grave."

"But you might have judged from his words. I suppose he flattered and soothed you; skipped over one difficulty; obscured another; and thus, by a multiplicity of words, tried to confound rather than convince you."

"Just the reverse, dear Bel; and it was that which so confused me, and impressed me with an idea that he

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must have thought me some crazy girl. I had almost exhausted myself in relating the particulars of my difficulties; and when I had paused, rather from fatigue than because I had finished, he simply said: "I can do nothing for you, my child, at present;" and when I still insisted, he told me, "You are not in a proper state of mind to receive instruction;" and then it was he gave me this book to read, as he said, in my calmer moments, and told me to pray to God to enlighten me."

Isabel had come to spend the day with her friend, but the joyfulness and vivacity which usually characterized her seemed to have given way to thoughtfulness and occasional fits of musing. Pauline more than once playfully bantered her, but she made no satisfactory excuse, and her innate delicacy taught her to seem not to notice what certainly was a striking peculiarity in Isabel's conduct.

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CHAPTER XII.

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the midnight tempests howl!
With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
Of wolves that bay at the desert moon:—
Or whistle and shriek
Through limbs that creak,
'Tu—who! tu—whit!'
They cry and flit,
Tu—whit!—tu—who!' like the solemn owl!—ANON.

IN the afternoon of the previous day, the portentous clouds that overhung the city burst in one continued and furious storm. Winter, now encroaching upon the empire of spring, ought to have been gone; but, loath to resign his icy and tyrannical reign, he wildly struggles with his gay successor, and for a time seems triumphant, burying under deep banks of snow every precocious bud and sign of reviving nature that obtruded itself, as if in derision upon the retreating storm-king. Loosed were his howling war-hounds; fierce and terrific was the strife of his lawless crew. Night soon closed upon the scene, and shrouded the raging elements in its gloom. Isabella Crawford had deemed it useless to attempt to contend with such terrible and merciless foes; and, yielding to the wishes of her friend to remain, she, with the inmates of Mordant Hall, had sunk into sweet forgetfulness of the uproar without, long before the exhausted furies had ceased

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to war. But after every storm, a calm; and when the eye of day came peeping up the eastern sky, he beamed upon a day of transcendent brightness.

Our long forgotten friend, Betty, was prime minister of the morning; and not a little provoked that her twice repeated summons to a most delightful déjeuné à la fourchette had received no attention, she was just making a formidable effort to repeat her tintinnabulary invitation, when Mr. Seward himself appeared at the head of the stairs.

"There, there, my good Betty," said he, "I doubt not but we shall do full honour to your breakfast, unless you should frighten us away by the noise of your invitations."

"La me! bless you, sir!—I thought I had not rung loud enough. I hope the breakfast isn't cold, sir."

The young ladies soon followed. Pauline approached her fond parent and received his affectionate salutation.

"You look feverish, my love," said he, as he embraced her, and pressed his lips to her forehead.

"I slept heavily last night, dear pa," she replied, "but this bright day will soon dispel the effects of it."

"And you, my laughing Bella, wear quite a dejected countenance to-day: have you risen too early?"

"Quite the contrary, I assure you, sir," replied Isabel; and smiling, she added, "I had a sad dream."

"Ho! ho! Dr. Bogus, I suppose, in full sail after some other bright-eyed damsel!"

"Oh! Mr. Seward, how provoking you are," said Isabel, blushing; "I was about to tell you my dream, but now I shall take revenge by keeping silence."

"Dear pa," said Pauline, "you must cease to tease

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Isabel about Dr. Bogus. I have heard her quarrel with him too often upon church matters to believe that she is chargeable with any sentiment deeper than common respect."

Mr. Seward dreaded the very name of church, and affecting inattention, he raised Little Marie in his arms and kissed her, as he asked:

"How is my sweet pet lamb, this morning?"

"Little Marie is very happy," was her gentle reply.

The parties were now seated at breakfast, and soon absorbed in the discussion of hot muffins and coffee, agreeably interrupted by the mirthfulness and sprightly badinage which so distinguished the conversation of Mr. Seward, and made him the centre of attraction in every circle. Just before rising from the breakfast table he inquired:

"How do my sweet children propose spending the morning?"

"We have no plan, dear pa," said Pauline, "that might not be laid aside for any other that would contribute to your happiness."

Looking at Marie, but speaking to Pauline, he said:

"I propose, then, that we each get a bow and some arrows, and shoot the snow birds and robin redbreasts."

Little Marie intently regarded first, Mr. Seward, and then Pauline, to ascertain if it were meant seriously, or in jest. A lurking smile, which Mr. Seward could not altogether suppress, encouraged her to say:

"Marie cannot let the little birds be hurt."

"Why, they will break my windows: see how they peck at the panes."

"They are Marie's birds, she will give them some

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breakfast, but nobody must hurt them;" and slipping down from her chair, she devoted herself to her innocent and familiar task, leaving Mr. Seward and the ladies to plan their own mode of passing the morning.

"Then you have decided that sleighing shall be the order of the day, my daughter,—is it so?"

"Yes, pa, if it be agreeable to yourself," Pauline replied.

"Certainly, my love: I must first despatch two or three letters, and I shall then be entirely at your service. Let me see,—quarter to ten,—you have one hour to prepare. Betty, tell Sam to have the sleigh ready at quarter to eleven:" and Mr. Seward left the breakfast room to spend the intervening hour in the study.

Sam is a personage whose importance on the present occasion entitles him to something more than the mere mention of his name. He had been for forty years the faithful and devoted slave of Augustus Neville, of the West Indies; known to the reader as Mr. Seward's bosom friend, and the father of the young gentleman whose name could not be mentioned in the presence of at least one individual, without invoking the tell-tale crimson. In an insurrection of the blacks on the Island of Tobago, Sam had saved his master's life at the imminent risk of his own. This act of devotion, together with the fondness which he had ever displayed for Mr. Neville, induced him to give him his freedom. It was long before Sam could be prevailed upon to accept it. But on the occasion of a visit to P———, he consented to be left as a servant in the house of Mr. Seward. The day of his master's departure was the last on which Sam was known to smile. "No massa like massa Guss: Sam no happy

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here; want to go back to massa Guss." And so deep was his melancholy that it was soon found necessary to send him back to Tobago. A few years afterwards, Mr. Neville died; since which event, Sam felt willing to accept the boon for which thousands sigh in hopeless bondage, and found a comfortable home in Mr. Seward's mansion, where he had been duly installed as coachman. At the moment he received the message from the lips of the eloquent Betty, he was sitting before the fire with a large bowl of piping hot coffee upon his knees; large draughts of which, from time to time, as he could obtain leisure from the not less agreeable task of stowing away huge chunks of smoking muffins and meat, he swallowed, with the perfect gusto of a most approved epicure. On hearing the words: "horses," "sleigh," "your master," and "mistress,"—for his intellect took no note of the conjunctives that connected them,—he turned his head on one side, and rolling his huge orbs, turned them slowly and incredulously until they were fixed full upon the speaker; then, after a pause:

"What for you poke fun at black Sam, Mistress Betty?"

"You had better take it in earnest," said the dignified Betty; and she swept out of the kitchen with an offended air, leaving Sam to draw his own conclusions.

Sam's incredulity arose from the fact, that he had been endeavouring all the winter, without success, to display his qualities in the way they were now likely to be called into requisition. After due cogitation, and receiving no counter orders, he worked out his problem, and concluded that he, and the horses and sleigh were really wanted.

"He, he, he, someting's gwine for to hap'en, sure

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'nuf. Dis nigger warn't a bon fool for noting; mind I tell you; dat's true as preachin', someting is gwine for to hap'en. I don't know what he am, and I won't tell nobody; dat's sartin. He, he, he, snake bake e hoe-cake, 'im set a frog to watch 'im, de frog go to sleep, an e lizzard come for stole 'im. He, he, he;" and rising from his seat, under the excitement of what he believed to be in his own words, "as true as preaching," he danced, as he sang the choice selection, with which he had closed his meditations. Betty returned in the midst of one of his favourite steps, and exclaimed:

"I do believe the fellow's gone stark mad! Sam, what's got into you?"

"Snake bake e hoe-cake," was the only notice he deigned to take of her.

After displaying his gracefulness for some time, the monosyllable, "Whew!" uttered with a peculiar rough breathing, and accompanied by a sudden stamp, was the sign that his furor had exhausted its energy: and reseating himself upon the stool, he wiped the perspiration from his shiny face, preparatory to executing the order of his master.

At the appointed hour, the noble steeds of Mr. Seward were champing their bits and restlessly pawing the snow in front of Mordant Hall, impatient of the restraint imposed upon them by delay. The party, consisting of Mr. Seward, his daughter, Isabella and little Marie, was soon seated, enveloped in their furs. Sam, comfortably clad, perched upon the front seat, displayed his ivories in ill-suppressed mirthfulness; there being now no mistake about the order. Crack went the whip, and off went the steeds with the swiftness of the wind. Houses, streets, passengers, and vehicles were passed with lightning speed. The

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circuit of the principal streets was completed, and the horses' heads were now turned from the city. The bracing air roused the spirits of the blooded animals, and increased rather than exhausted their energy. The city was left far behind, while the fences and trees seemed no longer separate and distinct, but joined in continuous rows. The keen wind blew the ripe buds on Marie's cheeks into big round roses; her eyes sparkled with delight; while Mr. Seward and the ladies were also in the full enjoyment of their ride. They were now far from the city, and in a part of the country rather broken and hilly, with here and there pointed rocks jutting on the road side.

It soon became evident to Mr. Seward's practised eye, that the animals were not under the command of their driver. Sam firmly kept his seat and held them in with all his might, but to no purpose; they knew their strength, and seemed bent on exercising it. They no longer obeyed the rein. Mr. Seward cried, "Keep firmly in your seats, my children," and seized the reigns; but they were already at their utmost tension, and the faithless thongs snapped at his touch. Onward, at the top of their speed, dashed the noble but now frightened and uncontrollable animals, threatening each moment to dash every thing to atoms against the projecting rocks, bounding the left side of that part of the road which they had now reached; when a gentleman, who having for some moments observed the approach of the furious beasts, and having alighted from his horse, and concealed himself behind a projection, suddenly threw his cloak at the horses' heads as they neared the place where he stood. The effort was skilfully and well directed. The cloak completely covered the heads of both horses. They

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instantly stopped; and though their plunging was fearful and must still have proved fatal under less skilful management, yet by the assistance of Mr. Seward, who had sprung from the sleigh the instant it stopped, the ladies were safely rescued from their perilous situation. The gentlemen then gave their entire attention to the horses, which were still plunging and chaffing, defying all black Sam's skill and coaxing to restore them to good behaviour.

"Gosh! Massa, don't 'em cut up? Ol' Sam hab seed hoses afore now, but him neber hab seed 'em in sich a golly flumsyfication as dis am, no how."

"Never mind preaching, Sam; but pat them, and speak gently to them."

"Goody gorry, massa, dey am deaf; dere am no use to speak gently to 'em; 'case I's been holler'n at 'em dis hour, and dey gits worser an' worser." But by this time our young hero had secured them by the head, and having dislodged the cloak, soon succeeded in restoring them to comparative quiet; when Mr. Seward approached and cordially extending his hand, asked to whom they were indebted for so timely and courageous a deliverance.

"Is it possible, Mr. Seward," he asked, "that seven years' absence should have so entirely obliterated all recollection of the son of your bosom friend?"

"Bless my soul, Eugene! can I credit my senses?" And the same moment found Eugene Neville, for he it was, clasped in the warm embrace of one, who had ever loved him as a son. The overjoyed and kind-hearted man released him, and turning towards his daughter, exclaimed:

"Pauline, have you no word of thanks for our noble deliverer? I am sure your heart will not beat less ra-

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pidly when you recognise him, or your tongue be less eloquent than mine."

But Pauline had already seen and heard more than enough, vividly to recall to her mind one, for whom her thoughts had often been truant, since when a boy of thirteen and she a girl of nine, they had romped together through wood and vale, and the deep crimson, that had already mantled the fair girl's temples, was not in the least diminished, either by the manner of her father's introduction, or by finding her hand gently pressed in that of Eugene Neville

"Pauline,—— pardon; Miss Seward," said he, "whatever be the emotion which pervades your breast, permit me to assure you, that I esteem this the happiest moment I have enjoyed since last we parted."

"I am so agitated, Mr. Neville," she replied, "by the excitement of this accident, that at present I can do no more than express my deepest, heartfelt thanks, that you should have been the means of so timely a rescue from the almost certain destruction of my dear father, and all of us."

How much of that agitation was caused by the presence of the person whom that identical pronoun *you*, designated, or whether an undue emphasis was laid upon the enunciation of that little word in her reply, need not just yet be disclosed; but certain it is, the whole party was startled by her sudden transition of colour. Her lips and cheeks had become of an ashy paleness. The truth is, a severe struggle had been going on within her breast from the first moment of the recognition; and while the sleighing party resume their seats, and Mr. Neville his saddle on their homeward drive, an immediate explanation of what

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has just been developed in the deportment of our heroine may be indulged.

Eugene Neville had, from the earliest recollection of Pauline, been her constant companion and playmate. The warm friendship that had existed between their parents had, as before observed, induced them most ardently to hope that at some future time the two children might become so attached to each other, as to make not only themselves, but their parents supremely happy, by their being united in marriage. This was the only earthly desire that heaven had not yet granted them: though every indication had made it evident that in the proper time even this wish would be gratified. The children were seldom separated; and seemed most happy when in each other's company. Did Pauline repair to Eglenton, the rural seat of Mr. Seward, to spend the summer months? Eglenton would have been desolate had Eugene been absent: for she had even then loved him with all her girlish heart's pure devotion. Nor would the flowers have been fragrant, if other hands than his had culled them: nor would the valleys have been verdant, nor the foliage beautiful, nor the mountains grand, had another hand and another voice directed her to gaze upon them. It was these delightful recollections, coupled with that of their long rambles and merry sports, without restraint enjoyed in all the guileless innocence of youth, which had called up the tell-tale blushes that so profusely overspread her fair face.

It was the memory of one lonely little incident, that dispelled them with such talismanic speed, and blanched her lovely cheek with such startling paleness. It happened during those days of juvenile mirth; and perhaps had never before, since the date of its occur-

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rence, been recalled to her mind; certainly, never as being worthy of a serious thought. Yet, just at that moment, when she felt the warm pressure of his hand, and when the well-remembered tones of his voice penetrated her heart, it burst upon her recollection with such a marked effect in her external appearance as justly to excite the astonishment of those present; though no one spoke.

One bright summer day, while Eugene and Pauline were at Eglenton, they had extended their matin ramble as far as the village church; and our heroine complaining of weariness, the giddy boy led her to a seat upon a style, saying: "Sit there, Pauline, a minute, and rest yourself, while I run and peep into the church, and see what the old priest is about."

The priest was Father Janvier; a venerable old man, who had spent the greater part of fourscore years in the service of God. His many virtues justly endeared him to all the villagers. Although age had crept gently over him, yet had it not come unattended by its usual infirmities. Among these, that which he most felt was loss of voice. The minute had scarcely elapsed before the thoughtless youth came running back, exclaiming, "Dear Pauline, do come and see, they have put a calf up before the altar, and such a ba-a-ing and blating you never heard:" he then repeated with a strong nasal twang, in mockery, a few words of the *pater noster*, which the holy man, in the deep fervour of devotion, was just then singing.

All Pauline's impressions, at that date, were of course against the faith, which was at that moment the object of thoughtless ridicule, but her sense of propriety would, under no circumstances, suffer her to join in any act, which could cause pain to another; but

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especially so, when that act had for its object persons engaged in religious worship; so appearing not to notice his remark, she simply said: "I am quite rested now, Eugene, and as we are some distance from home, we had better hasten, lest pa should become uneasy at our absence from the breakfast table:" and bounding from the style, she turned towards home.

This incident had entirely passed away from her mind; or if it may have suddenly flashed before her in the review of by-gone events, it just as suddenly passed away and was forgotten: but under her present impression of the obligations which his return was calculated to awaken, it assumed an importance of which she never could have thought it worthy. Instead of the giddy youth, she now saw standing before her the graceful, manly form of Eugene Neville, and, as he pressed her hand to his lips, she could not but feel that the same secret influence which had united them in early friendship, had lost nothing in intensity either by absence or by the lapse of time; and while her gentle heart throbbed with joy to find it so, yet fear beat in painful discord, as she asked herself: "Will he now deride that faith, which is beginning to unfold its irresistible attractions to my longing soul, and which, though but half explored, seems dearer to me than life itself? Will its ministers, whom I begin to esteem as the only true ambassadors of heaven, still be the objects of his thoughtless, or perhaps bitter satire?" If so, then she felt that it would become her duty to add another pang to that, which she well knew was now lacerating the heart of her beloved father. "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth, but a sword:" were the ominous words of our divine Master, that were ever present to her mind: and although she

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prayed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," yet she also added the conclusion of the Saviour's brief petition, and begged for courage to do the will of God.

No additional accident occurred to mar the pleasure of their ride home; but no effort could rouse Pauline from the painful silence into which she had sunk, nor chase the shadows from her brow. Mr. Seward and Isabella both endeavoured to banter her upon the effects produced by the return of Eugene, but they, not comprehending all that had been passing in her mind, failed in every effort: even little Marie tried her ever-welcome and innocent mirth, but they were but transient smiles her artlessness evoked.

At last they arrived, and once more found themselves safely lodged at the Hall, with a most unexpected addition to their number, in the person of Mr. Neville. Black Sam, who, pending these momentous events, had been ill at ease under the restraint imposed upon his mode of expressing joy, by the presence of his master, and almost bursting with the steam of excitement, produced by the developments of the morning, had no sooner found himself alone than the overcharged explosive mixture began to "go off," in sundry "he, he, he's;" and "ha, ha, ha's," and finally the accustomed "snake bake e hoe-cake," the ever present vehicle with which to express his joy, and the solace of all his cares.

"Gosh! Golly! didn't ol' Sam say someting gwine for t'cur. Ol' Sam am true as preachin'; dat am fact. Dis ar' circumdic'lar globe am gwine for to come on end one ob dese days; now min' I tell you. 'Im sot a frog for watch 'im. Den dar's master Gene come; he make Miss Pauline be'ave 'ersef, I guess: den he guve

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ol' Sam a dollar. He, he, he, Mistress Betty, what ol' Sam tell you? Why someting gwine for hap'n Frog go to sleep. He, he, he. Whew!" and the accustomed stamp of the foot wound up his soliloquy, brought him once more to the kitchen, and into the presence of the august Betty.

She had seen the new guest, and observing by the rolling of Sam's black orbs, as he approached her, that he would want a strait-jacket before night, thought an immediate trimming might prove beneficial. She seized the broom for a purpose which Sam well understood, but, unable to restrain his mirthful "he, he, he; what ol' Sam tell mistress Betty? someting gwine for to hap'n," he instantly disappeared; and thus avoided a concussion which he knew from sad experience to be irresistible.

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CHAPTER XIII.

I long to be beloved. My bosom yearns
Towards all that's pure and beautiful; and fain
Would find a recompense of love again.
My pensive soul with ardent thirsting turns
To heaven and earth to seek its fill of love.—T. MACKELLAR.

CLEAR, cold, beautiful day once more smiled upon the world, awakening some to conscious blessings, and others but to gnash their teeth in the bitterness of want. A noble pile of hickory logs crisped and crackled in the spacious fire-place of the library of Mordant Hall. A solid mass of coals brightly glowed beneath; long tapering flames wrapped themselves around the wood, peeped through each chink or crevice, and met in one tall spire, reaching far up the chimney, with a loud roaring noise as they found their way through its crooked flue. In front of this comfortable prospect for a cold morning, stood a large arm-chair, richly cushioned, and covered with crimson velvet. There, in a fit of profound abstraction, or rather reverie, sat Mr. Calvin Seward. The course of a long and busy life had passed before his mind, in loose and irregular trains of thought. Upon the floor beside him, as if it had unconsciously dropped from his hand, lay the morning newspaper. An advertisement, containing an imperative call upon the "American Protestant Association," of which he was a member, "to meet

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without fail that night on business of the utmost importance," had, strange as it may seem, been the cause of his present reflections. The day on which he had led to the altar his beautiful and blooming bride, the mother of Pauline, formed the starting point of his meditations. Then the happiness derived from his incomparable possession; the ten thousand nameless charms, which she threw around his home of affluence, and his irreparable loss when an untimely death had ruthlessly snatched away his jewel of priceless value; leaving his prattling Pauline, the living image of herself, as evidence that it was not all a bright dream, a creation of the fancy; but that there really did exist, and that he really had possessed, the lovely being, who seldom slumbered in his thoughts. Heaving a deep drawn sigh, as the review passed on, he saw that sweet bud of promise, no longer a lisping babe, but grown up to the rich ripe period and bloom of maidenhood. He reflected that the time must ere long arrive, when he should be called by a fiat, from which there is no appeal, to leave her without a father's protecting care. He knew the object which the son of his friend had in view, in his return. That object was the dearest wish of his heart; and, at least as far as he and Eugene could decide upon it, the present spring was to have witnessed their nuptials. "Poor boy," he mused, "would that I could present her to you in the perfect innocence and guilelessness that adorned her when you last parted." Just at that moment the library door was opened, and Eugene Neville, presenting himself with a modest bow, observed:

"I beg pardon, sir, if this is an interruption."

"Come in, my boy;" for so Mr. Seward had ever called him; "my thoughts were just then of you."

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"You were ever kind to me, sir; I hope that I shall prove not altogether unworthy of your partiality."

"What are your plans for future life, Eugene?"

"It is with reference to them, my dear sir, that I have now sought your presence. I hope the cloud that seems to hover over me may not burst upon my head."

Mr. Seward looked for an explanation, not knowing but that he may have already spoken to his daughter; and Mr. Neville continued:

"I have but little inclination for the life of a southern planter, and it was my intention to consult you upon the propriety of disposing of the estates left me by my venerated parent in the islands, in order to make a permanent residence in the north. Here are my friends; and here it is, that she resides, for whom alone I live, and whom yourself, as well as my devoted parents, have ever taught me to regard as the richest possession that earth had for me in store. When we parted, we were young; yet, through all my weary days of absence, she has been the guiding star that still pointed out the path of my return; but now that I have come, though I find her all that heart could wish, more perfect than my imagination ever painted her, yet do I find in her an undefinable seriousness that becomes not her years; and instead of the joyous welcome, which all my waking dreams so fondly pictured, I only see a sad and downcast eye. Oh! my dear sir, if aught has happened to defeat the sweet hopes I have ever been taught to nourish, I pray you to disclose it and let me know the worst."

Mr. Seward kindly pressed his hand, and sighing, replied:

"Be comforted, my boy; all may yet be well. It

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was my intention to tell you a tale, that has caused me much bitter regret. I need your co-operation, and, with judicious management, I doubt not that all will terminate as we would have it. I purposely forbore writing to you upon the subject, lest your fears should be unnecessarily alarmed, and because I deemed it most prudent, for other reasons, to see and speak with you. Pauline is in every thing her former self, save one. That one thing is religion. To this change I should not object, if it were a rational faith, to which her inquiries tended; but when she should so far forget what she owes to her family, to me, and to society, for I consider it to a certain extent involved, as to entertain predilections for that most abominable, detestable, and degrading Faith, ycleped Roman Catholic, then my patience and charity are exhausted."

Though Mr. Neville gave an involuntary start at the disclosure that had now for the first time been made to him, of the cause of Pauline's changed deportment, yet he did not regard it in so serious a light as Mr. Seward intended he should. His inexperience and ardour, as much as his detestation of a religion of which he really knew nothing, led him to scout at the idea of a sensible and intellectual woman, such as he knew Pauline to be, seriously thinking to profess it. With him it was absurd, impossible; and he replied:

"My dear sir, if that be the only cause of the changed manner of Pauline, my fears are at once dispelled, and the heavy load that oppressed me quite removed."

"Treat it not so lightly, my boy," said Mr. Seward; "I have observed her with an anxiety and concern that none but a parent can feel. I have watched the effect upon her, as I led her from city to city in those

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unhappy lands, where the abomination rides rampant in all its hideous deformity. Still she clings to the hope, as she herself expresses it, 'that God may yet there be found.' I have, day after day, observed her poring over the dusty lumber of the dark ages, with which she has filled my library, and have refrained from interdicting it, only because of the hope which still inspires me, that when a mind like hers has satisfied itself by the examination of the entire nonsense, she will throw it by in disgust, and wonder that she could have been so silly as to have taken so much pains for nothing. But Eugene, when I reflect that the farther she proceeds, and the more she learns, the more devoted to it she seems to become; when I reflect that all a fond father's love and devotion are set aside, I might almost say disregarded, in her pursuit of this chimerical idea, I confess that I have too much reason to anticipate the most serious inroads upon my peace; and too much cause to fear, that what, in this case alone, I must regard as her perverseness, will lead to consequences the most unhappy. A daughter of Calvin Seward shall never be a Papist!"

"Let me induce you to hope, my dear sir, that such a result is utterly impossible."

"God grant it may be so!" fervently responded Mr. Seward; "but, in the mean time, use all your exertions to avert the event which I so much dread."

"My heart will work too willingly in such a cause, to need much exhortation to enforce it, especially as the time has arrived when I had thought to have consummated long-deferred hopes by joyful possession."

Mr. Seward understood the allusion of his expected son-in-law, and said:

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"I know it, my dear boy,—I know it; but tact and caution are now particularly necessary; and though no one will be more happy than myself in the advancement of your views, and in their happy consummation, yet, my duty to both of you, as well as your own individual happiness, demand delay."

Mr. Neville struggled to suppress his deep emotion, as he asked:

"Do you, then, my dear sir, fear for the success of my proposals?"

"Fear! did you say, my boy? No; I have no fears. Pauline must not, dare not oppose any thing to my wishes in this respect; but, prudence, and as I before said, your own tact and caution to win her into forgetfulness, if not disgust, of her present folly, require that some time should elapse before any decisive steps can be taken."

"I must obey you, my kind and generous friend, though it is with difficulty that I can bear the sadness and disappointment which now weighs down my spirits," replied Mr. Neville, as he arose to exchange the presence of the parent for that of the beautiful, but sorrowful daughter.

"Courage! my boy; courage is the word: a brighter day is in store for you," said Mr. Seward, as Eugene left the library; adding, as he was about to close the door: "remember to-night, Eugene; I shall expect your company at the Association."

"I shall be punctual, sir;" and the dejected youth closed the door.

Pauline was sitting in her boudoir, or private parlour, busily engaged at a piece of embroidery. Sadness brooded over her countenance; and a very attentive observer might have noticed faint traces of recent

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moisture, which grief had summoned from its fountains. She blushed, as she heard the familiar footsteps approaching her door; and to the gentle tap given the next instant, faintly articulated, "Come in;" and Eugene immediately stood in the presence of the peerless idol of his heart. Surely, all his fears of the failure of his suit were but the idle phantoms of a dream, sent to test his constancy. If external appearance be a just criterion, there never were two beings more certainly created for each other. She almost equalled him in height, and scarcely surpassed him in beauty of form and feature. Hers were softened by every touch of loveliness and feminine grace; his, chiselled in the perfection of nobleness and manly beauty. She sweetly welcomed his approach; and as he pressed her not unwilling hand to his lips, he said:

"I trust, Pauline, that you have entirely recovered from your fright of yesterday."

"Perfectly so, Eugene; and accord heartfelt thanks to our providential deliverer: ten paces more, and we must have been inevitably dashed to pieces."

"Would that I could as easily chase away those gloomy shadows from your brow, Pauline," said he, regarding her with a look of intense devotion; "and save you from a danger inconceivably more terrible."

She for an instant raised her timid eyes, as if to read in his countenance how much he knew; but dropped them in confusion as she met his ardent look.

"Confide in me, Pauline, and tell me the whole of this sad tale."

"You now know all, Eugene; and far more than I could wish. Ask me not to speak of it."

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"What is your greatest, and most valued earthly treasure, Pauline?"

"The sacred Scriptures; God's holy Word."

"Know you not, Pauline, that, were you to realize your devoted father's fears, and mine, they would be wrested from your hand by a ruthless spiritual despotism?"

"I know of no such thing, Eugene; but, Oh! spare me,—spare me this, Eugene; it is a subject which must be interdicted between you and me."

"Did I not love you, Pauline, with ——"

"Indeed, this must not be, Eugene: you will compel me to retire, if you persist ——"

"Hear me but this once, Pauline, and then I will bow to your painful decree. Did I not love you with a love that blossomed in our youth, and ripened as we reached maturity; with a love that death itself can but transplant in a holier, happier, and more perfect world, then could I keep silence, and, perhaps, forget; but, now, never."

"I must not, cannot hear more just now, Eugene, and if you repeat this offence, I shall be forced to visit you with my serious displeasure ——"

"Well, be it so, Pauline; I wish not to offend, but serve you: yet, permit me to say what I have to utter respecting a book, on which you justly place so high a value. Without it, the world would have been to this day all that it was in the dark ages of Popery."

"I will listen to you, Eugene; but at present I fear you impose upon yourself a useless task."

"But you are open to reason, Pauline, and I scorn to use weaker weapons. I shall not go back to those gloomy periods for proof that what I advance is true;

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there is enough daily occurring in this country, yes, in this city, to sustain all the charge."

"You take me at a disadvantage, Eugene; I have not yet fully studied the history of the Bible, and the manner in which it has been handed down to us; and, therefore, cannot reply to you; nor perhaps, shall I prove any better acquainted with what you are now about to advance."

"It needs no previous acquaintance, Pauline; you require but to hear it to decide. There not only always has been a steady and uniform opposition to the dissemination of the sacred Scriptures on the part of those of whom I speak, but there are now in daily progress, the most virulent, and deadly, open and secret efforts made by the myrmidons of the papal court, to wrest the Word of God from the American people. Nay, more; precisely as was done in the days of Luther, Calvin, and Huss; so, now, upon this American Protestant continent, the ashes of this sheet anchor of our liberties, as well as of our salvation, are scattered to the four winds of heaven. The first acquaintance whom I met on my recent return, was your worthy pastor, Mr. Spring; and from him it was that I received the first piece of news; and what think you it was, Pauline? Why, that the Papists of Champlain, N—— Y——, had openly, and without disguise, burned a large number of Bibles, and ——"

"There must be some mistake, Eugene."

"You may well express doubt, Pauline; I was forced to do so myself; but here is more than enough to convince you. Let me read this:

"'A committee of Protestants and Catholics, having investigated the case of the burning of the Bibles at Champlain, N—— Y——, at the request of Bishop

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H——, report, that some forty bibles were burnt; that it was done by M. T——, a missionary from Canada, and recently from France, in opposition to the express wishes of the resident priest; and that the bishop of M—— promptly condemned the act within five days. The bibles were distributed by Protestants, against the declared wishes of the Catholics with whom they were left.'

"Now, here is enough, in all reason, to alarm the whole continent: and I, for one, say, that if these scenes are to be enacted on our shores, more blood shall flow than has moistened the earth since the Reformation."

"Oh! Eugene, have mercy on my feelings; this is too, too dreadful———"

"Dear Pauline, I would not needlessly inflict upon your gentle nature one pang; but these things it is necessary you should know, that you may be saved from delusion before it is too late."

"But I cannot admit that this testimony is against the Catholics. It seems that they have condemned the alleged act equally with the Protestants. Some ignorant enthusiast, with more zeal than knowledge, and I suppose there must be some such even among Catholics, seems to have wandered to Champlain, and '*in opposition to the express wishes of the resident priest*' was guilty of the outrage; and I further see the names of two bishops mentioned; one, 'the bishop of M——, promptly condemning the act,' and the other, 'the bishop of N——Y——' urging with his accustomed candor and fearlessness the joint investigation of Protestants and Catholics. And then, too, I learn that some Protestants, equally fanatic, had been the first aggressors, by doing what they knew to

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be a violation of the religious liberty of those people. These facts surely do not look as if the act of one rash man should be chargeable upon a whole community."

"I grant it, Pauline; if it were but a solitary instance; but it is not; on the contrary, it is part of a system, steadily pursued. In proof of this, I need but point to the efforts now made to exclude the Bible from the public schools."

"They do not stand alone in that particular. I too, Eugene, very much question the propriety of its being thrust there, and forced into the hands of careless children, to be torn and abused as is mostly the case with school-books; and you must not forget what a great favourite of yours among the philosophers says respecting it. Locke, your famous Protestant philosopher, was no friend to,—shall I not call it?—desecration of the sacred volume. Here is his book; listen while I read: 'As for the Bible, which children are usually employed in, to exercise and improve their talent in reading, I think the promiscuous reading of it, though by chapters, as they may lie in order, is so far from being of any advantage to children, either for the perfecting their reading, or principling their religion, that perhaps a worse could not be found. For what pleasure or encouragement can it be to a child, to exercise himself in reading those parts of a book where he understands nothing? And how little are the Law of Moses, the Song of Solomon, the Prophecies in the Old, and the Epistles and Apocalypse in the New Testament, suited to a child's capacity? And though the history of the Evangelists, and the Acts have something easier, yet all taken together, it is very disproportional to the understanding of childhood.' Farther on he adds: 'And what an odd jumble of thoughts

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must a child have in his head, if he have any at all, such as he should have, concerning religion, who in his tender age reads all the parts of the Bible indifferently, as the word of God, without any other distinction! I am apt to think, that this, in some men, has been the very reason why they never had clear and distinct thoughts of it all their lifetime.'* There, Eugene, what do you now think upon the subject?"

"Pretty much the same as I did before, Pauline. I I was not discussing the merits of the question; but simply offering you the evidence of the fact of papal opposition to the Sacred Scriptures."

"Quite a skilful evasion, Eugene; but I will meet you upon that point. I am not so certain that the Catholics wish to have the Bible excluded from the public schools."

"You astonish me, Pauline. Why, is not the whole city in an uproar and excitement on account of the recent attempt, by the Romanists, to effect their exclusion? Has not the bishop of N—— Y—— been lately using all his influence with the people and legislature of that state to corrupt them to sanction the nefarious design? And is not the same question agitated here, though seemingly in a more modest manner? And finally, is it not the cause of the anticipated meeting to-night of the American Protestant Association?"

"Your questions may to yourself seem formidable, Eugene, but to me, before whom these events have been transpiring, and upon whom their notice has been daily forced, they seem to depend altogether upon the presumption of a fact, which really has no existence, if they are not founded upon something worse."

* Locke's Thoughts concerning Education, page 192.

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"Please explain, Pauline."

"You are aware, Eugene, that the constitution not only sanctions but guaranties the rights of conscience to all the citizens of the commonwealth."

"Certainly; it is the most glorious feature of this republic."

"Notwithstanding, then, that you join in reiterating that the Catholics do not desire the dissemination of the Sacred Scriptures, you will permit me to say that you yourself can vindicate them from the slander in ten minutes' search. You know that there are at least three (and if we include that of the Baptists, four) versions purporting to be Sacred Scriptures, now circulating in this community; the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Jewish versions; all of which essentially differ from each other. So important are the points of difference, in the view of each denomination, that the Jew will not admit the Catholic version to be genuine Scriptures, no more than the Catholic admits the Protestant versions; or the latter those of either of the former. These are not mere dissents to abstract truths; they are points of conscience, on the strength of which each denomination (right or wrong) claims the privileges of citizenship. They are points of conscience, which the constitutions of the States and that of the United States recognise and guarantee to protect. All persons, by those instruments, possess the right to have and to hold whatever faith or symbols of faith they may please. Has the legislature decided that one of these versions shall take precedence of the others in our public schools? It has not; it cannot. It views them all with an equal eye, and yet the Protestants seem to have determined

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that theirs, and theirs alone, shall be used for public instruction."

"But that does not refute my assertion that the Papists are now making strenuous efforts to exclude the Bible from the schools."

"The refutation follows. It is found in a letter of the Catholic bishop addressed to the citizens. I clipped it from the paper at the time it appeared. Listen, Eugene:

"'Catholics have not asked that the Bible be excluded from the public schools. They have merely desired for their children the liberty of using the Catholic version, in case the reading of the Bible be prescribed by the Controllers or Directors of the schools. They only desire to enjoy the benefit of the constitution of the state, which guaranties the rights of conscience and precludes any preference of sectarian modes of worship.' That is the refutation, Eugene."

"And is it possible, Pauline, that you rely upon the ipse dixit of a man, whose religion teaches him it is lawful to lie, when occasion serves?"

"There again you are at fault, Eugene. I could prove to you that his religion teaches, 'Anathema to him who believes it lawful to lie, or to swear falsely;' and also that in saying so you expose yourself to the condemnation of that commandment, which says: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.'"

"Well, since you adduce documents to support your position, permit me to do the same, and by comparing authorities ascertain where truth is most likely to exist. One of the most respectable bodies of men known to the community is that of the Grand Jury.

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Listen to this extract from their recent grand inquest, solemnly and authoritatively pronounced:

"'To the efforts of a portion of the community to exclude the Bible from our public schools—The Jury are of opinion, that these efforts in some measure gave rise to the formation of a new party.'* Now, Pauline, whose document deserves the most confidence—that of one doubtful character, or this of twelve respectable men?"

"I have seen both the 'doubtful character' of whom you speak and also the twelve respectable men; and if I might judge from external appearance, I, without hesitation, say that of the 'doubtful character.' But that which I have advanced rests upon something stronger than the evidence of either. It is a testimony that cannot be denied. In the 26th Annual Report of the Controllers of the Public Schools, the following resolution stands recorded against respectable Grand Juries and all other persons whatsoever:

"'No attempt has ever been made by any one in this Board, nor have the Controllers ever been asked by any sect, person or persons, to exclude the Bible from the public schools.'"

"Well, a truce to controversy, Pauline. It pleases me not. Let me rather do something to restore you to your former self."

"That can only be by a thorough and complete investigation of the subject that so entirely occupies my thoughts, Eugene. Truth is immortal, and must finally triumph; and, even if I did not feel that it was daily unfolding its intricate wards before my continued application, yet, must I persevere to the end before I could

* See Presentment of the Grand Jury of the Court of Quarter Sessions of May term, 1844.

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lay it aside and be happy. But I do feel, and am at every step more certain, that the hidden treasure does lie in the direction which my mind has taken."

"If you should persevere in this course, Pauline, I can forewarn you,—and oh! that you might regard it as the prediction of certain truth, by one who can never cease to adore you,—I can forewarn you of a bitterer draught of sorrow's cup than you ever dreamed it would be your unhappy lot to drink."

"Eugene, whatever it may be, and however bitter," rejoined Pauline with solemn emphasis, "the Redeemer of mankind drank one more dreadful; and I humbly trust that He will give me grace not to shrink from any trials and crosses He may deem it needful for my salvation that I should bear. I regard the divine Author of our being as a merciful Father, who wills the happiness of His creatures: and viewing him thus, I must believe that He has somewhere provided us with a medium through which to attain that happiness; and that that medium is His church, the channel through which He makes known to us His will, communicates to us His graces, and finally leads us to be participants in a more glorious state of being ——"

"I can agree with you, Pauline, and derive happiness from such a contemplation; and am the more surprised that you should be otherwise than happy."

"Eugene, listen to me one moment longer. That church, hitherto ONE, is divided. A fearful convulsion has shaken the religious world, the sad effects of which are seen in the fragmentary ruin of the discordant fanaticism, known and felt on every hand. A heavy rock, to use the figure of a Protestant professor, has been dislodged from its place on the summit of a mountain, which rested not till it found the bottom of the valley

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below, and is there broken into a thousand pieces.* That heavy rock, he continues to apply the figure, whose thousand fragments lie scattered in the valley below, is *sectarianism*, or, to use his own more expressive word, ATOMISM: the immovable mountain from which it has been dislodged, the church, the one only medium, which God has appointed whereby to dispense to us His heavenly treasures. Enable me to distinguish which is that eternal and immovable rock, and which are those fragments, and I shall then again be happy."

"The whole subject of religion is full of mystery, Pauline; I do not pretend to unravel it. Every one must do with it the best he can. As for yourself, I advise that you let it alone altogether."

"That is impossible, Eugene; I must do as you say of others, 'the best I can.' And viewing, as I do, those ten thousand fragments dashed in general ruin, agitated and chafed by the winds and storms of popular opinion, until even those, which for a time may have retained some sensible shape, are frittered away to atoms, as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore, I must continue to keep my eye steadily fixed upon what seems to me to be the true rock, the true church; that one which has withstood the storms and tempests of eighteen hundred years, and is as entire, great and glorious, as when she first exulted in the spiritual conquest of the universal world: that rock, that church, is THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH."

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* The Principles of Protestantism, by Professor Schaf. Page 96, and onward.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Hung be the heavens in black.—SHAKSPEARE.

A NUMEROUS and elegant dinner-party, in compliment to Mr. Neville, was assembled at Mordant Hall. There were present, among others, the Templetons; except Mr. Templeton, who had sent his regret that he should not be able to avail himself of Mr. Seward's polite invitation to the dinner; but that he hoped to pay his respects to the company before the festivities were entirely concluded; Miss Clara Stephens, Dr. Bogus the Episcopalian, and Mr. Spring the Presbyterian clergyman: also Sir Eustace and Lady Bagby, recently arrived from London; at which place Mr. and Miss Seward had formed their acquaintance during their recent sojourn at the capital.

Nothing could be more unrestrained and convivial than the guests who were now seated around the luxurious board of their host. Mr. Seward himself was in an unusual flow of good spirits and mirthfulness, which were perfectly contagious; Mr. Spring alone preserving a grave, if it be not permitted to say sanctimonious expression of countenance. Even our heroine seemed to have buried all her weighty cares deep in her heart; while her expressive face beamed with a delight which utterly banished the thought that a cloud had ever darkened her brow.

In due course, the ladies left the dining-room and

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repaired to the parlours. The gentlemen still sat at the table, discussing their wine and the affairs of the nation, when "Mr. Templeton" was announced. He made his appearance evidently under the influence of some peculiar excitement.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the most extraordinary outbreak that has ever stained the annals of a nation, has just occurred in the northern section of our city."

All looked their astonishment; some arose from their seats in the eagerness of their desire to hear a further statement of the exciting announcement. The countenance of Mr. Spring, and for the first time during the dinner, brightened as if he had some clue to the cause of the commotion. He knew that there was to be a spirited Politico-bible meeting that afternoon in the district named. Mr. Templeton continued:

"A meeting of the native citizens, as you must be aware, was called, to be held on the old school-house lot, in Kingsessing. That meeting met, agreeably to the call; the American flag was hoisted, and the speaking commenced, when it was attacked by a ruthless band of Irish Papists, the meeting dispersed, and the national flag dishonoured by being torn into shreds, and trampled under foot by the foreign rabble."

Electricity could not have produced more startling and sudden effects. Mr. Seward arose, and with agitated steps paced the dining-room; some of the guests begged to be excused, and hastily took their leave, while others sought the parlour; Dr. Bogus looked grave, while Mr. Spring simpered, and occasionally smiled. The speaker still further stated:

"The dispersed citizens flew to their homes, armed themselves, and again repaired to the spot, when a scene occurred that baffles description. The report

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of firearms was heard, brickbats and other missiles flew in every direction. Clubs, cord-wood, and bludgeons, were seized wherever they could be found; men, and even women and children, who had joined in the affray, are being shot, and knocked down like dogs; the streets are streaming with blood; the dead and dying are alike trampled under foot; and women load the guns, while their husbands and brothers discharge them."

"For heaven's sake, Templeton," exclaimed the agitated Mr. Seward · "what is the alleged cause of all this?"

"Why, sir, as far as I could learn, the main exciting cause took place yesterday. It seems, that the Papists, in their inveterate hatred to the Bible, and determination to have it excluded from the public schools, went to the Kingsessing school-house, led on by that notorious Irishman, Hugh Clair, a magistrate, I believe, who had displayed great zeal in suppressing the Bible in one of the schools, and ordered a female teacher to throw the Bible out of the window: as reported in the Observer of this morning. That this must have been the case seems to be confirmed by the fact, that the infuriated people, now roused in their majesty and might, after having had their meeting attacked by the same rabble, repaired to the house of Hugh Clair, and reduced it, together with that of his brother's adjoining, to a heap of ruins. When I left the scene of the disturbance, they had fired St. Michael's church; whole squares of houses have also been fired; and the work of burning, destruction, and death go bravely on. There is every reason to expect that the scene of the conflict will be transferred to the city proper: indeed, some

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say that St. Augustine's church is already in flames. I have not seen that, and cannot say positively whether it be mere rumor or something more. I would not, however, insure all the Papists' church property in the city for one thousand dollars."

"The Papists will see that their day of retribution has come," groaned Mr. Spring.

"The world will see that the honour and dignity of our city is lost," responded Dr. Bogus.

"And I shall see that half my property is in flames!" ejaculated Mr. Seward.

"Heaven forbid," exclaimed all the ladies at once; who, having caught the alarm from the fugitive gentlemen, crowded back to the dining-room, with terror depicted in their pale countenances.

"Gentlemen," gravely said Sir Eustace Bagby, "I can see in this whole affair neither more nor less than the repetition of the Lord George Gordon riots, in London. Since my visit to your beautiful, and heretofore peaceful city, I have been pained to witness,—I must ask pardon while I utter it,—the same course pursued by your sectarian clergy, as that on the part of our London clergy, which led to those disastrous consequences. I have heard your churches ring, I have seen your pulpits tremble with the wordy declamation and vehement gesticulation of ministers against the Catholics,—ministers, who, instead of preaching the peaceful precepts of the Gospel, charity and good-will to men, seem to have forgotten their heavenly commission; or more, to have mistaken it for a commission of vituperation and abuse. I know something of these Catholics, and I can therefore affirm, that their doctrines are maligned, their practices misrepresented, and they themselves vilified in the most atrocious man-

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ner. But, more than this I have seen. These men, not content to retail their abuse, have associated themselves,—just so was it in the time of our London riots, —to do by wholesale what they could not effect single-handed. They have issued an address to the whole people of this country, calling upon them in every city, town, and village, to emulate them in their unholy work; they have called upon the political press to lend them its powerful aid: all for the extirpation of Catholics. I confess that my only astonishment is, that this crisis did not sooner take place. It was but a few days ago that I took up the organ of the low church Episcopalian party of this city, and, I beg pardon, Dr. Bogus, while I repeat the substance of a letter, permitted by its rash and fiery editor to be inserted ——"

"I well know to what you refer, Sir Eustace, and took the liberty myself, of expostulating with the Rev. editor for his imprudence. I deeply regret that imprudence."

"The letter," continued Sir Eustace, bowing to Dr. Bogus, "is dated February 11. The writer proceeds upon an entire misconception of an alleged allegiance of Catholics to the Pope; and from these false premises, which have no foundation but his fertile imagination, draws conclusions that have already disgraced the reigns of Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth: namely, 'that, in view of this subject, it is the duty of the federal legislature to pass a law of præmunire against the Catholic citizens of these United States. Let such a law be passed,' the writer goes on to say, 'and let the penalty for its violation be an exclusion from all places of honor or profit, and forfeiture of all real estate to the government!!' Why, the firebrand may as well have added, just by way of a gentle rounding off to his theme: 'and

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let their ears and noses be cut off, and let them be branded with hot irons, and, by way of a little episode, let them be hanged and burned, as your New England forefathers managed dissentients.' The people of America forget what they owe to the Catholics, in the achievement of their liberties. I am an old man, and may thus be excused, if I have spoken freely. The language of age is the language of experience."

"Must we sit idle and see the Holy Bible wrested from our hands?" inquired Mr. Spring, in a highly excited manner.

"No, sir;" was Sir Eustace's calm reply: "who threatens to do so?"

"These Papists, who are now shooting down our citizens as if they were dogs."

"No, sir; no such thing has been either designed or attempted. I have been viewing the progress of events with too close and warm an interest to allow even the slightest movement to escape my notice. I have the proof at hand, abundant and satisfactory: the protestations, the resolutions, and the affidavits of the Catholic bishop, of the Catholic lay citizens, of the public school directors themselves, of the teachers in those schools, and of the individuals who were alleged to have done so, 'that no attempt has ever been made by any one of the school directors, nor have the controllers of the public schools been asked by any sect, person or persons, to exclude the Bible from the public schools.' Dr. Bogus, have I uttered the fact?"

"To the best of my knowledge, Sir Eustace, you have; and I sincerely hope that those who have been mainly instrumental in plunging our community into this awful dilemma will examine their consciences and make a clean breast of it, before it goes farther. Heaven

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knows, I do not speak thus from any love of the Romanists. I wish they, that is their faith, might be sunk to the bottom of the sea; then would our pure apostolic church have nothing to impede its universal triumph."

"May it be a long day before at least the last part of that speech comes true:" whispered Mr. Spring to a Presbyterian friend; and, with an apology to his opulent parishioner and host, Mr. Seward, he made his adieu.

The commotion in the streets was momentarily increasing. Citizens in a state of the utmost excitement were hurrying to and fro: gangs of ill-looking men and boys were prowling about, bent on mischief: the police force was doubled; meetings were being held to discuss the best mode of action; for it began to be currently reported that the "rioters," (such being the character to which the before-named "citizens" began to be reduced, as the truth unfolded itself to the public mind,) were approaching the city, and property-holders became alarmed as to what might be the consequences to themselves, of permitting these outrages to go unchecked. It had been resolved that the military should be called out. Pursuant to the requisition, columns of horsemen speed through the streets; martial music, with the regular tramp of the foot soldiers, and the dull and heavy roll of the artillery sounded gloomily upon the ear.

The company soon separated. Dr. Bogus left soon after Mr. Spring: Sir Eustace and Lady Bagby excused themselves upon the plea of their departure for Europe early the next day; Isabella Crawford was anxious to remain with Pauline, but her duty to her aged parents, who she knew would be greatly alarmed

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required her to expedite her departure, and she left, promising to keep up a communication by means of notes. There was no earthly reason that Miss Clara Stephens should retire; so, as Mr. and Mrs. Templeton took their leave, Pauline insisted that Miss Clara should remain with her. For herself she was too happy of the invitation to offer any opposition, and after some trivial objections on the part of her elder sister, it was decided that she should remain all night. With the departure of these last guests Mordant Hall was once more left in its repose; Mr. Seward and Eugene having repaired to the disturbed districts.

"What do you think of all this, Pauline?" asked Clara, as soon as they were left alone.

"Dear Clara, my heart bleeds for the poor, abused, and slandered Catholics."

"Did you not think their defence by Sir Eustace was noble, and, under the circumstances, courageous?"

"I truly did, and long to show him how much I thank him. Every word he uttered was truth itself; especially those which he spoke respecting the 'American Protestant Association.'"

"I perfectly agree with you, Pauline. I believe those clergymen who have so abused their office will have much to answer for: and then to pretend that the Catholics neither possess nor desire to use the Bible! The very idea is absurd."

"I am satisfied that the whole account is a fabrication, and known to be so by those who retail it. There are but two points that I now desire to have explained. Mr. Templeton said the causes which produced the riots were a report that the Bible was thrown

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out of the window of some school-house, and the subsequent dispersion of the meeting. How shall we ascertain the truth of these?"

"Sir Eustace will no doubt take pleasure to learn the particulars."

"But he embarks for Europe to-morrow."

"True; I had forgotten that, but there is Dr. Bogus; he exhibited some liberality on the occasion; perhaps he would interest himself."

"Perhaps he might. If you should see Isabella before I do, will you not mention to her that we particularly request her to obtain from him the information?"

"Certainly: or go to the doctor himself, and make him promise to attend to it."

"No: Clara, I would not have you do that. Do you know that this has been the only occasion on which I have met Dr. Bogus and been pleased with him? I think him so frivolous and foppish."

"He is certainly a very fashionable clergyman: but, Pauline, while I enjoy an opportunity which I have desired for weeks, of communicating to some friend impressions that may seriously affect my future course, as well as my position with my family, will you permit me to confide something to you?"

"Certainly, dear Clara, and if I can be of any service to you, you may also rely upon my assistance."

"Thank you, dear Pauline; I knew you were as good as you are beautiful: but hear me. In the early part of last winter, when Mr. Spring commenced that series of bitter sermons against the Catholics, I was so deeply impressed with the awful disclosures, as he called them, as to be irresistibly impelled to the conclusion, that either Catholics were unfit to be permitted to live in our community; or, that they were

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the most fearfully slandered people in existence; and I thought it an imperative duty, such was my state of mind, to ascertain positively the truth of what he said. I had no acquaintance among them, so I went to a Catholic book-store and asked for some books to instruct a person in the Catholic religion. The book seller handed me: 'The Catholic Represented and Misrepresented,' 'The Faith of Catholics,' and 'The End of Controversy.' I purchased them: I have read them; and my mind is disabused of its false impressions; and, if I should conclude to enter the Catholic church, Mr. Spring may receive the thanks of my friends as being the cause that led to it."

But events thicken around us; we must therefore forego the pleasure of this conversation, and, to our heroine, delightful discovery; and follow the footsteps of Mr. Seward and Eugene.

As they approached the scene of the disturbance, they saw a vast concourse of men and boys marching through the streets. In the procession was carried a large flag, considerably torn. Preceding this was a banner borne by one man, and having upon its front this inscription: "This is the flag that has been trampled upon by the Irish Papists." Onward they press; their ranks swelling as they advance. Some boys commenced throwing stones at a house; other exhibitions of a general outbreak were apparent, and in a few moments a volley of stones and brickbats was thrown by those in the streets, to which the inmates of the houses attacked replied by a volley of musketry. Several men fell at this fire. A general and bloody skirmish ensued. Every avenue was blocked up with armed and unarmed men. Those outside of the houses being exposed to the deadly aim

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of those within, the terrific cry of "Fire the houses;" "fire the houses, and send the d—d Papists to h—l," was raised by the infuriated mob. 'Tis but the work of a moment, and the hissing flames roll onward and upward. Armed men patrolled the streets to prevent any efforts being made to extinguish the flames; while every now and then a gun was fired from the burning buildings; which was trebly returned by the crowd. Many buildings were in flames, and the fire rapidly spreading. The scene was awfully terrible. There was a dreadful silence in that vast mob of thousands, broken only by the roar of the flames, the discharge of the musketry, and now and then a hoarse hurrah, at some new success of the mob, which was more alarming than the tumult of battle. Fearfully was the list of killed and wounded swelled during that dreadful hour.

Night comes on apace. The occupants of the burning dwellings, under its cover, fly in all directions for safety and for life. The dark red clouds are lighting up, with a horrid glare, the blue and quiet sky. Rolls of bright smoke, taking fantastic shapes, thicken in the air, while here and there through the dense crowd, the flame-tongues of living light may be seen licking with fire some new building preparatory to its destruction. In front may be seen congregations of excited men, shouting, talking, arguing, blustering, and tossing their arms in the air with vehement agitation. Beyond, on that open space, the plumed heads and glittering swords of the cavalry are waving and glancing in the lurid light, while the heavy tread of men, and the ringing clang of muskets, betoken the near approach of the infantry. The adjacent streets are for the time deserted. The houses are closed and abandoned. Since the approach of the

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military, no sound breaks the solemn stillness, save the shrieks of some lost children, the sobs of the women who may have lingered near the ruins of their houses, or the deep oath of a straggler.

Dim figures move suspiciously in the shade, as if seeking concealment, while wretched-looking beings, driven from their abodes, houseless and homeless, are stealing off with their beds, pillows, chairs and tables upon their shoulders, looking for some distant place of deposit. Hark!—a shot! a scream! a rush of the soldiers!—and another victim is borne away for surgical assistance. A solitary one-horse cart is moving slowly along. In it are a woman, two girls, a boy and an infant, all crying. It contains some furniture, and by its side walks a man. He turns back to waste one more lingering gaze on the burning ruin behind, and with a groan of intense agony exclaims: "The toil of twenty years gone in one moment! O my God! have I deserved this?"

Mr. Seward had seen entire rows of his own property consumed; sick at heart and tired, he, with Eugene, retraced his steps, exclaiming:

"Can it be possible that this is a land of freedom, a land of laws, a land of Christianity!"

They pass by the smouldering ruins and blackened walls of St. Michael's church, and the residence of the priest: and still further on, those of the school-house of the Sisters of Charity. Throughout this neighbourhood the people were busy writing in large letters upon their doors: "No Popery Here;" "Native Americans;" and other such titles. The English, Germans, et cetera, are busy in running out the United States flag from their windows; those who cannot obtain flags, getting blue, white, and red muslin forming tri-coloured banners, which

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they suspend before their houses, to show their Anti-Catholic pretensions.

Time and the tide of events roll on. While the military are either disbanded or worn out. The mob leaves them in undisputed possession of the northern districts. It disperses only to meet within the heart of the city. It converges in the neighbourhood of St. Augustine's church. Harsh and deep-muttered threats are made to fire the noble and ancient edifice. "To h—l with the Pope!" "D—n the Papists!" were the profane and vulgar watch-words of the mob. The authorities, as well as the populace, now become truly alarmed for the safety of the city property. The banks are not safe; nor the wealth concentrated in private houses. The Mayor arrived in front of the church with a large body of police. He harangues the mob for an hour, in strains the most touching, the most eloquent, and most appropriate. But it is of no avail. The mob demands the keys of the church. At this moment the city troop comes up. Quiet ensues. The troop, after parading a short time, retires towards the northern district:—then the mob rush at the police, drive them back, and pelt the church windows with stones. Two boys are being lifted over the railings. They climb into the buildings by the broken windows, and, while one, with a match sets fire to the curtains, the other cuts the gas pipe. In an instant the sacred temple is in flames. Onward the hungry monsters with forked tongues wind their devious way: sliding stealthily along the aisles; intwining themselves among the pews; peeping in and out of every crevice; creeping up the winding stairs; weaving themselves through and through the banisters and carved mouldings, as they press their onward way with almost lightning speed; tuning the organ, not in

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notes of praise to the Most High Being, "who seeth" it all, and who will one day, in awful retribution, descend in judgment on the guilty, but with sullen roaring sounds, such as best befit the worship of the bloodstained fiends who thus offer their sacrifice to Moloch; still spreading, they now embrace the consecrated altar. The holy of holies is ruthlessly invaded by the native atmosphere of devils, while they look on and laugh, firing the hearts of their base instruments to every act of desecration. Now whirls the molten sea of fire up the tall cupola. It roars as it devours. Like a beast of prey, it hugs its victim. It shakes it to its foundation. The clock strikes the hour. It is the last note of time that it shall tell. Quivering under the torture of the monster flames, it falls piece-meal to the ground. The cross!—the cross!—the sacred symbol of Redemption! Oh! how it quivers in the raging element! It glows with liquid fire. It seems again to bleed,—to bleed for poor deluded man! But still it stands amid the living fire, a monument of unwavering faith—it totters—the crowd shouts a loud huzza; it heaves—again the fiendish shout of victory—it disappears, enveloped in the fiery ocean: and one long, piercing, and continuous outcry of furious triumph bursts from the brazen throats of the infuriated crew. Then, as if engraven with a sunbeam, on the inward wall appear those fearful words: "THE LORD SEETH." "The Lord Seeth!" re-echoes the raging mob, shrinking back. But the fiend-spirit had too much power;—and pressing on again, the watch-word bellowed in their throats, "To h—l with the Pope!" "D—n the Papists!"—and now, being sure of their work of destruction, "The Cathedral!" "The Cathedral!" is the cry, and the motley group roll on like the troubled waves of the ocean. Alas! St. Helen.

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is thy beautiful fane also doomed to the devouring element!

Mr. Seward had seen more than enough. He knew that the direction of the mob must take it past his house, which stood within a few blocks of the cathedral; so he and Eugene passed on with rapid strides, to reach home before the hydra-headed monster had blocked up the square. It was past midnight; and as he approached the Hall, the bayonets of the military were seen glistening in the distance, and the deep-throated engines of death were pointed in every direction. A cordon had been formed, cutting off all communication with the place now threatened. Mr. Seward passed on. "Who goes there?" and the bayonets of the guard were pointed at his breast. He made explanation, and was permitted, under military escort, to reach the door of his own house.*

As may be supposed, he found its inmates dreadfully alarmed, not knowing at what moment blood would begin to flow in the fearful conflict that was now threatened to take place before their own doors.

"My love," says Mr. Seward, "give immediate directions to have your baggage ready by daylight. It is impossible to divine how far this awful work of destruction may be carried. It is unsafe for you to remain here; and you must hold yourself in readiness to start for Eglenton in the morning."

"Will you accompany us, dear pa?" inquired his terror-stricken daughter.

"No, my love; I must remain to ascertain the extent of my loss, and to assist, as far as possible, to suppress this outbreak. Who could have thought that the revengeful d—ls would have gone so far?"

* Much of the above is condensed from accounts taken at the time of the riots. It is strictly true.

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"Ah! dear pa, I hope it may not prove, that those who thought they were doing God service were working for a very different master."

Busied with his own thoughts, he seemed not to notice his daughter's remark, and spoke as if continuing his own sentence.

"Betty is a good cook, Pauline, a very good cook: but I advise you to instantly dismiss her. She may burn our house over our heads before morning. A murrain upon the Papists, I say; why did they ever come here?"

"I will keep a good watch over her, pa. Indeed, I think she is the most harmless creature I have ever seen. She certainly is the best servant we have ever had."

"Use your pleasure, my love; she belongs to you. But remember, we have had warning enough to-day."

"Well, pa, she shall remain in my own room to-night, and accompany me in the morning."

When these arrangements were communicated to the terrified, but good-hearted Irish woman, she was too much overwhelmed with thankfulness and joy to express her gratitude in words, but the faithful services she gave, both then, and through her after-life, spoke louder than words.

No more disturbance occurred that night. The military were too numerous, too well disposed, and too determined to adopt the ultima ratio in repelling invasion, to make it safe for the mob to make any further demonstration; and, sneaking off through lanes and alleys, with the stealthiness of the slimy serpent, or the midnight assassin, quiet once more reigned over the blood-stained city

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CHAPTER XV.

How pure the thoughts of childhood!
In life's unshadowed hours
They float amid a fairy land
Of zephyrs and of flowers.—E. J. Porter.

The following day awoke in ominous gloom upon the excited city. An unusual calm had followed the storm of yesterday; the result, however, of overwrought exertion, rather than of intended relaxation from the sullen purpose of destruction. Pauline had taken an early breakfast, and the carriage was already at the Hall door, awaiting the movements of the travellers. Mr. Seward, fearful lest the disturbances should be renewed, hastened their departure. The little band of exiles was now seated in the carriage. It consisted of our heroine, little Marie, Betty, Jane the maid, and the redoubtable Sam. The baggage was to follow in a separate vehicle.

"When shall we expect you, dear pa?"

"I know not, my love, but not until perfect quiet shall have been restored to the city."

"Write often, pa; you know how anxious we shall be for your safety. Clara, my dear, you will not forget to speak to Bel on the subject of my request?"

"No, dear Pauline; and you will not forget what I have confided to you?"

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"Trust me, Clara; and write as soon as you can. Shall we expect you at Eglenton, this summer?"

"I fear not, Pauline: sister and Mr. Templeton go to the beach in a few days, and I must spend the summer with them."

"Adieu! adieu!" is affectionately exchanged between father and daughter, and friends; and with a wave of the hand, and not altogether without moistened eyes, the travellers commence their journey.

As they drive slowly from the city, they turn to take one more lingering look at the old familiar spot. The hum of business had re-commenced. The peaceably disposed, seemingly unconcerned that such outrages had been perpetrated the night before, were busy at their accustomed occupations. Idlers and vagabonds were winding along the different avenues towards the scene of the recent conflagration. Its locality is but too distinctly marked. Huge columns of black smoke rise from the smouldering ruins, a monument of the shameful sacrilege perpetrated under the cover of religion. But the city is being left far behind. Objects one by one disappear. At last all have gone, except the tall dark pillar of cloud that indicates its shame. But now, even that has sunk beneath the horizon; and the noise, and incessant hum of a distracted city, is resigned for the sunny hills and the bright green fields of a romantic country.

It was the pleasant month of May. The season was charmingly advanced. The fruit trees were either in blossom, or had already set their fruit. The foliage was beautifully fresh and verdant. Nature had mantled the earth in its richest velvet green. Flora had already bedecked herself with a thousand beauties, that filled the air with perfume, or dazzled the eye with their

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splendour; while her choir of feathered songsters made vocal the groves with the ceaseless melody of her praise.

"Eglenton! Eglenton!" shouted Pauline, as, after a pleasant, though somewhat weary day's travel, the tall spire of the village church, surmounted by the gilded cross, illumined by the beams of the setting sun, burst upon her view in the distance.

"Eglenton!" lisped little Marie, whose bright eyes had been for some time turned in that direction to catch the first glimpse of the spot, in which her joyous heart had whispered she might enjoy much happiness. "Will we not be happy there, sweet Miss Pauline?" she exclaimed.

"You will be very happy there, my love," Pauline replied with a sigh.

"Little Marie may often go to the church: may she not, sweet Miss?—and she will feed the little birds, and tend the flowers. Are there any lilies there, sweet Miss?"

"Yes, love; and every thing that is beautiful."

"Little Marie loves the lilies. And who is the good priest, sweet Miss?—little Marie would like to see the good priest."

"The people call him Father Xavier; but he might think little Marie troublesome."

"Oh! no, sweet Miss; she could look at him this way, through her fingers, and she wouldn't be a bit of trouble to him; and she will get flowers for the altar, and she knows he will love that."

Pauline smiled at the innocent prattler, and she thought of the words of Betty, that, it is truly a little angel sent down from heaven, to see if any one would take care of it; and she further thought, that she would doubt the

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goodness of any one who could think it troublesome to do any thing to make so much innocence happy.

They had now fully entered the romantic vale of Leflore. It is completely surrounded by the tall peaks of the Alleghanies, and, possessing a rich and fertile soil, abounds in all the products of the temperate zone. Its varied surface is watered by a hundred rills, which rush, dash, and bound along from point to point, now meandering through some scarcely perceptible descent, now foaming as they approach the edge of some sudden declivity, then headlong plunge in hissing, sparkling cascades, and murmur, as they wind their devious way towards the swollen streamlet in the centre of the valley.

On a little eminence, adjoining a piece of woods, stood Eglenton Cottage. It was built in a light, rural style of architecture, if style it could be said to have. It was of the composite order; the Gothic style predominating, but in every respect unique; being constructed with a view to elegance, rather than architectural unity, or even durability. Nothing could exceed the taste with which the surrounding domain was laid out. The gardens were sans pareil; the streams, both natural and artificial, were made almost magically to appear and disappear in sparkling eddies; one while insinuating themselves amid the young trees and tender grass, another, glittering in the sunbeams, or tortuously pursuing some shaded path, in musical murmurings, as they onward skip, to mingle with the tides, and be finally swallowed up in the deep dark waters of a neighbouring river.

Long before the party had reached the cottage, it had been whispered through the village that Miss Seward, the beautiful heiress, was coming; and as Pauline rode

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past its neat houses, many a ruddy countenance was turned towards her; and many a bright eye peeped through the cracks of the half-opened doors, or from behind the snow-white curtains that adorned their windows. Every demonstration, however, was made with distant respect; for though many an humble fireside had been made glad by the charities of our heroine, yet did she move among her father's tenants, as a bright planet in the distance. Scarcely ever had she stooped from her sphere to superintend those charities in person; the hand that blessed them was seldom seen; hence, though grateful, none ventured to obtrude themselves upon her presence. As she entered the grounds of Eglenton Cottage, the style of her reception was somewhat varied. The work-people, looking as trim as could be expected from so short a notice, had arranged themselves along the lane, and with joyous looks and gestures, and awkward bows, expressed their honest delight. Old Carlo was among them, and wagging his tail, he barked his furious joy, as he ran before the horses. Mistress Martha, the old housekeeper, stood at the open door of the cottage, with ill-suppressed emotion, that her "old eyes," as she expressed herself, "once more looked upon the dear child, who she nursed when a baby, and who she brought up so beautiful like."

"Yes; good Aunt Martha, I have come to see you once more," said Pauline as she alighted, and added as Marie sprang to the ground, "look what a sweet pet I have brought you."

"Oh! the charming little dear!" exclaimed she, now hugging her to her bosom, and then holding her out at arms length to gaze upon her beautiful face. "Well, well, Miss Pauline, I didn't think you and Mister Eu-

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gene would ha' been married all this time, and not let old Martha know it!"

"Oh!" said Pauline blushing: "you mistake; I am not married."

"Then this ain't your da'ter: well, well; she's jist almost as beautiful as if she was:" and the old woman again hugged her, until little Marie was glad to be released from her affectionate embrace.

"How nicely you have kept every thing, good Martha:" exclaimed Pauline, as she entered the Cottage.

"Oh! la! Miss Pauline, nothin' like it would ha' been, if we'd a known you was a comin' so soon: why we ha'n't scrubbed or swept but twice this week; but never fear, things 'll soon be to rights."

"Have you got any supper for us, good Martha?"

"Oh! plenty, plenty, Miss Pauline; why didn't we hear of you five miles off; and such a bustle like as we've had since then, you may be sure."

A few days sufficed to restore Eglenton to its accustomed elegant simplicity; if indeed it could be said at first to have been otherwise than in order; the constant attention of old mistress Martha, for she had no other care, being assiduously employed in washing, sweeping, and dusting. Little more was necessary, therefore, than to unpack those nameless appendages to elegant housekeeping; consisting of plate, china, glass, &c. &c., and all was as it should be. There were but two or three families of note within riding distance of the Cottage. With these, civilities were soon exchanged; after which Pauline resumed the occupation, ever uppermost in her thoughts and dearest to her heart, the investigation of divine truth.

She had finished her investigations of the four marks of the true church; Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, and

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Apostolicity; and she felt perfectly satisfied of their entire applicability to the church, which she found high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, unite in designating by at least one of those marks, Catholicity. She had ever experienced, that to inquire for the Catholic Church, resulted in having that one pointed out to her, and that one alone, which is, sometimes by way of emphasis, and because its chief Bishop has his See at Rome, called Roman. These points she had examined, and was perfectly satisfied with the result; and such was the confidence engendered by her discoveries, that she felt willing to commit the work of her further instruction to some worthy priest, did she know how to effect it. She could not bear the idea of going alone to speak with a stranger; and her first effort, which was made with little Marie, and which for a time was so galling to her delicacy, recurring to her mind in all its force, she shrank from the repetition. But, examining more intently Bishop Hay's "Sincere Christian," and finding that it treated at length of all the doctrines of the Catholic Church, she determined to make it the model of her studies. On the being of God, with which his work commences, she needed no instruction: she believed it; as well as the subjects of the following chapters; namely, of the Blessed Trinity, of Creation and Providence, of the Fall of Man, and of Redemption by Christ our Saviour. "The rule of Faith" was the first point which particularly arrested her attention; not because the theme was a new one to her; she had ever been taught that the Bible was the "rule of Faith." But she had discovered its fallacy, "Private interpretation," and she justly attributed to that, —not to the Bible,—but to the false principle of "Pri-

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vate interpretation," all the misfortunes of Christendom. It makes the Christain church like matter, infinitely divisible. This was sufficient to condemn it. The church of Christ must be one: "one Body, one Spirit; even as ye are called in one hope of your calling One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism," says St. Paul.

There must then of necessity be some other rule. Bishop Hay taught her, and she at once saw the wisdom of his instruction, that the church, taught by the Holy Ghost explaining the revealed word of God, was that Rule.

"But what are the direct proofs to show that the church is this rule?" she inquired.

Her instructor replied: "Among many others, the following: 1. Because Jesus Christ did not give his apostles any commission to write the Gospel; but only to teach and to preach it; which plainly shows that his intention was, that preaching and teaching by the living voice of his pastors should be our rule, and not the dead letter of scripture. 2. It is a certain truth, that it was by preaching and teaching, and not by writing, that the world was converted to Christianity; that several of the apostles wrote nothing at all; and that those of them that did write, never converted any person or nation by their writing; but first converted them, and established the faith among them by their preachings, and then wrote to those whom they had before converted, for their instruction on some particular occasion, and for their consolation. 3. Because the scripture nowhere sends us to the scripture itself, as to our rule; but, on the contrary, it expressly declares, 'that no prophecy of the scripture is made by private interpretation.' 2 Peter i. 20. 4. Because the scripture sends us only to the church and to her pastors for

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our instructions; and obliges all, under the severest penalties, to submit to her doctrine in all things relating to religion: for when Christ gave his pastors their commission he immediately said: 'He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved: but he that believeth not, shall be condemned.' Mark xvi. 16. He further says: 'He that heareth you, heareth me: and he that despiseth you, despiseth me. And he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me.' Luke x. 16. And lastly, he condemns those that 'will not hear his church as heathens and publicans.' Matt. xviii. 17. And 5. Because the same scripture expressly assures us that the different pastors of the church were instituted and ordained by Jesus Christ, on purpose to bring us all to 'the unity of faith,' and prevent us from 'being carried about by strange doctrines.' Eph. iv."

These five points, all tending to the establishment of the true rule of faith, our heroine fully discussed. She was satisfied, and felt perfectly secure in relying upon a rule, which Christ himself had so evidently established for the instruction of his people; and with the disciple of Philip, mentioned in the Acts, she sighed anew for an instructor to explain to her more clearly, and with authority, the Christian doctrine.

She then proceeded to the Ten Commandments of God; which, with an immaterial difference in their division, she found precisely as she had ever been taught them. But, pursuing the regular routine of her investigations, she met with the six precepts of the church. These were new to her, and she pondered them with attention.

1. To hear Mass on Sundays and all holy-days of obligation.

2. To fast and abstain on days commanded.

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3. To confess our sins at least once a year.

4. To receive worthily the blessed Eucharist at Easter, or within the time appointed.

5. To contribute to the support of our pastors.

6. Not to solemnize marriage at the forbidden times, nor to marry persons within the forbidden degrees of kindred, nor otherwise prohibited by the church, nor clandestinely.

She considered first, that if the church had a positive commission to fulfil, it was necessary that she should possess authority: and if she possessed authority; to what purpose, if not to command? She had long since decided that the church of Christ did possess authority; she therefore naturally looked for the exercise of it, and was delighted to find it in the commanding tone of the six precepts. Her next care was to ascertain, rather for the sake of mental satisfaction, than from fear, if those precepts were reasonable.

As to the first: she had always sanctified the Sunday to the best of her ability. And although she had never been taught to keep other stated holy-days by any command of the Presbyterian denomination, yet she had kept days recommended by it, as well as by the civil authorities; and she saw no objection to an authoritative church requiring other days than Sunday to be set aside to the worship and glory of God. The Jewish Church had them, why not the Christian Church? To fast and abstain, she believed to be good even in a physical point of view. To confess our sins, she knew to be a duty at all times, and she was glad to discover that the Catholic Church, ever anxious to bring her erring children to repentance, commanded her sinners to obey the gospel precept, and confess their sins, if in their perverseness not oftener, at least once a year.

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"To receive the sacrament worthily," needed no argument to enforce it upon her mind. "To support our pastors," was but the reiteration of the gospel, "that they who preach the gospel, should live by the gospel." 1 Cor. ix. 14. To violate the sixth precept of the church, was abhorrent to every feeling of propriety, even in a civil point of view; much more so, then, was it in religion, which penetrates deeper than mere external actions.

The scriptural distinction of great and small, pardonable and unpardonable sins, termed by the Catholic Church, "mortal," and "venial," presented nothing new to her mind, except the mere terms by which they were designated; and she therefore passed on to the study of the seven Sacraments. These she discussed *in extenso*, and found, in them, ample employment for many days of delightful and consoling study. She had satisfactorily finished her examination of several of them, and had commenced that of the doctrine of repentance, or, as it is commonly called, penance. On this point, while she recognised much that corresponded with her preconceived ideas, yet was she greatly perplexed to find "works" so much insisted on. She regarded the Redeemer as having worked out our salvation, and considered it dangerous to insist much upon the works of men. The books before her were not deficient in instruction upon the doctrine; on the contrary, they were more than usually explicit. But the truth is, her prejudices were strong on this point. She was, however, willing to submit her judgment to the teaching of the church; and without allowing it to give her undue distress of mind, she marked it, as one of those topics which she hoped,

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sooner or later, to hear explained by some living teacher of the apostolic Faith.

Such were her meditations, when little Marie entered the room and asked if she might speak to sweet Miss Pauline.

"Certainly, love; what do you wish to say?"

"Speak softly, sweet Miss; it's something very great; nobody must hear it. Why,—Father Xavier spoke to little Marie!"

"Indeed! and what did he say to her?" said Pauline, imitating the tone of surprise and mysterious air of the sweet child.

"Why, he said—now listen, sweet Miss—he said: 'What is your name, my little lady?' and I told him."

"And what then?"

"Why, then he asked me where I lived: and I told him that, too."

"And then you ran home to tell me?" said Pauline.

"No; not yet, sweet Miss. He saw me at church, and he asked me, would I join the Catechism class?"

"And then?"

"Why, I told him if he would ask sweet Miss Pauline; so I waited to see if he would come: and he will. Just look out of the window, sweet Miss."

She did so; and sure enough, there was good Father Xavier, walking slowly up the lane towards the house, intently reading his office as he approached. A few minutes elapsed, and his gentle rap was heard at the door. Aunt Martha answered the summons, and was not a little surprised,—maybe offended,—that it was nobody but the old Catholic priest.

"Is Miss Seward at home?" he mildly inquired.

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"Yes,"—sir, following at an interval sufficiently long to show it was reluctantly added.

"I wish to see her," continued Father Xavier.

Mistress Martha, having no authority to dismiss her lady's visitors, was fain to go and acquaint Pauline that the priest desired to see her, muttering, as she went: "*I* know the crotchet that's got in Miss Pauline's head, and no old priest is going to come around here like if I can help it." But as, in this case, at least, she could not help it, she announced her message, and received for reply:

"Invite Father Xavier into the parlour, and tell him Miss Seward will be there in a few moments."

Father Xavier was not unused to the coarse and vulgar insults of ignorance; and charitably attributing it in the present instance to that cause, thanked Aunt Martha for her politeness, and took the seat she had jerked towards him.

Pauline presently entered the room, and bowing gracefully to the Father, as she passed onward to a seat, begged to know to what cause she was "indebted to—Father Xavier, I believe—for a visit."

Father Xavier acknowledged his name by a bow, and excused himself for the intrusion, by stating that he had, during several weeks last past, observed an interesting child at the Catechism class, whose attention to the instructions was so marked as to excite his curiosity to learn more respecting her; that by questioning her, he had discovered she was a Catholic, and that she desired to be permitted to attend his instructions, but could not do so, unless "sweet Miss Pauline,"—by whom, he understood Miss Seward,—would first grant her permission; and that it was to obtain this per-

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mission, he had ventured to present himself at the cottage.

Miss Seward expressed her pleasure, that Father Xavier should interest himself so much in her ward; and added, that nothing would afford her more satisfaction, than that he should instruct her in all that pertained to the faith and practice of his church. She also thought proper to detail to him her history, from the night of her rescue.

Father Xavier was very much interested in the account, and at its conclusion inquired her name.

"That we have no means of ascertaining, further, than, that she calls herself Marie; and, that upon a part of her dress, when found, were worked in silk, the initials, 'M. N.' The dress we have not kept, but that part containing the letters has been cut out, and is carefully preserved, with the hope it may sooner or later be of use in establishing her identity."

The Rev. gentleman thanked Miss Seward, and arose to take his leave. Mingled emotions, which she herself could not describe, for some time prevented Pauline from making any reference to the subject, which had so recently excited her to seek an interview with some intelligent priest, and now that she so unexpectedly enjoyed the presence of one, in her own house, she could not summon the resolution to speak. She at first attributed it to propriety, but just as the opportunity was escaping her, perhaps for ever, she rebuked herself for cowardice, and making a desperate effort, said:

"Father Xavier, I beg that you will not deem it impertinent in me to make reference to the doctrines of your church, but there are two or three points with respect to which my curiosity impels me to seek the

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explanation. If you could afford me the information I desire, I should be extremely indebted to you."

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure, Miss Seward, to impart any information in my power, respecting our most holy faith; and if you will intimate at what time it would suit your convenience, I shall be most happy to serve you," replied Father Xavier.

"I should prefer that it be as soon as possible; but otherwise, wish that you will name such a time as will suit yourself:" said Pauline.

"To-morrow, then, I will with pleasure listen to whatever Miss Seward may wish to say:" and the worthy priest bade her a good morning and withdrew.

Pauline was too happy for the remainder of that day to think of any thing but of the morrow.

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CHAPTER XVI.

But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.—SPENSER.

THE morrow came, beautiful and bright, and with it the coveted interview. Our heroine, without making any general reference to her state of mind or previous and protracted course of inquiry, simply stated to the worthy priest that she had been examining some points of Catholic Faith; that she had met with important doctrines, which seemed to her, if not directly opposed to scripture, at least requiring considerable explanation before she could admit their reasonableness. She stated as the principal difficulty, the doctrine of penance. She did not perceive how insisting so much upon *works*, human performances, as she termed them, was reconcilable to the spiritual character of the Gospel. "To suppose that our feeble performances," she continued, "will be available in securing our salvation, seems to me to dishonour Christ, inasmuch as by them, we, as it were, declare the work of redemption imperfect, and presume to supply its defects by self-imposed mortification and other vain performances."

"It is no cause of surprise, Miss Seward," replied Father Xavier, "that you should have fallen into that misconception of the Catholic Faith; but if, as I suppose

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from your candour, you will dispassionately listen to me, you will soon acknowledge that the Catholic doctrine of penance has a far different scope from that which you attribute to it. It is the error into which all Protestants fall, when discussing our tenets. I have brought with me a little book, the title of which is no doubt familiar to you. It is 'The Catholic Misrepresented and Represented.' Previous to my explation of the doctrine in question, permit me to read from it.

"Of merit and good works. The Catholic *misrepresented*, believes Christ's death and passion to be ineffectual, and insignificant, and that he has no dependence upon the merits of his sufferings, or the mercy of God for obtaining salvation; but that he is to be saved by his own merits. And, for this reason, he is very busy in fasting, in watching, in going in procession, in wearing hair-cloth, and in doing a thousand suchlike mortifications; and having done these, he thinks himself not at all beholden to God for his salvation, and that to give him heaven will be no favour; it being now his due, upon the account of his meritorious achievements, without any of God's mercy through Christ's passion, or his Maker's goodness."

"Such is precisely what I have been led to suppose;" said Pauline.

"But nothing could be farther from the Catholic's belief:" responded Father Xavier. "The Catholic *truly represented*," he continued to read, "believes it damnable to say that Christ's death and passion is ineffectual and insignificant; and that it is the doctrine of devils to believe that he has no dependence for his salvation upon the merits of Christ's sufferings, or the mercy of God; but only upon his own merits and

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good works. It is his faith to believe, that of ourselves we are not sufficient so much as to think a good thought; that grace by which we are justified, is given us purely gratis upon the account of Christ's merits; moreover, that no man, how just soever, can merit any thing either in this life, or in that which is to come, independent of the merits and passion of Jesus Christ; nevertheless, that through the merits of Christ, the good works of a just man proceeding from grace, are so acceptable to God, that through his goodness and promise, they are truly meritorious of eternal life. And this he has learned from the apostle, 2 Tim. iv. 8, where he is taught that there is a crown of justice, which our Lord, a just Judge, will render at the last day: not only to St. Paul, but also to all those, that shall have fought a good fight, and consummated their course, kept the faith, and loved his coming. Knowing therefore that at the day of judgment, he is to receive according to his *works*; he endeavours by good works to make his vocation and election sure; as says St. Peter. 2 Epistle, i. 10. And in following this counsel, he thinks he no more offends against the fulness of the merits of Christ, or God's mercy, than the apostles do in giving it."

"How beautifully clear!" involuntarily exclaimed Pauline; "I have heard that doctrine a hundred times expressed in Protestant pulpits, and perhaps by the same preachers, who had a moment before given a distorted view of what the Catholic believes. If that be Catholic doctrine, I believe and at once dismiss my fears."

"Such is precisely the Catholic's belief, Miss Seward; and although I have myself, in conversing with some Protestants, discovered that, unconsciously to

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themselves perhaps, they were holding and teaching Catholic truth, not only on this but upon other points; yet this is far from being a Protestant doctrine. Those of them who hold it, have borrowed it from us; those who deny it, in so far, add another to the many proofs that they have no claim to the name Catholic. Luther was of this latter class. The apostle St. James had written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, that by *works* a man is justified and *not by faith only*, chap. ii. 24. This doctrine did not please the indolent monk. Works cost him too much trouble; he must have an easier mode of getting to heaven, so he quarrels with St. James, calls his epistle an epistle of 'straw,' and sets up justification 'by faith alone.' The epistle to the Romans came very near falling under the like censure by him. The Holy Ghost, speaking by the mouth of St. Paul, had omitted the word ALONE. Luther impiously adds that word to the sacred text; and when his Protestant brethren remonstrated with him for his intolerable corruption of the Word of God, he obstinately persisted in it, saying: 'So I will, so I command; let my will be instead of reason:' and a little farther on he thus concludes: 'The word ALONE must remain in my New Testament. Although all the Papists run mad they shall not take it from thence: it grieves me that I did not also add two other words.'* But perhaps, Miss Seward, I am only wearying instead of instructing you."

"Not at all, Father; on the contrary I am much interested. Please to proceed."

"I was about to give you a more explicit explanation, and the Scripture proofs, of the doctrine of Pe-

* Luther's Works, tom. 5, Germ. fol. p. 141, 144.

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nance. The principal parts of true Repentance or Penance are three: 1. A sincere regret and sorrow of heart for our having offended so good a God by sin. 2. A firm and determined resolution of never offending him again, followed by an effectual change of life and manners. And 3. A voluntary punishing ourselves for the sins we have committed, in order to repair the injury done to God by sin, and satisfy, in some measure, his offended justice."

"The first and second parts of your definition, Father, I can easily comprehend; but the latter part presents difficulties, which my Protestant education repels."

"And be assured, Miss Seward, that it is your Protestant education alone, that repels it; for it is not only supported by reason, but most clearly, as I am about to show, by Revelation. In the first place, it is a rule of God's justice never to let sin go unpunished. This is proved by the following passages of Scripture, among many others: 'I feared all my works, knowing that thou didst not spare the offender.' Job ix. 28. 'God has spoken once, these two things have I heard, that power belongeth to God, and mercy to thee, O Lord! for thou wilt render to every man according to his works.' Ps. lxi. 12, 13. Our Saviour also says: 'The Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, and then he will render to every man according to his works.' Mat. xvi. 27. These establish the general principle of retribution. Now let us inquire whence arises the obligation of our punishing ourselves for our sins; and how it comes to be a part of true repentance.

"It is by the appointment and express command of God; who has laid down our doing penance for our

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sins, as a necessary part of true repentance; and who requires at least the sincere will to do it, as a condition of obtaining pardon. And this appears by the following testimonies from holy Scripture.

"1. 'Gird yourself with hair-cloth, lament and howl, for the fierce anger of the Lord is not turned away from us—wash thy heart from wickedness, O Jerusalem! that thou mayest be saved.' Jer. iv. 8, 14. 'Now therefore, saith the Lord; be converted to me with all your heart, in fasting, and in weeping, and in mourning.' Joel ii. 12. In these texts we see, that doing penitential works is joined with the other conditions of true repentance, as necessary to avert the anger of God, and find mercy with him.

"2. 'When all the people went out to St. John Baptist, to be baptized by him, he said: Ye offspring of vipers, who hath shewed you to flee from the wrath to come?—Bring forth fruits worthy of penance' (or repentance.) Luke iii. 7, 8. And hence, when the people asked the Baptist, 'What shall we do?' he enjoined upon them two of the principal penitential works, to wit, alms-giving, and mercy to others: 'He that hath two coats,' says he, 'let him give to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do in like manner.' ver. 11. And our blessed Saviour, when denouncing wo to Corozain and Bethsaida, says: 'If in Tyre and Sidon had been wrought the mighty works that have been wrought in you, they would have done penance long ago, sitting in sackcloth and ashes.' Luke x. 13. Thus mentioning penitential works as evidence of repentance.

"And finally, that the doing penance is the true sense of the above texts, appears beyond all contradiction, from the examples of both saints and sinners,

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who are recorded in the Scripture as being most assiduous in performing this duty. From many let us select the following instances.

"1. Of Achab, King of Israel, it is said, 'There was not such another as Achab, who was sold to do evil in the sight of the Lord.' The prophet Elias was sent to denounce him: 'And when Achab heard these words, he rent his garments, and put hair-cloth upon his flesh, and fasted, and slept in sackcloth, and walked with his head cast down.' 3 Kings xxi. The wickedness of the people of Ninive was so great, that God resolved to destroy it; and he sent his prophet, Jonas, to preach, 'Yet forty days, and Ninive shall be destroyed. And the men of Ninive believed in God: and they proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest to the least. And the king cast away his robe from him, and was clothed in sackcloth, and sat in ashes. And God saw their works, that they were turned from their evil way: and God had mercy with regard to the evil which he had said that he would do to them, and he did it not.' Jonas iii. 4, 10. It is from this example of the Ninivites our Saviour takes occasion to inculcate, in the strongest terms, the necessity of doing penance. 'The men of Ninive,' says he, 'shall rise in judgment with this generation and shall condemn it: because they did penance at the preaching of Jonas. And behold a greater than Jonas is here.' Mat. xii. 41.

"2. St. Paul had been a persecutor of the Church of Christ; but when he was perfectly reconciled to Christ, and made an apostle, his constant preaching to the Jews was the necessity of doing penance; now, to understand that the penance he preached was not a mere sorrow of the heart alone, but such a sorrow

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as manifested itself by doing works worthy of penance, see his own example; though he was a chosen vessel, an apostle, a friend of Christ, that had been taken up to the third heaven, yet he says: 'I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection: lest perhaps, when I have preached to others, I myself should become a cast-away.' 1 Cor. ix. 27. St. Paul! the chosen vessel! is afraid of losing his soul! and as one necessary means to prevent that, 'chastises his body, and brings it into subjection!' Can any thing more incontestably show the necessity of doing penance? and that a repentance, which brought forth such fruits of penance was the repentance so constantly inculcated by this apostle?"

"Anna, the prophetess, is praised in Scripture, because she 'departed not from the temple, by fasts and prayers serving night and day.' Luke ii. 37. And finally, we frequently read in the Acts and Epistles of the apostles, of their fastings and watchings. Now, what could induce so many, both saints and sinners, to employ themselves so much in doing things so contrary to flesh and blood, so disagreeable to our natural inclinations, so destructive to self-love, as all the penitential works here recited are, but the full conviction that all sins, great and small, must be punished; that the justice of God would let none go unpunished; and that he requires of all, as a part of true repentance, that we should co-operate with his divine justice in punishing ourselves.* It is moreover no injury to Christ, since Christ himself, and his apostles, in fine, the whole revelation of God teach us, on the contrary, that it is our bounden duty; and that if we do it not,

* Bishop Hay's Sincere Christian.

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that is, if we thus bring not forth the fruit of true repentance, we shall, like the barren fig-tree, be cut down as cumberers of the ground." Luke xiii. 7.

"You have certainly succeeded, Father, in proving that penitential works are a necessary part of true repentance; but I had always regarded those scriptural instances of self-mortification by the saints of the Old and New Testaments, as antiquated, and not belonging to ourselves."

"Ah! my dear lady, that is a prime error of the whole Protestant world. Every thing that is hard for flesh and blood to bear is too antiquated for them; hence the old paths must be deserted, and new ones marked out, that are more easy and agreeable; the gentle and easy doctrines of Scripture are preached; those, difficult of practice, merged, or perhaps, like this one of Penance, denied altogether. The people will not go to heaven unless they can travel there in glass slippers. I tremble when I think of those words of holy Writ: 'Thus saith the Lord God: wo to them that sew cushions under every elbow: and make pillows for the heads of persons of every age to catch souls.' Ezec. xiii. 18."

"But is there no danger, Father, that the penance given to penitents in the confessional, may beguile them to place the hope of their forgiveness in the mere performance of those works, to the jeopardy of the more spiritual parts of true repentance,—those which relate to the heart and amendment of life,—and thus, practically, teach a doctrine opposed to the Word of God?"

"Were penitents not instructed in the nature of true repentance, they might of course fall into any error respecting it, however absurd. But they are instructed;

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hence, if any should do as you say, Miss Seward, and instead of the whole, perform merely a part of their known duty, upon their own heads must rest the responsibility of the crime of sacrilege, and the final and irreparable loss of their souls. But, Miss Seward, it is those who make this charge against the Catholic doctrine of true penance, and those alone, who incur the fearful responsibility of jeopardizing souls, and of misleading them by teaching a doctrine not to be found in the sacred Scriptures, 'repentance without works.' They alone mutilate the divine precept, and teach the people to be satisfied with doing but half their duty.

"Let those who boast so much of being guided by the Bible, the Bible alone, follow its teaching on this subject, and they will then not only preach works of penance, but practise them; and when they practise them they will feel the necessity of having grades, that is, more severe, or less severe penitential works to perform; and, as all persons are not wise, some will need teachers to appoint those works; this will necessarily lead to confession of sins; and thus, by following the Word of God, the doctrines of penance and confession are plainly and fully made out."

"That is precisely what I was going to ask you to speak about, Father; for though I might be willing to confess my sins, I do not see by what authority that most onerous of all the duties which the Catholic has to perform,—confession of sins to a priest,—is imposed."

"By the authority of Christ, who instituted it, Miss Seward; by the authority of the apostles, who enjoined it; and by the authority of the primitive church, which constantly practised it, as has the church in every age."

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"Authority weighty enough, one would think, truly," said Pauline, "if it can be sustained."

"The books which you have in your possession," said Father Xavier, "discuss the subject at large; I must necessarily be brief."

"Where do we find the institution of this duty by our Saviour?"

"In those parts of the gospel where He gave to the pastors of his church, in the persons of his apostles, the power of forgiving and retaining sins, and passed his sacred word, that, when they forgave a penitent's sins, they are actually forgiven, that is, are washed away from his soul by the grace of God then poured upon it. This is based upon the following testimony:

"1. 'And behold, they brought him a man sick of the palsy lying on a bed. And Jesus seeing their faith, said to the man sick of the palsy: Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee. And behold some of the scribes said within themselves: He blasphemeth. And Jesus, seeing their thoughts, said: Why do you think evil in your hearts? Whether is it easier, to say, thy sins are forgiven thee: or to say, Arise and walk? But that you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith he to the sick of the palsy,) Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house; and he arose, and went into his house. And the multitude seeing it, feared, and glorified God that gave such power to men.' Matt. ix. 2, 8.

"Here we see that our blessed Saviour publicly wrought a miracle, with the express intention of proving, that 'he, AS MAN, hath power on earth to forgive sins;' and that it had the desired effect upon the mul-

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titude, who were convinced by the miracle, that he had this power, and 'glorified God, who had given such power to MEN.' Christ, therefore, even as man, was sent by his Father, with this power."

"Yes; but Christ was God," said Pauline; "I cannot admit that this was sufficient to establish the necessity of confessing to a mere man."

"That follows," replied Father Xavier, "for on the very day of his resurrection, when he appeared to his apostles, he said to them, 'as the Father hath sent me, I also send you.'—John xx. 21; consequently, with the same powers that I, as man, am sent by my Father, I also send you, as my substitutes, as pastors of my church. And that there might be no doubt, that in these words he included the power of forgiving sins,—yes, to show that this was *particularly* included in them, he immediately 'breathed on them, and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them: and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.'—John xx. 22. Where we see, that, in the clearest and most express terms, he gives them the power of forgiving sins, in such a manner, that when they, here on earth, exercise this power, by passing sentence of forgiveness upon a penitent sinner, their sentence is ratified in heaven, and the sins of the penitent are actually forgiven.

"2. I also said that confession was enjoined by the authority of the apostles. St. James says: 'Confess your sins one to another, and pray for one another, that you may be saved.'—James v. 16."

"Yes; but that is a very different thing from confessing in private, in the ear of a priest," interposed Pauline.

"I am about to show you, Miss Seward," responded

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Father Xavier, "that it is identically the same thing. The seeming difficulty of the words, 'one to another,' disappears, when we reflect, that sacramental confession does not necessarily require that it should be done in private; for, in the primitive ages, and in the Apostolic times, confessions were sometimes made in public, before the whole people. But, whether in public or private, it was always considered of necessary obligation, in order to obtain forgiveness by the absolution of the priest. As both ways were then practised, St. James used the above expression, of 'confessing one to another,' to include both; but declares, that this confession, made to a priest, whether to him alone, in private, or in the presence of others, who did the same, and confessed in public to or before one another, is a necessary condition of salvation. The Apostle St. Paul gives us an example of its necessity, and his use of it, in the person of the incestuous Corinthian; and, that this is precisely the scope and meaning of the divine Founder of his church, is evident from the unvarying practice of that church at all times, even to the present day. The following evidence is ample on this point:

"3. Tertullian lived in the second century. Speaking of sacramental confession, he says: 'This act consists in the confession of our sins to the Lord; not as if he knew it not, but, inasmuch as confession leads to satisfaction; whence also penitence flows, and by penitence God is mollified. Wherefore, confession is the discipline of prostration and humiliation, enjoining such conduct as may draw down mercy. It regulates dress and diet; and teaches, among other penitential acts, to fast, to pray, to weep day and night before the Lord, *to fall down before the priests*,

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to kneel at the altars, and to invoke the intercession of the brethren.'* He then proceeds to state the happy effects of this institution of our Lord; and adds, with as much point as if he had been writing for the instruction of the present generation: 'But most people, affected more by shame than attentive to salvation, decline this work, as a publishing their own failings, or put it off from day to day: just as men, who having some malady, which they are ashamed to exhibit to the eye of a physician, prefer to perish rather than make it known.' And still farther on, in his treatise upon penitence, he says, 'If you still draw back, let your mind turn to that eternal fire, which confession will extinguish,—why are you an enemy to your own salvation, knowing that it was instituted by the Lord?'† St. Cyprian, of the following century, among many other good things on the subject, says: 'I entreat you, my brethren, let all confess their faults, while he that has offended enjoys life; while his confession can be received, and while the satisfaction and pardon imparted *by the priests* are acceptable before God.'‡

"In all these quotations, Miss Seward will discover that confession to a priest was practised, that pardon was imparted, and that penitential works were ever enjoined upon the penitent, by the priest, and that both were taught and practised in the church on the authority of their being instituted by our Lord. I will add but one more, and conclude the subject. It is taken from St. Chrysostom's work on the Priesthood, b. iii. 'To the priests is given a power, which God would not give

* De Pœnit. c. ix. p. 169.

† De Pœnit. c. ix. p. 170.

‡ De Lapsis, p. 190.

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either to the angels or archangels, for to these it was not said, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Earthly princes have, indeed, their power of binding, but it is only for the body; but the binding of the priests reaches even to the soul, and ascends to the heavens; insomuch that what the priests do below, God ratifies above; and the master confirms the sentence of the servant.'

"Oh! Miss Seward," said Father Xavier, rising: "I confess that when I reflect upon the abundant evidence, which Scripture, reason, all antiquity, and all succeeding time, give to the support of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic church, I tremble for the safety of the souls of those who turn their backs upon her, and never speak but to vilify and blaspheme."

Miss Seward, being deeply impressed with what she had heard, made no reply; and waiving the formalities of society, passed on with the worthy priest to the door of the cottage.

"What charming shrubbery adorns the cottage grounds! Miss Seward," said he, when they had reached the portico; "and the rarest flowers that bloom in the valley! I almost tremble for the integrity with which I keep the tenth commandment, while I look at them."

"Well, Father," replied Pauline, smiling, "rather than, that you should break a commandment, I will present you with whatever plants you fancy."

"Now, you are more generous than I could wish," replied the Father. "In a few weeks we are to have a visit from our worthy bishop, at which time he will confirm the children of my parish; and as it is a

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custom among us to adorn the altar with flowers, I was tempted to desire some of them temporarily."

"Certainly, Father," said Pauline, "you shall have them; and, if you will accept of the offer, my services in arranging them."

"Thank you! thank you! Miss Seward; we will accept of both with the greatest cordiality. Now that I think of it, I would also ask, if, in case your young ward, little Marie, is prepared to receive confirmation when the bishop arrives, we have your permission to confer it upon her?"

"Most certainly, Father; and any other rite you may deem necessary. You must remember that I am a schismatic, and therefore can do nothing for her myself, and am, indeed, very glad to transfer her to hands so worthy as your own. As far, however, as the catechism is concerned, you will not find her very deficient. I have frequently heard her say it, and, perhaps, owe a little of the liberality, as you term it, of this morning, to what I have by that means learned."

"Almighty God grant, my dear lady, that the light which you now enjoy may be but the dawning of a perfect day!"

As the worthy man departed, the Amen to that prayer was fervently made in the depths of Pauline's heart. It fell not on mortal ear, but, borne by her guardian angel to the chancery of heaven, was recorded in the book of everlasting life.

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CHAPTER XVII.

She moved along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short;
The hallow'd hour was near at hand; she sighs
Amid the timbrils and the throng'd resort—
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn.—KEATS.

PAULINE had received many communications from her father and friends in the city; all of which conveyed the pleasing intelligence, that the peace of the city was being restored; and that, although deeply rooted prejudices were aroused, there was an evident reaction among the most enlightened citizens, in favour of the persecuted. Among these letters were two in print; sent jointly by Miss Crawford and Miss Stephens. One of these was written and published by the magistrate, Hugh Clair, who, it had been said, caused a female teacher of one of the public schools to throw a Bible out of the window; the other, was by that teacher herself; both denying the accusation, and both accompanied by their affidavits that no such outrage was ever perpetrated or attempted. And in order to deprive the malicious of even the shadow of an excuse, to support the calumny, still a third letter was added, signed by all the teachers, certifying, that nothing of the kind, in any shape or form, was ever required of, or done by any of them. The following is the certificate of those teachers:

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"The undersigned principal teachers in the Public Schools, take pleasure in stating that Hugh Clair, one of the Directors of the schools, has never ordered, directed, or instructed, either or any of us, to dispense with the reading of the Bible in our schools, or interposed any obstruction to that exercise, as pursued by us under the instructions of the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools."

"There!" exclaimed our heroine, "I was certain, that time would expose the falsity of that charge, as it, and investigation, do the ten thousand others, which malignity utters against an abused Faith and people. Hail! O most holy Faith! I shall yet possess thee. Hail! O persecuted children! I shall yet enjoy your fellowship! Well hath our blessed Lord said: 'They have persecuted me, they will also persecute you;' but, 'blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, falsely, for my name sake.'"

Treasure those sacred words, Pauline, the time may come when thou wilt need all thy courage to lean on their support.

The tide of time rolled smoothly on. It was the day before that of the Confirmation. Pauline tremblingly knelt, for a moment, before the altar of God, previous to commencing her pleasing floral task. Marie, ever her companion, knelt beside her. They arose, and assiduously toiled. Never before did the altar of the Church of 'The Holy Innocents' wear such beauteous livery. Bright blooming wreaths twined through the golden candlesticks, and crept in sinuous curves above the tabernacle, then fell in luxuriant drapery in front and on either side, while mimic cherubs peeped through the flowers and shrubbery as

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once they did in Paradise. A triumphal arch, of pure white roses, was erected over the door of the chancel, through which the youthful soldiers of the cross would have to pass in the order of the ceremony. This was surmounted by a dove, with the inscription suspended from its beak: "Suffer the little children to come unto me—for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It was the sacredness of the place alone, that restrained little Marie, as she gazed upon it, from shouts of joy. Pauline herself was not a little impressed with the imposing, and to her new, effect of her own display of taste; and she was still devoting some lingering glances at its beauty, when Father Xavier appeared at the interior door of the church, and beckoned to her. As she approached the door, he whispered:

"I have a surprise for you, Miss Seward. Come with me;" and conducting her to the parlour, he said:

"Monseigneur Henrie, permit me to present to you Miss Seward, a resident of your city, but at present the patroness of Leflore."

Pauline blushed as she was led forward, and thought it almost inexcusable in Father Xavier to have treated her so unceremoniously. The bishop, however, restored her composure by his blandness of manner; and rising as he spoke, familiarly said:

"I have had the pleasure of meeting with Miss Seward before. Is the interesting child that I saw with you, Miss Seward, still under your care?"

"Yes, bishop, she is; and a thousand times dearer to me each passing day; indeed, I should not know how to live without her. She ought to be here now;" and turning, as if in expectation of her approach, found her crouched closely behind her.

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"Come here, my sweet child;" said the bishop. "How do you do?"

"Little Marie does very well: she has not been ———;" she intended to say 'naughty,' but after a moment's confusion, she said: "Little Marie tries to be good."

"God bless you, my child," said the bishop, and turning to Pauline, he observed, "this is the eve of a very interesting ceremony, Miss Seward."

"Yes, bishop; and though altogether new to me, I find my enthusiasm quite as much aroused as that of the children."

"We shall then probably have the pleasure of Miss Seward's presence to-morrow," said the bishop.

"Father Xavier has appropriated to me a seat, and insists that I am bound to occupy it, which I have promised to do, on condition that I receive so much of the honours of the day, as to have the bishop and him to dine with me, at Eglenton, after the ceremonies."

"That we shall be very happy to do, Miss Seward," responded the bishop.

Pauline soon after withdrew, and returned to the cottage.

Sunday, of all the days of the week the brightest and best, awoke the villagers of Leflore to the consciousness of their superior importance, on that day at least, especially of so many of them as had children to be confirmed. In view of the protracted and laborious, though pleasing services of the morning, it was of some importance to keep the youthful candidates asleep as long as possible. But all idea of sleep was banished from their bright eyes with the first beams of the sun, as he peeped into their humble chambers; and such a

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buzzing and bouncing as that which now aroused the humble cottagers, had not for a long time invaded their peaceful domicils. In due time, the children were decked in their pure white habiliments. The girls, instead of bonnets, were covered with snowy veils, and crowned with wreaths of white roses. Nine o'clock was the time appointed for the commencement of the ceremonies. Long before that hour, the candidates had assembled at the old school-house, and, arranged in pairs, moved forward, with little Marie at their head, towards the Gothic chapel of 'The Holy Innocents.' Its old ivy-covered walls resounded to the peals of their merry bells. The ivy itself, the shrubbery, the very grass, which spread its soft covering for their tiny feet, and the flowers, all seemed to brighten with joy as the long line approached; while the solemn old oaks and the ancient denizens of the mountains and valley nodded their dignified approval.

As the procession entered the church, the organ and choir welcomed the youthful band. Awed by the sacred presence, they moved slowly up the aisles to their respective places, where they bowed in deep devotion, while the venerable bishop with his clergy and attendants advanced towards the altar and commenced the august Sacrifice.

"'I will go unto the altar of God: to God who giveth joy to my youth:—I confess to Almighty God, and before all the saints of heaven, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault:' were the opening words of the divine service, uttered by the holy prelate, as he struck his breast in deep abasement of soul; like the publican in the gospel, not daring to lift so much as his eyes towards heaven,

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while he continued to cry for mercy: "Kyrie eleison; Christe eleison; Kyrie eleison; Lord have mercy on us; Christ have mercy on us; Lord have mercy on us." After which, in the full hope of the pardon of a merciful Father, and with an elevated voice and attitude, "Gloria in excelsis Deo," gushed from his overcharged heart, and was re-echoed by every voice in that vast congregation, which, till now prostrate, arose, and with one heart, and one voice gave 'glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will.' Pauline's breast heaved with uncontrollable emotions; and scarcely knowing whether she were in heaven or on earth, and those the saints she saw before her crowned, and clothed in white, joined in the loud thanksgiving as she had before supplicated the mercy of the divine Arbiter of her destiny.

The long-expected moment had now arrived. The bishop turned towards the congregation, and for a moment regarded the band of youthful candidates with a look of calm delight; and then, in language so plain that the humblest might understand, and at the same time all be edified, said:

"My dear children, I need not ask you what is Confirmation. You have been instructed to regard it as a sacrament instituted by our Lord for the sanctification of our souls, by bringing down the Holy Ghost in a more particular manner to dwell in them.

"It is known to be a sacrament, because it has the three things required to constitute it such. First: That it has the outward visible sign, or action, performed; Second: That it is a certain means of bringing grace to the soul; and Third: That it has Christ for its author.

"The outward and visible sign in Confirmation, as

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laid down in scripture, consists of three things. 1. The bishop to whom it belongs to give Confirmation, stretching out his hand over those that are to be confirmed, prays for them all in general that the Holy Ghost may come down upon them with his sevenfold graces or gifts, of Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety, and the Fear of the Lord. 2. Coming to each one in particular, he lays his hands upon him; and 3. At the same time anoints his forehead with the holy chrism in the form of the cross, saying these words: 'I sign thee with the sign of the cross, I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

"The scripture proofs of this are found in the Acts of the Apostles, where we are told that when St. Philip, the deacon, had, by his preachings and miracles, converted the Samaritans, 'they were baptized both men and women.' Which, when the apostles who were at Jerusalem had heard; 'they sent them Peter and John; who, when they were come, 1st. Prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost—then 2d. Laid their hands upon them, and they received the Holy Ghost.' Acts viii. 12, 17. Here it is evidently seen, that prayer and the laying on of their hands, were the outward means used by these apostles, by which the Holy Ghost was communicated to their souls; prayer as a preparation, and the laying on of their hands as the immediate means appointed for that purpose.

"Again: the scripture, speaking on any subject, does not always mention every circumstance respecting it in one place, but sometimes mentions one circumstance, sometimes another; and it is by collecting

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these different passages together, that we have the whole. St. Paul, speaking of this sacrament, in his epistle to the Corinthians, describes it thus: 'Now he that confirmeth us with you in Christ, and he that hath anointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us; and given the pledge of the Spirit in our hearts.' 2 Cor. i. 21, 22. In these words he both mentions the confirming us, and the anointing us, and also the sealing us, or the sacred character which this sacrament imprints in our souls; and, at the same time declares, that all this is the work of God; that is, that God is the author of it. From these two passages we have the whole of this sacrament explained to us, both as to the outward action, as above described, and the inward grace, or the sacred effects which it produces in the soul of the worthy recipient.

"That this exposition of the Sacred Scripture is the just one, and true, is rendered evident by the universal teaching of true faith in all ages. The following examples must for the present suffice.

"St. Cyprian flourished in the third century. On this subject he writes: 'It is moreover necessary, that he who has been baptized, *should be anointed*, in order that, having received the chrism, that is the unction, he may be the anointed of God, and possess the grace of Christ.'* Again: 'They who had believed in Samaria, (*Acts* viii.) had believed with a true faith; and were baptized in the One Church by Philip, whom the apostles had sent. And therefore, because their baptism was legitimate, it was not to be repeated. That alone, which was wanting, was supplied by Peter and John; that by prayer and *the imposition of hands*, they might

*Ep. lxx. ad Jan. p. 125.

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receive the Holy Ghost. The same thing is now done by us, when they who have been baptized in the church, are presented to the bishops, that by our prayer and the imposition of hands, they may receive the divine Spirit, and be perfected by the seal of the Lord.'*

"Tertullian, who wrote near a century earlier, says: 'Then coming out from the font, *we are anointed with the holy unction*, agreeably to the ancient discipline, when priests were anointed. And the name of Christ is from *chrism*, which is unction.'†

"I will omit the testimony of many individual Fathers, and close with the more general testimony of the Council of Laodicea. It was held during the fourth century; at which time, the collective wisdom of the church, overshadowed by the Holy Ghost, said: 'Whoever are converted from heresy, be they baptized, or be they catechumens, they may not be admitted till they shall have renounced all heresy; and then being instructed, and *anointed with the Holy Chrism*, they may be admitted to the sacred mysteries.‡ Again: 'They who have been instructed, must, after baptism, be *anointed with the Celestial Chrism*, and be made partakers, of the kingdom of Christ.'§

"St. John Chrysostom asks: 'Why had not they who were baptized, (*Acts* viii.) received the Holy Ghost? Perhaps in this Philip meant to honour those apostles, who were soon to come; or because he could not himself bestow the gift. He was probably one of the seven Deacons; for which reason he baptized, but

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* Ep. lxxiii. p. 132.
† De Bap. c. 7.
‡ Can. vii. t. i. p. 1497.
§ Can. xlviii. p. 5105.

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he could not bestow the Holy Spirit. This belonged to the apostles.' "*

Pauline's attention was closely riveted throughout this lucid exposition of the sacrament whose administration she was about to witness. Especially was her interest excited at that part of the discourse, which practically enforced the divine precept.

"We give," continued the bishop, "a slight stroke upon the cheek of the persons confirmed, to remind them that if they expect to reign with Christ they must first suffer with and for him; and if necessary, die for him. My children, our lot has been cast by an all-wise Providence upon evil times: but nevertheless, you must profess your faith openly; deny your religion on no occasion whatsoever; but, like good soldiers of Christ, be faithful unto death. In the spiritual warfare in which you are about to engage, you will be exposed to many and violent temptations; you will find your foes numerous and strong; and you will have need to exercise all your vigilance to make your calling and election sure. Commenee your new life with these four things: diffidence in yourselves; confidence in God; the good use of all the powers of your body and soul; and the exercise of prayer. And in every conflict with the enemy, remember, that He who is for you, is God; and that if God be for you, none can successfully contend against you. That you may fight your spiritual combat well, and finally receive the crown which is laid up for all that endure unto the end, is the rich blessing that I wish you, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The sermon ended:

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* Hom. xviii. Act. Apost.

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"Soldiers of Christ, arise;
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son;

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror,"—

were the beautifully appropriate words, that inspired the melody of a thousand voices in that vast and deeply absorbed assembly, as the children, and several converts of a mature age, arose and moved forward towards the altar; there to receive by the hands of the bishop, as the ambassador of heaven, the ineffable gift of the Holy Ghost.

Little Marie, as in the procession, led the way. Her thin white veil was thrown back from her face. Her countenance, always sweet, was rendered angelic by devotion. She moved slowly forward, and ascending the steps of the altar, kneeled before the venerable prelate. He raised his hands over her and fervently prayed:

"O Almighty, everlasting God, who hast vouchsafed to regenerate this thy servant by water and the Holy Ghost, and who hast given her the remission of all her sins; send forth upon her thy sevenfold Holy Spirit, the Comforter, from heaven."

She meekly responded: "Amen."

"The spirit of wisdom and understanding."

"Amen."

"The spirit of council and of fortitude."

"Amen."

"The spirit of knowledge and of piety."

"Amen."

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"Replenish her with the spirit of thy fear, and sign her with the sign ✠ of the cross of Christ, in thy mercy, unto life everlasting. Through the same Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee in the unity of the same Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever."

"Amen."

Then the bishop made the sign of the cross with holy chrism, upon her forehead, saying:

"Marie Agnes, I sign thee with the sign of the cross, I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

After which, he gave her the slight stroke, with his finger, upon the cheek, in token that she should be willing, like a true soldier of Jesus, to suffer patiently all kinds of affronts and injuries for his Faith; and said:

"*Pax tecum*, Peace be with thee;" and added,

"May the Lord bless you from Sion, that you may see the good things of Jerusalem all the days of your life; and may have life everlasting."

The remembrance of her past sufferings rushed through her memory. As she bowed her head in meek submission, faintly murmuring the last, low "Amen," and as she arose to make room for those who were to follow, two crystal drops stood trembling on her cheeks. They fell; but a radiant smile spoke: "All is peace within."———

Early in the afternoon Miss Seward entertained her Right Rev. and Rev. guests. Of course, the day, the sacred character of the gentlemen, and Pauline's own religious feelings, all united to give the tone to their conversation. It was grave without being sanctimonious; cheerful without levity, and tempered with

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charity. Our heroine thought it a good opportunity to disabuse her mind of some lingering prejudices, imbibed, she scarcely knew how, with respect to the use and free circulation of the sacred Scriptures, in the Catholic Church; and some reference having been inadvertently made to the subject of her thoughts, she inquiringly observed:

"Bishop, since the commencement of my investigations of the Catholic Faith, I have often felt surprised that Protestants, who differ on all subjects, should so universally agree to charge it with suppressing the Bible. My astonishment has not been diminished by the knowledge of the fact, that in all the works, which I have examined, the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church are supported by copious reference to the word of God; which certainly contradicts the assertion. Why is this? and what can be said on the Catholic side of the question?"

"Why it is thus, Miss Seward," replied the Bishop, "they must explain, who fabricate their groundless assertions. As to what may be said on the Catholic side of the question, I would simply say, that every educated person knows, that from the moment the Holy Books came from the hands of their inspired authors, the Catholic Church seized them with holy violence; transcribed them with scrupulous exactitude; translated them into every known tongue, and disseminated them among the faithful, dispersed throughout the world; so that in the fourth century, St. Augustine witnesses that: "The number of persons, who had translated the Scriptures from the Hebrew into the Greek, *might be* computed, but that the number of those, who had translated the Greek into the Latin, *could not be computed*." And, from that time until the

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fifteenth century, holy priests and monks, in the retirement of the study or the cloister, demonstrated their undying attachment to the word of God, by devoting their lives to the work of engraving its sacred pages upon durable materials, transcribing, re-transcribing and translating them, as the unwearied pioneers of the Cross of Jesus, scattered throughout the world, won new trophies to his most holy Faith, in the conversion of whole nations, empires, continents, and the very islands of the seas; until the Bible was disseminated in the vulgar tongues of Syria, of Ethiopia, of Arabia, and of many other places, even of China—as well as of Germany, France and Italy, &c., &c. Yet we are charged with suppressing the Bible!

"And no sooner was the benign art of printing invented, than we behold these same pious labourers avail themselves of its advantages; throw aside their reeds and graving instruments; and for generations, in some cases for almost a century before even the name of Protestant was known, issuing numerous printed editions of the Holy Bible. And, as the early Christians, when they first received that sacred deposit, preferred death, to betraying their trust; so these, their worthy successors, in like manner, still preserved it inviolate, when the northern barbarians poured down upon them; and when the Saracen and Moor drank their blood; and still later, when the Protestants desecrated their altars, and tearing the Bible to pieces, scattered its surreptitious fragments through the world, instead of the entire pure word of God."

Father Xavier here excused himself on the plea of attending to his Catechism class and withdrew. After his departure Pauline continued:

"Bishop, permit me to ask why you speak of the

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Protestants as destroying the Bible, tearing it to pieces? That is certainly not consonant with their professions, at least."

"No, Miss Seward," he replied, "not with their professions, but most certainly with their practice. Protestants merit that name as much for their protestations against the inspired books as for their protestations against every thing else. They have from the first rejected and suppressed many books of holy writ; and some of them have had the temerity also to alter the sacred text itself, as they still do both it and the meaning of parts of those books they now retain. It was against this awful temerity that the Council of Trent raised its solemn denunciations. To use the caustic language of the sacred Council, 'being desirous to repress that temerity by which the *words and sentences* of the sacred Scriptures are turned and twisted to profane purposes; to scurrilous, fabulous, and vain things—to flattery, detractions, impious superstitions, and diabolical incantations, divinations, lots, and libels—she (the church) commands and orders to take away such irreverence and contempt, that no one, in future, shall dare in any manner to use the words of sacred Scripture, for these or similar purposes; that all such profane violators of the word of God shall be repressed by such punishments as the law has specified, or the bishops devise.'*

"With such zeal the Catholic church has ever endeavoured to preserve the Bible entire and pure. But, there are ever to be found, wicked, designing men, who wrest it to their own destruction. And when she, like a faithful mother, warns and implores them not to

* Coun. of Trent, sess. iv.

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give the infidel and foe of Christ reason to blaspheme, and reject their only hope, they charge her with hating the word of God itself, and withholding it to keep the people in ignorance. Had it not been for the Catholic church, Miss Seward, its foes would not have had even the remnant of the Bible which they now have; nor, perhaps, have heard of the saving name of Jesus. The Pagan, the Turk, the Moor, would, long before Protestantism came into existence, have committed its last page to the destroying element. Charges like that, then, come with a bad grace from such a source."

"Bishop, you said the Catholics were the first who made use of the art of printing to facilitate their issues of the Bible; I thought that was a claim which Protestants attach to themselves?"

"Yes, Miss Seward; but, pardon the figure, its application is irresistible: they attach it to themselves very much like a certain vain bird did the borrowed feathers. The following will set the subject in its true light.

"'The Catholic edition of Faust was printed at Mentz, in Germany, in 1462, more than half a century before Luther's *ex parte* translation, which was not issued until 1522–30. Bemler, also, issued an edition at Augsburg, in 1467, within five years of that by Faust. There were four other editions printed about the same time.

"'In France, the Catholic editions of the Bible preceded those of the Protestant many years. Julian, an Augustinian monk, printed the New Testament in 1477, while the Protestant version of Olivetan and Calvin did not appear until 1537. There were several other Catholic editions printed before this; one by Gayards des Moulins, 1490; another by Estaple, 1523–28.

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"'The Italian (Catholic) version, of Malermis, 1471; and that of Brucciofis, in 1532, preceded the Italian Protestant versions: the former, by almost a century; the latter, by thirty years.

"'In Belgium, the Catholic versions, printed at Cologne, 1475; at Delft, 1477; at Gouda, 1479; and at Antwerp, in 1518,—all preceded the Protestant translation, which was not issued until 1527.'*

"But I perceive, Miss Seward, that the vesper bell is ringing; I must, therefore, with regret, break off in the midst of this most interesting subject, and beg you to excuse me."

"It is truly with regret on my part, Bishop Henrie," rejoined Pauline, "and I beg that you will accept my sincere thanks, for the information you have so kindly imparted."

* Hughes and Breckenridge, p. 460.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

> Were all the world like thee,
> So full of goodness, angels would come down
> To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
> And like that name thou art.—DECKER.

BEFORE the bishop left Leflore, our heroine had an opportunity of listening to the conclusion of his defence of the Catholic church, with respect to the sacred Scriptures.

"When last conversing with you, Miss Seward, on the subject of the Catholic church and the holy Scriptures, I referred to the faithfulness of her guardianship over them, when the enemies of Christ would have annihilated them; and when Protestants, advancing the error of private judgment, actually did curtail the sacred canon of many of its books. I now propose to show you the necessity of that watchfulness, by speaking more at large concerning their desecration of God's holy Word.

"Since individual judgment has been made the rule for ascertaining truth, every thing Protestant is characterized by instability. The vane upon their spires, varying at every breath of wind, is its peculiar symbol; as the Cross is that of the Catholic. Change is always the order of the day, because their establishments are erected upon this radical error—*private opinion*.

"In religion, there are certain principles, which

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must of necessity be believed. I say must, for if disbelieved, eternal death, anathema, will be the consequence. Strictly, in religion there is no such thing as *opinion*. Moses gave laws to the children of Israel, not *opinions*. Christ brought grace and truth into the world; but He never inculcated an *opinion*. He gave *principles* for the guidance of His church, and constituting His apostles, and their successors, authoritative teachers and rulers therein, He solemnly commissioned them to TEACH the world: 'All power is given to me in heaven and in earth,' said He. 'Going, therefore, teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.'—Matt. xxviii. 18, 19. 'He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved: but he that believeth not, shall be condemned.' Mark xvi. 16.

"In spite of this authoritative commission, and in view of the condemnation visited upon the unbeliever, no man can form a new religion; no man can alter and amend this old one of Christ's; no man, substituting his own *private opinion* for the rule of truth, as to what is, and what is not sacred Scripture, can tear, piece-meal, the written deposit of Faith, selecting such books, and parts of books as suit his own notions, and reject all the rest, but at the certain peril of his soul. Yet such precisely was the error into which fell Luther and Calvin, and all the other new religionists of the sixteenth century; and such, precisely, is the error which the ten thousand new sects, their heterogeneous progeny, that now start up in every city and town, where lives a numskull who

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thinks he is called to preach the word of God, daily commit. There is nothing too sacred for their unhallowed hands to desecrate. While their lips laud the sacred books, their hands tear them into fragments, and scatter the holy treasure upon the restless waves of popular election. Each hair-brain catches a fragment. He reads: and filled with one idea, builds up a church (!) where immersion forms the distinctive feature. Another, on his scrap, finds something about the baptism of the Spirit: off he goes at a tangent, and builds a meeting-house, where the total absence of baptism prevails. A third, on his piece, reads, 'There is none other God but one:' straightway he builds a congregation, where Jesus and the Holy Ghost are both denied.

"But let us see whether history supports us in this assertion that the new religionists were guilty of all this impiety. And I beg you, Miss Seward, not to rest satisfied simply with what I shall say, but go yourself to the fountain head of information; examine thoroughly, and you will not be long in drawing your conclusions.

"Let us first hear what Luther, the prince of reformers, has to say: 'We will neither hear nor see Moses, for he was given only to the Jews.' 'I will not receive Moses and his law, for he was the enemy of Christ.' 'Moses is the master of all hangmen.'* Again: 'Let the ten commandments be altogether rejected, and all heresy will presently cease; for the ten commandments are, as it were, the fountain from whence all heresies spring.'† So spake Luther, and

* Coloc. Mensal. fol. 118, et Serm. de Mose.
† In conviv. Colloq.

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swept from the canon of Scripture the entire five books of Moses, including the ten commandments of God. This is proof of what I said, that nothing, not even Holy Scripture, is too sacred to escape the desecrating hands of new religionists. What suits them they make use of; all else they reject. It matters not if Luther became ashamed of this some years afterwards, and restored the rejected books to their proper places; the prerogative of private *opinion* to cull, to alter, and amend the sacred books, was still maintained, as will presently appear.

"'Martin Luther's Table Talk' is a well-known work, containing the familiar observations and conversations of the reformer with his friends. On page 168 of Brunet's translation is the following: 'I cannot believe that the book of Judith is historical; it does not agree with the Geography: *I believe that it is a fiction*, as the legends of the saints or a poem composed by a pious man.' Speaking of the second book of Machabees, he says; '*I hate this book* AND THAT OF HESTER; *I would rather that they did not exist*; they resemble much the books of Pagans.' What blasphemy! Luther, the reformer, HATES the book of Hester, which Protestants believe to be inspired by the Holy Ghost; and because his private judgment esteems it Paganish, he would rather that the Holy Ghost had not inspired the sacred penman to write it!

"Zuinglius, writing to Luther concerning his corrupt version of the Sacred Scripture, says: 'Thou corruptest the word of God, O Luther! thou art seen to be a manifest and common corrupter and perverter of the Holy Scriptures.'* 'In short,' says Ward,

* Zuingl. tom. 2, ad Luth.

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'Bucer and the Osiandrians rise up against Luther for false translations.* Staphylus and Emserus noted in Luther's Dutch translation of the New Testament alone, one thousand four hundred heretical corruptions.'

"Calvin differed from Luther in many religious *opinions*. On some points he directly opposed him. Such was the fact with respect to justification: hence, while Luther rejected the epistle of St. James, and styled it an epistle of 'straw,' Calvin set great store by it, and called it the 'golden' epistle. And yet, in steady opposition to his unamiable friend, Luther, who greatly admired the gospel of St. Mathew, Calvin expressly charges St. Mathew with error.† 'That learned Protestant, Molinœus,' says Ward, 'affirms of Calvin's translation, that Calvin, in his Harmony, makes the *text* of the gospel to leap up and down; he uses violence to the *letter* of the gospel; and besides this, *adds to the text*.'‡

"Vitus Theodorus is another of these new religionists, who constituted himself sole judge of what is and what is not Sacred Scripture. He essayed to publish a version of the pure word of God, and said: 'The epistle of James, and the Apocalypse of John, *we have of set purpose left out*, because the epistle of James is not only in certain places reprovable, where he too much advances works against faith; but also his doctrines throughout are patched together with divers pieces, whereof no one agrees with another.'§

"The Protestants of Strasburg, in the year 1598, erased from the canon of scripture, the epistle to the

* In Def. Trans. p. 170.

† See Inst. lib. 2, cap. 26.

‡ In sua Trans. Nov. Test. part 12, fol. 110.

§ In Annot. in Nov. Test.

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Hebrews, the epistle of St. James, and that of St. Jude; and the Apocalypse of St. John. And though they some time afterwards replaced them, it merits no praise, since the latter act was, equally with the former, the result of mere whim, caprice, and not dictated by any certain knowledge, much less by the guidance of the Holy Ghost, which some of them blasphemously claimed.

"From these few specimens of reformers, you may judge the whole, Miss Seward. It is not necessary here to pursue the account of the follies of Œcolampadius, Froscheverus, Melancthon, Beza, and a host of others, whose errors, and corruptions, and suppressions of Sacred Scripture have made them objects of scorn to the learned world. One of them sweeps away full a third of the Scriptures; another falls but little short of him; a third, still differing from his illustrious predecessors, excludes another large portion. Then follows a scene of upbraidings, and mutual recriminations. 'Fools, Antichrists, deceivers,' &c. &c., are the euphonious epithets bandied about from mouth to mouth by these reformers; and finally, each excommunicates the other.

"The sacred book, which they have so much abused, gives fearful indication of what must be the awful and irrevocable condition of such men. It says: 'I testify to every one, that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book: if any man shall add to these things, God shall add unto him the plagues written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from these things that are written in this

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book. Rev. xxii. 18, 19. Alas! poor mutilators of God's holy word!"

"How then, bishop, are we to determine what books are to be considered authentic scriptures?"

"By the teaching of the church, Miss Seward; to which God has given his Holy Spirit; and which he has commanded us to hear in all things that pertain to the affair of salvation."

"And what does the church teach us concerning the canon of the scriptures?"

"It teaches us to hold and esteem for genuine and canonical scripture, all those books of the Old and New Testament, which are to be found in the version commonly known by the name 'Douay Bible.'

"Originally the inspired books were written for some specific purpose; either to instruct a particular church in some doctrine or rite, or to reprove its members on account of some irregularity or error. And if some were intended for general instruction, from the great distance that intervened between the various sections of the church, the difficulty of access, and oftentimes the necessity of concealment of the sacred writings, many portions of the church remained a considerable time without some of the sacred books: as St. Irenæus testifies, that, 'many nations of barbarians carefully preserved the documents of faith in their hearts, without writings, (literally, without paper and ink.)'* False gospellers issued their spurious books to delude the faithful. To preserve them from their deceptions, and to prevent mistake by defining the sacred books, the council of Africa was called, (anno 393,) and four years afterwards, the council of

* Lib. contr. Her. c. 4.

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Hippo enumerated those books, which, according to the traditions of the Fathers, must be considered of divine authority. They issued catalogues, with which that of Trent, and of course our English version, are identical: and, three years afterwards, the first council of Toledo passed a decree: 'That no one should assert that there are canonical scriptures, different from those which the Catholic church admits.' What those books were, which must be believed to be of divine authority, another African council, (anno 419,) comprising more than two hundred bishops, again defined, confirming all the decrees made in the three previous councils, and corresponding perfectly with the catalogue of the council of Trent. Successive councils convoked at Rome, 494, at Trullo, 692, at Florence, 1439, at Jerusalem, 1672,* and others, all defining, by accurate lists, what books were to be esteemed sacred and canonical, admitted no other canon than that mentioned in the first council:† to all of which the canon of the council of Trent is strictly conformable.

"It is to these decrees that the venerable Fathers of the church implicitly submitted, and taught their humbler brethren the necessity of yielding their unhesitating

* This council was of Greek schismatics. Their testimony is, however, available as an evidence of the traditions preserved among them.

† Some think that the two books of Machabees were included in the Galasian catalogue as one, since Gelasius, (Pope,) mentions but one book of Machabees. The author of the apostolical canons, Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and many others, make mention of two books. The third council of Carthage, 397, the council of Florence, and finally that of Trent, with many other councils, have pronounced that two books of Machabees should be received as canonical.

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obedience. It was upon this authority alone that St. Augustine received the same books of Sacred Scripture. 'I would not receive the gospels,' says he, 'unless the authority of the Catholic Church moved me thereto.'* And what this holy doctor predicated of the book of Wisdom, the church has again and again, in the most solemn manner, affirmed of all the disputed books: 'that they ought to be heard by all Christians, from the bishops even to the humblest laic, penitents and catechumens, WITH REVERENCE OF THE DIVINE AUTHORITY.'† St. Cyril of Jerusalem says, 'Learn carefully from the church, which are the inspired books of the Old and New Testaments, and take heed lest you infringe HER ORDINANCES.' ‡

"Catholics of the present age, Miss Seward, reverence, and are not less tenacious of this authority than were their Fathers. They deem themselves, equally with those, bound by its decrees, as well as by their love for the Truth and their undying attachment to the Faith, to acknowledge no other canon of Scriptures, than that thus defined; and they willingly place themselves under the anathema of its violation. I have already exhibited to you, Miss Seward, in the examples of the reformers, both the importance and the necessity of this authority."

"I am convinced, bishop, that there should be some reliable authority to decide what books are, and what are not genuine Scripture, since very few indeed are competent to do so for themselves; but does it not seem a great hardship that when we read, we cannot put our own interpretation upon what we read?"

"I think not, Miss Seward; for believing as we do

* Contr. Ep. Fun. c. 5. † De Praed. Sanct. c. 16. ‡ Cat. iv

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that the church, aided by the Holy Ghost, which is ever with her, to lead, and to keep, her in the way of truth, is, in her collective capacity, wiser than any of her children individually, however learned or intellectually gifted, it should be our desire, as good children, to profit by the wisdom of our experienced parent, and have her to instruct us in the divine oracles, lest we rashly wrest them to our own destruction. And this she does, invoking our obedience and veneration; warning us not to suffer ourselves to be carried away by every wind of doctrine, and cunning deceit of men; and charging us in the name of Christ to hold fast the form of sound words, and to keep the faith once delivered to the saints.

"To prove to you, Miss Seward, the fallacy and insufficiency, not to say impiety, of seeking any other general mode of arriving at the knowledge of the divine mind, I need but refer you to the lamentable confusion that forms the most distinctive feature of the Protestant world. The Unitarian opens the Bible, and by the aid of private judgment finds only one divine Person. The Presbyterian opens the same book, and by the same rule finds three divine Persons.

"The Quaker or Friend does the same, and finds no sacrament. The Episcopalian uses the same book, and the same fallacious rule, and finds two sacraments. The Universalist opens the same book, and his private judgment impels him to decide that there is no place of eternal punishment, no hell. The Methodist does likewise, and discovers one of fire.

"Protestants in general open the Bible, and pronounce it a sufficient rule of Faith and Morals. The Quaker in like manner, and maintains as a fundamen-

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tal proposition that the Bible is *not* the adequate primary rule of Faith and Morals.*

"The Infidel opens the Bible, and by the all-potent measure of his own mind, pronounces the whole a fable!

"Such are a few of the specimens of that specious delusion 'Private Interpretation;' a delusion, which has filled the world with sorrow and confusion; a delusion, that has retarded the final triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth; a delusion, that has sown the seeds of discord in every family, or wherever two individuals meet together; and finally, a delusion, by which the devil, the enemy of all mankind, the enemy of unity and love, has at last succeeded in effecting, what all the persecutions and tortures of the Pagans failed to do, the disunion of the unbroken front of the sacramental host of God's elect, and has caused the words, 'Behold how these Christians love one another,' to be a by-word and a mockery."

"Although I have not been willing to yield the privilege of judging for myself, bishop, yet, I have long felt convinced that it is to the absence of authoritative instruction on points of doctrine, and the vague interpretation of the Scriptures, that the divisions of the Protestant denominations are attributable."

"Nothing is more certain; but I will go farther than that, Miss Seward, and making a local application of it, say, it is to this lamentable error that we may one day have to attribute the dismemberment of this great Republic."

"You astonish me, bishop! How can it have that effect?"

"By a very simple and plain deduction. The prin-

* See Barclay's Apology.

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ciple itself is disorganizing. When, therefore, we consider that religious frenzy is the strongest passion that rages in the breast of man, no limit can be placed to the extent of the exercise of that principle, should an occasion arise to excite its action. That such occasions do arise, the bloody ground of many a battle-field, both in the Old World and in the New, attests. It was the legitimate use of this principle that placed Cromwell at the head of an armed faction of Presbyterians, and led him on to violate that very Scripture by which he professed to be guided, and caused him to overthrow the Episcopal governing powers of England. It was this that produced all the horrors of the Reign of Terror in France, when the infidel philosophers essayed to annihilate all religion. Such also was the result of its use, by the first emigrants of New England, who, being guided by it, in the name of religion steeped their hands in each other's blood. And finally, there is not a denomination of Protestants, that has not suffered, and that does not now suffer, from its evil effects.

"But let me adduce a case, which is now weakening the ties of unanimity of these United States, and which tends so strongly to embitter the respective partisans as to render it problematical to what fatal extent the strife may grow. I refer to the late action of the Methodists, upon the slavery question. One party maintains that, the religion of the Bible is opposed to slavery; the other that it is not, or if it is, better to suffer the evil than to divide the church. Hence in this denomination, the entire South is arrayed against the North, and the North against the South. Each division denounces the other; and that body, which, among the sects, was comparatively united, is now politico-religiously divided. This separation, and the bit-

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terness which is its consequence, aided by the union of the two most powerful influences that can be brought to bear upon any question, religion and politics, keep alive the sectional prejudice of the slaveholding and non-slaveholding states. Let the Presbyterians take the same course; let Episcopalians and all the other sects, which hold the same erroneous principle, follow their example, and all the wisdom of Congress, all the moral and physical force it can bring to bear upon the troubled elements of discord cannot preserve the integrity of the Union. It must be severed.

"Not so of the Catholic principle. The divine Founder of his church has adapted it to every nation, republican or monarchical, civilized or barbarous; to every age, and to every shade and diversity of intellect. Without regard to any question of jurisprudence, it unites all in unity of action; and preserves alike the crowned head and the majesty of the people; the freeborn and the slave. Hence it is, that while all other forms of religion fritter and die away, and become lost in the self-annihilating principle that forms their rule of action: while dynasties, empires, and republics, alike rise and fall, and the most enduring monuments of man crumble into dust, the Catholic church ever remains immovably steadfast, 'fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army set in array:' fresh as in her youth; elastic as the young eagle; vigorous as a war-horse prancing in battle. Like the planets encircle their sun, so all nations, and tribes, and tongues, encircle their spiritual head. Not politically: we owe the sovereign Pontiff no civil allegiance; we owe him naught but filial love, and spiritual obedience. This principle which unites and governs us is AUTHORITY: a principle, by which mil-

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lions of diversified minds and interests are brought into a harmony of action, that, whatever may be the political questions upon which they disagree, mocks at religious discord."

Our heroine followed the bishop throughout, with the deepest interest and attention. She recognised in what he said much that had frequently occurred to her own mind; and this corroboration of her reflections, while it very naturally strengthened her views, served also to increase her confidence in her venerable instructor. She, therefore, the more freely advanced another objection, intimately connected with the foregoing, and which Protestants oppose to Catholics: the doctrine of Tradition.

"I have ever been taught," she said, "that Catholics, finding the sacred Scriptures to be against them, have set them aside as imperfect, and that they have invented the convenient notion of tradition, to afford them the opportunity of advancing such tyrannical and oppressive dogmas as suit their ambitious views. Every point of Catholic Faith, which I have yet examined in Catholic books, I have found to be reasonable, and altogether different from my preconceived ideas, derived from Protestant representation, and I doubt not but that I shall profit by your instruction, Bishop, in answer to my inquiry of what is meant by tradition."

"There is no exaggeration in the statement, Miss Seward," he replied, "that there is neither a doctrine, nor a mere usage of the Catholic church that has not been the subject of the grossest misrepresentation: and this of tradition not the least so.

"Tradition is the handing down from one generation to another, whether by word, or mouth, or by writ-

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ings, those truths revealed by Jesus Christ to his apostles, which either are not all contained in the Holy Scriptures, or at least are not clearly contained in them. The principle upon which tradition proceeds, is, the laying down, as an invariable rule, to be observed in every generation, firmly to adhere to the doctrine received from the preceding generation, and carefully to commit the same to the succeeding generation, without addition or diminution. This principle was firmly established by the apostles, in their sacred writings. They warmly exhorted the faithful to hold fast to the doctrines which they had delivered to them, and to teach the same inviolate to those after them. Thus says St. Paul: 'O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding the profane novelties of words, and oppositions of knowledge, falsely so called, which some promising have erred concerning the faith.'—1 Tim. vi. 20, 21. 'And the things which thou has heard of me by many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also.'—2 Tim. ii. 2. Such are the injunctions which he laid upon the pastors of the church in the person of his disciple Timothy. And to show that the bishops, or chief pastors, are particularly charged with the obligation of adhering to the doctrines delivered to them from the apostles, when relating to Titus the qualities of these chief pastors, among others, he says, 'that a bishop ought to embrace that faithful word, which is according to doctrine, that he may be able to exhort in sound doctrine, and convince the gainsayers,—who must be reproved: who subvert whole houses, teaching things which they ought not, for filthy lucre's sake.'—Titus i. 9, 11. The same injunction of adhering to the doctrine they had received, by

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tradition, from the apostles, he lays upon all the faithful, in these words: 'Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word, or by our epistle.'—2 Thess. ii. 14. St. Jude also writes his epistle on purpose to enforce this duty on the faithful, and says: 'I was under a necessity to write unto you: to beseech you to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.' Jude ver. 3. Such strong and repeated injunctions, Miss Seward, laid upon all, and especially upon the pastors of the church, who are appointed by Jesus Christ, to be the guardians and teachers of the Faith, could not fail to make the deepest impression upon their minds, and have, in all ages, been considered as the great rule of their conduct, in preserving the true doctrine inviolate. And it is also manifest from these Scripture oracles, that the great principle, or rule of tradition, was laid down and established by God himself, at the beginning, and that it was delivered by the apostles to their disciples, along with the other truths of the Gospel, as the fence and barrier, ordained by God, for the preservation of the Faith throughout all generations."

"But, without wishing to charge the Christian church with purposely corrupting any part of the Faith revealed by God," said Pauline, "is it not possible, Bishop, that during the course of so many ages, that which was originally delivered by the apostles should have become impaired? may not some have added to it, or taken something away from it?—not intentionally, but by the unavoidable process of transmitting it from mouth to mouth, and that too in so many and different languages."

"To suppose that, Miss Seward, would be to sup-

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pose that Christ had broken his promise, always to remain with his Church, and that he had by desertion made his work of redemption a useless sacrifice. It would be to suppose that the Holy Spirit had deserted his office of leading it in the way of all truth, and had taken his everlasting flight. It would be to suppose that God had created us, redeemed us, sanctified us, but in mockery. Suppositions too blasphemous to be made but by beings who are themselves capable of the most heinous crimes, or to be seriously regarded by us."

"How does it appear certain, Bishop, that the church has always undeviatingly adhered to this rule of tradition?"

"It appears certain, from what I have just said, and also from several other considerations. Because the church, in the apostolic age, most certainly adhered to it, as all the above testimonies of Scripture show. Because, in every succeeding age, she has always professed her constant adherence to it, as the acts of all her councils, and the writings of all the holy fathers in every age declare. St. Vincent, of Lerins, and Tertullian, have written whole books upon this very subject. I will mention one passage of this latter, Tertullian. He says: 'If Scripture has here defined nothing, surely *usage* has; which usage has arisen from *tradition*. For had it not been delivered, how could it have obtained practice? But you say, even in speaking of tradition, some written authority is necessary. Let us then inquire, whether no tradition should be admitted, unless it be written. I will allow that it should not, if no examples of other practices can be adduced, which we maintain on the *sole title* of tradition, and the strength of custom, *without the*

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smallest written authority.' He then proceeds to mention certain practices in the administration of baptism, and in other rites, and then adds: 'Of these and other usages, if you ask for the written authority of the Scriptures, *none will be found.* They spring from *tradition*, which practice has confirmed, and obedience ratified.'*

"'*To the Scriptures, therefore, an appeal must not be made;* on them, no contest should be instituted; where victory is uncertain. For where this doctrine and this Faith shall be found, there will be the truth of the Scriptures, and their expositions, *and of all Christian traditions.*'†

"In the present age, Miss Seward, the Catholic church openly avows the same divine traditions, and protests that she received this rule, along with the other truths of Christianity, as handed down without alteration from the preceding generations. All Christians are bound to receive it; and all those who reject it, reject a part of that deposit of Faith, without which there is no salvation. This it is, together with the written word of God, interpreted by the church, which forms the Catholic rule of Faith, and is the only infallible guide left us by the Redeemer, for the instruction of his people."

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* De Corona Militis. c. iii. iv. p. 289.

† De Præscrip. c. xix. p. 334.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Now bonnie lassie ye ha'e gane,
  Ye've left us lane and drearie O;
And oh! we mourn for ye, mine ain,
  My bonnie lass, my Marie O.

Oft ha'e I heard o' angels fair,
  Wi' form sae light an' cheerie O.
But then I ne'er kent what they were,
  Till I saw ye, my Marie O.—J. F. Beaty.

The fairest lily of the romantic vale of Leflore was little Marie Agnes; or, as the villagers, particularly since her confirmation, loved to call her, St. Agnes. She was Pauline's almoner; and it was her delight in this character to shed the sweet odour of her innocence and piety around many a virtuous though poverty-stricken hearth.

During his visit, Pauline had intimated to the bishop that she had now thoroughly examined the claims of the Catholic Church; that she was perfectly satisfied with it, and would be extremely happy if he would assist her in taking the necessary steps to make her profession of the Faith, for the discovery of which, she had, almost hopelessly, languished and sighed for many years. He wisely advised her to exercise caution, and to avoid haste, lest, being actuated more by feeling than conviction, she should afterwards reproach her-

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self and repent of the solemn act she meditated. "Here is a book, however," he said, "which you will do well to study; after that, and when you return to the city, if you continue to entertain the desire you have now expressed, it will be my happiness to serve you to the extent of my ability."

The book was the "Catholic Christian Instructed;" in which Pauline, one day during the week following that of Confirmation, was deeply absorbed; when the door of her boudoir was gently opened and Marie Agnes entered. Approaching her benefactress, she clasped her arms around her neck, and said:

"You gave me such a pretty name, sweet Miss Pauline, I want to kiss you. Will you not again tell me the story about St. Agnes; I wish to know it by heart?"

She gave the kiss, and received it again with interest; and seating herself on a stool, again eagerly listened to the history of the Virgin Martyr, whose name Pauline had selected from the calendar, as the most appropriate one for the lamb, whom heaven seemed to have especially sent for her to nourish and protect. When she had finished, Pauline asked her if it was as pretty as she had at first thought it.

"Oh! much prettier," she replied: "I love her more and more every time I hear about her. I wish —— I wish —— Is it wrong to wish, sweet Miss?"

"Not always, love," said Pauline.

"Well, if it is not wrong, I wish—I could see her, and be where she is."

"If you always be as you are now, my love, you will see her, and be where she is too;" said Pauline, much affected by the child's words and manner.

Marie sat a long time, thoughtfully, when she said:

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"Sweet Miss, do you know what I want?"

"No; love."

"Well, I want a piece of muslin, and some thread; and then some lace."

"Muslin, and thread, and lace," said Pauline; "what for, child?"

"Why you know, Polly, whose house was burnt last week? well, I took something there for her to-day; and don't you think she has the dearest little baby you ever saw. It's not so pretty, but then it's such a dear little darling; and I want to make a frock for it."

"But we do not know how big to make it: I will go with you to-morrow and see it, and then you shall have whatever you want for it."

"Well, what shall I do this afternoon then, sweet Miss?"

"Have you said your lessons?"

"Yes; sweet Miss."

"Your music?"

"Yes; sweet Miss."

"Well then, you may go and play."

She gave one parting kiss and left the room; and Pauline soon became re-absorbed in the book which she still held in her hand. Could our heroine have foreseen the events of that sad day, would she so readily have permitted the orphan to go from her presence? Would she have permitted her to go at all? No.

The variety and rarity of the flowers and plants that adorned the grounds of Eglenton Cottage were not more agreeable to the eye of the beholder than was the tastefulness of their arrangement appropriate. As they receded from the cottage towards a dense woods, the size and wildness of the shrubbery increased, while the walks became so intricate and entangled,

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that an observer could scarcely tell where the garden ended, and nature's scenery commenced. At a point where a rivulet, pursuing its serpentine course, sang in murmuring sounds as the sparkling waters broke over its pebbly margin, was an artificial cave or grotto, beautifully adorned with shells and glittering minerals. It was a sweet spot for meditation and prayer; and since Mary Agnes had come to smile upon, and bloom in the valley, it had been consecrated to those purposes. Her little hands had there erected a rustic altar, which she daily visited and adorned with flowers. After she left Pauline, thither she directed her steps; culling fresh flowers as she proceeded. She had already reached it, and completed her favourite task; when, bowed upon its marble floor, her pure heart glowed with devotion, as she paid the grateful tribute of her homage to the divine author of Nature, Grace and Glory, the Holy and ever blessed Trinity.

Pauline continued in her boudoir, wrapt in the contemplation of those divine truths upon which her intelligent mind had seized with such eagerness, and in which the humble Marie had already made such rapid advances towards perfection. A deep oppressiveness came over her; and thinking she had tasked herself too severely, she laid aside her book, intending to join her ward; whom she knew to be in the garden or the cave. As she arose and looked through the latticework of the window, she was surprised to find the whole scene before her in profound repose. All nature seemed to sleep. Not a breath of air stirred; not a leaf moved; not a bird, not an insect could be seen; all had obeyed the ominous signs of nature, and had flown to their coverts. Masses of dark clouds were already perched upon the tops of the mountains, that

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surround the valley; but a moment had elapsed when a shrill whistling wind disturbed the topmost foliage of the tall trees, and the sluggish, sultry air of the valley began to move in fantastic eddies. A vivid flash of lightning, immediately followed by an appalling crash which seemed to rend the mountains, aroused her to the consciousness of the impending danger.

"Betty!—Good Martha!"—she shrieked; "where is my pet? Marie—is she in the house?"

"No, Miss Pauline," was the agitated response from every one; "we have not seen her."

"Run!—fly!—fly to the garden: she must be there; or else in the grotto. Here, take umbrellas, and rescue the dear child from destruction! Fly!—fly! or it will be too late."

It was too late: the angry hurricane had already risen in its fury. The darkness of night brooded over Leflore; and still the storm-clouds came rushing onward, on the wings of the mighty winds, rendered still more terrific by the incessant flashing of the fires of heaven, and deafening roars of heaven's artillery. The forests groaned, and yielded to the furious blasts. The rain poured down in blinding torrents; the mountain gorges filled; the swollen torrents came sweeping on, and the once peaceful rills and rivulets were instantly changed into turbid and raging floods.

But all felt that there was too much at stake to hesitate, and they issued forth into the storm. Sam with the dog; Betty and Martha with their umbrellas. The umbrellas were riven to shreds in an instant: still they pressed onward, each taking a different path, hoping to meet her in her feeble, half-way efforts to reach home; or at least to find her in some degree sheltered in the grotto. The latter was the more pro-

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bable, as, if she had entered it, the storm had so suddenly burst upon them, she could not have had time to escape.

They searched every path: but she was nowhere to be seen. They examined the thickets as they passed on: but Marie was not there. As each one failed in securing the object of their search, they urged their way towards the cave, not doubting but that there she would be found. Sam, with the dog, was the first to arrive at it. A huge oak had been uprooted by the winds, and thrown across its opening. He made his way through its matted branches and gained the entrance of the now dark cavern. He called, but no one answered; he felt about its narrow confines, but found nothing but a little book: a protracted flash of lightning illumined the interior, but Marie was not there. He groaned his disappointment: for Sam, as did every one, loved little Marie. Even Carlo knew there was something wrong; and, whining, the sensible dog scented about the fallen oak, but discovered nothing; then, with a frantic howl he would start off through the woods, and, as if losing the scent, return, and then rush forward again. By this time, the others arrived, in the most doleful plight, and joined their lamentations at the fruitlessness of their efforts. They now searched the neighbouring woods; but no traces of the lost child could be discovered; and they sorrowfully directed their search, by different routes, towards the house.

In the mean time, Pauline, in an agony of terror, roamed through every chamber in the cottage, in hopes that, unknown to all, she was under its shelter, and, maybe, soundly and peacefully asleep, unconscious alike of the storm, and of the anxiety of which she was the subject. But it was also fruitless: her trea-

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sure was not there. Her only hope was now in the success of those without. They returned, one by one, but each with the same sad tale: "She is not found." Betty handed her little prayer-book to her mistress as the proof that she had been at the cave, and said:

"Wherever she may now be, she must have fled from it in a great hurry, ma'am, or she would never have left her prayer-book, you may be sure, ma'am."

This was poor consolation, but Pauline instantly seized upon it as the basis of new hope.

"She has run to some neighbouring farmhouse," she exclaimed; "call the work-people, and tell them to go in every direction, and not desist until they find her."

The sullen murmurings of the retreating storm reverberated through the troubled sky; and the setting sun once more greeted the valley of Leflore, ere he sunk behind the blue hills. The men flew to the rescue of the lost child. Every farmhouse in the neighbourhood was visited, but all without success. No one had seen the sweet child since the morning. The sad tidings of her loss now began to spread through the village like wildfire; and not a man, nor a woman, nor a child but joined with alacrity in the search.

"She must have been swept away in the torrent," was the exclamation of some. Drag-nets and grapplings were procured, and every stream diligently searched; but no trace of her appeared. Night came lowering upon them; and, while the women and children, less able to endure the fatigues of a distant search, kept near their homes, and busied themselves in building watch-fires upon the hills, the more sturdy, some on horses, others on foot, with faithful hounds, scoured the woods and mountains for miles around the

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valley, blowing their horns, shouting, and making every demonstration by which the unhappy child might be attracted and recovered. The night wore on; Oh! what a night of agonizing horror to Pauline! and day, at last, once more dawned upon sorrowful Leflore. The lily of the valley was no more. The loveliest being that ever smiled upon its inhabitants was snatched from their presence. One by one, as the day advanced, the faithful hunters returned, and announced the sad tidings of their unsuccessful search. A gloom, as deep, dismal, and dark, as if a pestilence had swept down upon it, and as if the angel of death had visited every house, brooded over the community.

Good Father Xavier was among the first who came to offer consolation to Pauline. He was a sorrowful comforter, it is true, his eyes red and swollen with weeping: but still, he could speak of the infinite goodness of God, who always apportions trials according to the strength of the suffering; whose dispensations, though mysterious, were ever ordered in mercy, and for the good of his creatures. He beautifully reminded her of the especial care of God for the innocent, and the many words of our Saviour in reference to it.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. The birds of the air neither sow nor reap, the lilies of the field neither toil nor spin; yet God feedeth the one, and arrayeth the other in glory: Two sparrows are sold for a farthing, and not one of them falleth to the ground without our Father's notice. The very hairs of our head are all numbered. Let us not fear, then, nor weep as those without hope. God has some merciful design concealed

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behind his frowning providence; and we may be sure, that it will be unfolded in his own good time. I have already, to-day, remembered the sweet child in the holy Sacrifice: unite your prayers with mine, my friends," he continued, looking around upon his weeping audience, "and this dark day will be followed by one of transcendant brightness."

At that moment, a horseman, covered with mud, dashed up the lane at the top of his speed. Every eye was turned towards him in anxious expectation of good tidings. As he approached, "Is she found?" —"What news?"—"Where is she?"—simultaneously burst from their lips. But the melancholy look, and negative movement of the head, as he dismounted, again caused hope to expire. He spoke not, but moved forward towards Miss Seward.

"There, ma'am," when he had approached her, "maybe that will help to show which way she has gone. I could lay my life on 't, she wore some of that stuff on her frock yesterday; for I saw it myself, as she went apast the village!" handing a fragment of lace, as he spoke, to Pauline; who instantly recognised it as that which the child had worn.

Almost breathless with excitement, she demanded where he had gotten it.

"May it please your ladyship, ma'am, jist two miles beyond the great woods, sticking to a nail in the old style that leads to the great road. It looked for all the world as if she had been dragged through it, only this caught fast."

"She has been stolen!" was the instant conviction, and exclamation of all present.

"Yes; now I remember," says one, "that ill-looking

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wretch that was prowling about the village all day yesterday ——"

"And skulking in the hedges like a minx, as he was," added another.

"Yes; and I saw him in that very woods in the afternoon, as I was hurrying home before the storm, and wondered what he was after," cried a third.

The horrible reality now burst upon Pauline's mind. A moment before and she would have made any sacrifice for some evidence that she was still alive; but now that she had that evidence, or thought she had it, she could almost have preferred to behold her lifeless corpse. The fiendish look of the miserable wretch who once attempted to seize her when in the city, rushed upon her recollection, and her heart sank within her, at the terrible fate of the fragile being, on whom she had not suffered the winds of heaven to blow too roughly.

"And this then is your conviction, Miss Seward?" inquired Father Xavier; "that she has been stolen?"

"Yes, Father, I have now not the slightest doubt of it."

"God be praised then, my dear lady; there is yet hope. To the rescue, men; to the rescue."

Fresh horses were immediately procured, and willing hearts once more set out upon the search, with directions to proceed by different roads, and to extend their pursuit even to the city: for with good horses it might yet be possible to overtake the villain before he should be able to conceal himself in the purlieus of the metropolis.

Pauline immediately wrote a full account of the whole sad affair to her father, beseeching him, by every consideration, to use every effort to discover the

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robber and rescue his innocent prey from her horrible situation. She despatched her letter with post haste by a trusty messenger, not doubting but that the gentle Marie might yet be recovered.

Diligent search was made along every road; especially the main highway, as well as the more retired and less frequented roads, which a dishonest person might be supposed to choose in order to elude the observation of passengers. But to all their inquiries the same negative response was made: "We have seen no person with such a child as you describe."

Once, indeed, at a public inn, they heard of a man, "who," they said, "was ill-looking enough to be guilty of any mischief; but we saw no child with him." They occupied the whole of that day in the search; and some few, a part of the next, but equally without the desired result. They all returned with subdued and melancholy countenances; and the village mourned for the lost one, as for one dead.

How sad and lonely were the hours that now dragged their slow length along, at Eglenton. Pauline was the sole occupant of the Cottage. Her charmer, her prattling Marie; the bright star that illumined her dark hours, the sweet angel, sent as it were from heaven, to beguile her onward steps to Catholicity, was gone. Gone—perhaps never to return. The sweet flower had momentarily bloomed for her, had shed its grateful fragrance upon her soul, and was now closed to her for ever. Oh! was it, indeed, a bright spirit from a better world, sent but for a moment in disguise, as the living imbodiment of Catholicity in its truth and purity; destined to abide with her for a while, then to be snatched away as suddenly as she had come, that she might live upon the remembrance

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of the fair vision, and learn to imitate its innocence, its meekness, and its simplicity? And her trials and sufferings; were they but the foreshadowing of her own, yet to be endured; and the sinless model for her imitation in their endurance? "Oh! God," she tremulously exclaimed; "whatever she be, where'er she be, support her feeble frame. Pour into her young and tender heart the full measure of thy grace; endue her richly with the Holy Ghost poured out upon her in the sacred rite of Confirmation; sustain her in all her grievous trials; and oh! benign Father, if it please thee, give her to me again; and teach me to bear and suffer with her meek and uncomplaining spirit."

Pauline was inconsolable under her loss. Eglenton had now no attractions sufficient to induce her to remain. She was alone; and she felt her loneliness too keenly, to wish to remain where there were so many and such pleasing evidences of Marie's love, to remind her of the extent of her loss: and she resolved, as soon as she could communicate with her father, to return to the city.

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CHAPTER XX.

Wounded with love divine, her heart
Shrunk from the bright but venom'd dart
Of earthly love, and bravely trod
The rugged path that leads to God.—Rev. E. J. Sourin.

Two weeks may have elapsed, when towards evening Pauline was making her usual visit to the grotto, in which Marie had passed so many happy hours; and near which she was last seen. Pauline was in a half-sitting, half-kneeling posture upon a moss bank, just within the artificial cave. Her back was towards the entrance, her face towards the interior. There stood the altar, erected by Marie's own hand, of shells and bits of marble; the tiny vases, filled with the same, though now decayed flowers, with which she had adorned them on that fatal day; there were her pictures; and all the ornaments with which her simple fancy loved to decorate her little house of prayer. It was to her the gate of heaven, through which, if there be truth in Holy Writ, her guardian angels often passed to spend sweet hours with her.

Pauline there sat listlessly, alike unconscious of passing hours or approaching sounds; when, shrieking, she sprang suddenly to her feet, as she felt the pressure of a finger upon her shoulder. Turning, she stood in the presence of Eugene Neville.

"Oh! Eugene, what a shock you have given me!

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how unexpected!" she exclaimed; still agitated from the fright his touch had occasioned.

"Pardon me, Pauline;" he said, "but your father and I arrived in the village about an hour previous; and he, being detained by some business, bade me ride forward and announce him. And I assure you, Pauline, it affords me not a little pleasure to find you in a structure which my boyish hands devised and yours adorned."

Pauline blushed at this reminiscence, but made no reply, for other thoughts filled her mind. He continued:

"But is it not imprudent for you to remain so long exposed to the dampness of the evening air?"

"I knew not that it was so late:" she replied.

"Then must your thoughts have been particularly interesting, Pauline."

"Particularly sad, Eugene; I think of nothing but my lost Marie. Pray, has pa any news for me respecting her?"

"None that will be very satisfactory to you, I fear, Pauline. As you are well assured, no efforts have been wanting to ferret out the wretch that could be guilty of such a crime; but they have been made without success. I have news, however, from your best friend; one whom, I may say, that next to yourself, sweet one, I most admire."

Pauline trembled as she hung upon his arm, lest this expression of endearment should be but the forerunner of the introduction of a subject, which she had resolved, fondly and long as they had loved, must, for the present at least, between them, be an interdicted one: and seeming not to notice it, she hastily said:

"And pray who is it that stands so high in your estimation, Eugene?"

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"Who should it be, Pauline," he interrogatively asked, "but our friend, Isabel?"

"She is indeed a friend;" replied Pauline: "oh! how much I wish she were here. You have a letter for me, Eugene; I know."

"Not exactly a letter, Pauline."

"I am sure you have something from her, Eugene: do not tease me with suspense."

"That is precisely what she gave me directions to do."

"Then I must disappoint you both, by indifference; and I now resolve not to be teased."

"Oh! if you intend to bring philosophy to your aid, I shall tell you at once that I have something which was intended for a letter, but as you may judge by the bulk, it has grown into a manuscript of quite respectable dimensions."

He held it in his hand as he spoke. Pauline eagerly extended hers to seize the treasure of her friend's fond words; when withdrawing it, he laughed as he exclaimed:

"Is that the calm indifference of your philosophy, Pauline!" and restored it to his pocket.

"How provoking you are, Eugene! Well, I shall get it some time; and now tell me what is passing at the Branch this summer."

"Ah! that *is* philosophy; Pauline. Well, there is all the news," he said, handing the manuscript to her; "and I may add, a little more than you may have expected to hear."

She pressed the seal of Isabel's voluminous letter to her lips; and looking at Eugene as he continued to speak, she saw from his whole appearance and manner that there was something of interest in reserve for her.

"Do tell me at once, Eugene, what it is."

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"Miss Crawford has had proposals made to her at the Branch." He spoke abruptly on purpose to witness the strongly marked surprise, which he knew would animate the fine countenance of the inimitable being beside him.

"Eugene!" burst from her ruby lips, "you are trifling."

"Her letter to you will no doubt explain it all:" he added with assumed composure.

After a pause, she musingly asked: "Who could have approached her, Eugene?"

"That is precisely what she tells me to tease you to divine, Pauline: guess."

"Your brother Charles has returned and renewed his suit:" said Pauline.

"Ah! no:" deeply sighed he, suddenly changed from mirth to sadness; "would to heaven that could be! Charles has not known a happy hour since he received the unexpected shock of her refusal."

"You were all surprised that she should have refused him; but I was not, Eugene. Isabel has resolved never to marry; and so I told you from her, before he had made more than his first advances. Charles has no superior"—she would have loved to except in words as she truly did in thought, one who was at that moment no great distance from her, but prudence and her resolve forbade,—"and if Isabel would have accepted the addresses of any one, I know they would have been his. So tender was she of his feelings, that, in order to save him the pain of a refusal, which it was too evident he intended to force from her, she resolved to seem to overstep the bounds of maidenly reserve, and let him know, before he had committed himself, that she would accept of proposals from no one. But with the usual

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impetuosity of gentlemen, he determined to press his claims, and learn his fate from her own lips. He approached her, and was not accepted:" softening by a negative form of expression, as she concluded a subject, which she knew excited anguish in the breast of Eugene whenever it was referred to. In the present instance, however, it was the strong probability of his return, that impelled the mention of his name. She continued:

"You know how deeply we sympathize with Charles; pardon this reference to him, Eugene; but have you heard from him since his sudden departure?"

"Only twice, Pauline. Upon his return to the West Indies he was so altered in every respect, that you would not have known him. He remained at home for a few months, when he suddenly resolved to go abroad. The first letter we received from him was from New Orleans. He was married."

"Married!" exclaimed Pauline.

"Yes: Pauline, married. We thought at first that he would now be happy. But we have since had reason to fear, it was rather the act of one who had become reckless of himself; for the next time that we heard from him, he was in Europe. No mention was made of his wife, we are therefore led to conclude that she did not accompany him; and perhaps is now a lonely sufferer on his account. He has been absent seven years; during six of which we have not heard from him. The estate is equally divided between us. I hold his half in trust until his return; or until his wife be discovered, who is expressly mentioned in the will, and their heirs, if there be any. I have sought for her in every part of New Orleans; but without success. The only trace of her that I could discover was the record of

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her marriage with Charles on the books of the parish church; and that she was a stranger there. I then advertised for her; but all without avail. She may be in want: God only knows; while there, at home, are princely possessions in want of a possessor. My poor, poor Charles! where can he be?"

By this time they had reached the cottage; Mr. Seward not yet having arrived, Pauline excused herself and withdrew; eager to peruse Isabel's letter, and solve the mystery of the late denouement, which had so completely aroused her curiosity. She pressed the well-known seal of friendship to her heart; broke it, feasted her eyes with a general glance at the familiar handwriting, and commenced:

"Dearest Pauline,—Should I give you a minute account of events that have transpired at the Branch since the present season has opened, you would pronounce it the most singular medley that has ever been recorded. There is the oddest jumble of humanity here, imaginable. Without intending, however, to inflict upon you any philosophical observations respecting it, I shall simply observe, that there are here two great classes, one of which consists of those who not only lead the *beau monde*, but have the means to sustain their pretensions; the other, who wish to lead, but are lamentably deficient in that most requisite accompaniment, and, if you can pardon me the folly of imitating a certain exquisite now here, most 'vulgawly awkvawd' in the use of what they have. But I will not attempt to entertain you with an account either of real or mock respectability; nor of the foolishness or fun that daily transpires. Eating, drinking, bathing, balls, walks, romps, and rides make up the history of each passing day; and serve, as far as my feelings are concerned at least, but to increase the monotony that always

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broods over a bare and sandy beach, heated and baked all day long by a summer's sun.

"Would you believe it, dearest, that I, your bouncing Bel, as you used to call me, have recently become quite serious and meditative? and maybe you will add, romantic, when I tell you that I pass half my time at the Branch, in an artificial cave, excavated in the side of a hill, about a quarter of a mile from the beach. It is a delightful spot—indeed the only one within walking distance—beautifully adorned, and fantastically shaded by a profusion of jessamine, woodbine and honeysuckles. It commands a most sublime view of the ocean; and, while I write to you, amidst the warblings of a hundred birds that nestle in the shady foliage, its deep blue, restless bosom heaves to the wooings of its ever fresh, but still coquetish lover, the varying breeze. I feel all the inspiration of Byron's Pilgrim, when he says:

> 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,—roll!—
> Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,—
> Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now,
> Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
> Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—
> Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,—
> Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
> Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime,—
> The image of eternity,—the throne
> Of the Invisible.'

But the beauties of Childe Harold cause me to forget that I am writing a letter, and that I have a melancholy task to perform.

"An event transpired here, the day before yesterday, which has shrouded our party in the deepest gloom. The blow falls heavily upon poor Mrs. Templeton; and shows the utter hopelessness of those who have no

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other than worldly consolation to assuage their griefs in the hour of trial.

"About six miles from the Branch, is a range of lofty hills, or mountains, which, from the wildness of the scenery, and view of the ocean, forms a favourite ride.

"'What is the order of the day for to-morrow?' asked Mr. La Zourk, one evening. I have not thought it necessary to give you a list of our company: ils sont tous amis intimes.

"'The Knoll of Le Noir,'—so called, from a deep and dark ravine which, by some terrible convulsion of nature, now separates what formerly must have been a continuous range of hills,—was the unanimous vote. It was arranged that we should start at half-past four o'clock; so as to afford ample time to return for breakfast. Our horses were at the door; and their riders, punctual to the hour, soon in the saddle. Clara Stephens was under the protection of Mr. La Zourk; Mrs. Templeton, the young bride, as she is still called, of course received the attention of her husband; and I, —who do you suppose, Pauline, was my cavalier servente? I do not know whether to laugh or cry, whenever I think of it: however, some things must be endured, so be not surprised when I tell you that I received the compliments of the Rev. Dr. Bogus! I must, in justice to him, however, say, that there was not a gentleman in the company who was more *au fait* in every point of etiquette, or who made himself more agreeable. As to the rest of the long cavalcade, each belle had her beau.

"It was a magnificent morning for a ride. The sea breeze was fresh and exhilarating. Our noble steeds felt its invigorating influence, and snuffing the pure air,

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bore us along with delightful rapidity. The sun had scarcely tinged the eastern sky when we started, but before we had proceeded half our intended ride, he had thrown his golden beams over the sparkling waves of the broad Atlantic, and had kissed every rosy cheek in the company. You would have laughed to have seen how quickly blushing faces were veiled from his saucy gaze. But I fear that I am growing mirthful, when I should rather be sad. An hour's ride brought us to the foot of the hills of Le Noir. We rode half way up to the knoll, which forms the terminus of the excursion; and, leaving our horses at the station-house, proceeded to clamber the remainder of the steep ascent. It abounds in the most beautiful wild flowers; and the gentlemen were emulating each other in all manner of hair-brained endeavours to see who should procure the most beautiful bouquet for his lady partner, while laughter and merriment accompanied every fresh accession to the gems of the floral train. A less rural portion of our company had already reached the romantic spot, whose beauties were to reward our pleasing but laborious efforts. The melody of their flutes and sweet voices, wafted on the morning air, attracted us from every other pursuit, to finish the clambering ascent, and recline on the top of the hill.

"All but poor Templeton had reached it. He had not been successful in culling as tasteful a bouquet as the other gentlemen, and especially as it was for the only bride in the company, he had determined it should at least not be inferior to the others. About twelve or fifteen feet below the top of the knoll was a ledge of rocks, upon which the earth, as it was washed by the rains or blown from the surface above, lodged. This was perfectly covered with violets and blue-bells, and a

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sweet little white flower, which I have never seen anywhere but here. Its almost inaccessible position alone had preserved it from the plundering hand of the ruthless beaus. Mr. Templeton, it seems, had formed the determination to reach it, secure its treasures, and triumph over all his rivals. Oh! insatiate ambition, how many victims hast thou laid in an untimely grave! In our scrambling exertions to reach the top, each one had seemingly forgotten his partner; and on reaching it we turned to see who had been distanced: but all had arrived, except Templeton; and he was nowhere to be seen. At first it caused no surprise; rather it was to have been the subject of a little fun as soon as he should make his appearance. When—oh! Pauline, how I shudder while I write it—the most heart-rending, agonizing cry burst upon our ears: 'Help!—help! save me, for heaven's sake!' Every face was blanched with horror.

"The more timid shrank from the awful chasm whence came the horrifying sounds of despair; while the boldest, timidly looking down, shuddered as the dread reality was revealed to them. There, on that ledge of rock, his hands clasped with the energy of despair, to the projecting root of a small shrub, hung Mr. Templeton. His hat had already fallen; and his long, dark hair wildly wafted by the winds gave additional horror to his pale and agonized features.

"'Save him! oh! save my Henry! my husband!' shrieked his now frantic wife; as she stretched herself over the rock, as if she would plunge to rescue him or perish with him in the attempt. They forced her away from the dizzy brink of ruin, but she still filled the air with her shrieks as she struggled to get free.

"'How shall we save him?' was the anxious inquiry

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depicted in every countenance. To spring from the top was certain death; to attempt to reach him by clambering would be but to share his fate, without rescuing him. A rope was the only hope upon which his rescue now depended; but rope there was none. The best substitute was our handkerchiefs. A sufficient number of these was instantly produced and firmly knotted together.

"Every moment was to him an hour. His strength was gradually diminishing; and he must have fallen before this, but that he had succeeded in planting his feet upon a slender point of the jutting slate, and thus in some measure relieved the strain upon his wrists and arms. Friendly voices from above cheered him and encouraged him to hold on. The knotted handkerchiefs were thrown over the edge of the cliff as fast as they were tied, that he might see the efforts made to rescue him, and be cheered by the hope of their success. Nearer and more near descends the uneven cord. It was chiefly of silk, and more than strong enough to sustain his weight, should the ties not prove faithless. It is almost within his grasp. 'He has hold of it! He will be saved!' was the cheering announcement made to his frantic wife. 'Saved!' she wildly ejaculated, her eyes rolling in their sockets with a restless and unmeaning stare. 'Saved!' and the woods rang and the rocks re-echoed her shrill, hysteric laugh.

"'He is on the narrow ledge,' was now the joyful announcement. The ledge might have been one foot wide, at that point; and if he had had strength to maintain his present position, until better means for his rescue could be brought from the station house below, his rescue was certain. Several had already started for the proper means; but in the mean time, his strength

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rapidly sank; and it became too evident that he must be saved at once, or it would be for ever too late. With his remaining strength he tied the handkerchiefs around his breast and under his arm-pits. It was a smooth surface of full fifteen feet, up which he had to be drawn. With a steady and gentle pull he arose higher and higher. He had almost reached the top; when, oh! slender tenure by which he still held on to life! one knot of his fragile rope gave way!—— One long, one last—one fearful cry,—— a crash—and poor Templeton was no more.

"Mrs. Templeton worshipped no other being but him; bowed at no other shrine; she had no other god. That god, that idol was snatched away, and she was deaf to all consolation. The voice of religion was to her but mockery; the consolation of the world burlesque; she understood neither. She tore her hair; she shrieked; she made violent efforts to break loose from those who held her and rush towards the precipice; and at last, when exhausted nature could bear up no longer, she sank senseless and cold upon the ground. Oh! Pauline, I shall never forget the horrors of that scene.

"After some hours' search, the mangled corpse of Mr. Templeton was found. Litters were made; the deceased was conveyed to the Branch upon one; and the almost lifeless form of the bereaved upon the other. Mrs. Templeton mourned as those without hope, and she is now a RAVING MANIAC.———

"After all this, Pauline, how shall I venture to speak again of myself? And yet, if I should refuse to confide in you, as you have confided in me, I know that I should justly render myself obnoxious to your reproach. Yes; dearest, I must speak of myself and tell you all—

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all but one little word, and that I intend as a surprise for you, when next we meet. I will merely intimate that I have made the acquaintance of two Roman Catholic ladies, residents of our city. They have been here all summer. I have had the best opportunity of establishing an intimacy, and confess that I do not find them such dreadful creatures as I might have supposed. I know not if I can trust you to such acquaintance, but they have heard me speak of you so often, that they insist I shall introduce them as soon as we return. They know you by reputation, and I think you will be able to revive some recollection of them yourself, when I inform you that they are Miss W—— and Mrs. R——. I leave you to guess the remainder of their names. I shall not entertain you with any description of them, except to say, that they are the very worst description of Catholics with whom you could meet. They are said to be devotedly pious; and one of them particularly is so gentle, sweet and amiable, and both are so intelligent, that a perfect charm is thrown around them in their intercourse with others: and if it were possible for me to change, I should love above all things to be changed into just such beings. I understand one will probably be, 'a religious' I believe they call it; the other is a convert—I cannot find it in my heart to call such a being apostate—from our church.

"Dearest Pauline, if I could for one moment suppose that what I am now about to relate to you, respecting myself, would in any manner or form be made known—I mean made known that *I* said it—I should hesitate to breathe it even to you. I have most unwillingly become the 'great talked of,' as far at least as the Branch is concerned, and there is too much known already.——"

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The voice of love and the seal of friendship are sacred. The gentle reader will therefore permit our heroine to shield her amiable friend from public gaze, and preserve the confidence reposed in her, while we assume the responsibility of recording those incidents which proved so annoying to Isabel, and which, being already made sufficiently public at the Branch, will save us from unjust imputations.

We have several times observed the great partiality of Dr. Bogus to Miss Crawford, and his marked attentions to her. That partiality and those attentions were redoubled, during the present season, at the Branch.

Miss Crawford was devotedly attached to her aged and infirm parents; and, although she had other reasons for choosing never to marry, it was chiefly on their account that she had, as has been seen, refused the hand of one, whose offer she would otherwise have been proud to accept. Could she therefore have thought that the attentions of Dr. Bogus were other than the evidences of mere politeness, such as might be expected from a gentleman who occupied the responsible station of pastor, and who, in that capacity, familiarly visited at her father's residence, she would at once have found means to correct the mistake, under which, the respect she ever felt it her duty to show to him, both as her pastor and as a gentleman, had caused him to labour. And although she had been playfully bantered respecting him, particularly by Mr. Seward, yet had she never regarded it seriously. It was then with perfect innocence, on her part, that she admitted his attentions at the present time.

It was a calm summer evening. Isabel was seated in front of her favourite retreat, the cave, contemplating the beautiful scene spread out before her. Scarcely

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a breath of air disturbed the leaves of her pet flowers that surrounded her. The ocean slept the calm, sweet sleep of an infant. Its angry surges, ever wont to lash the shore, scarce returned a murmur to the passing breeze. The full round moon, fair queen of night, had just left her ocean bath, silvering the bosom of the deep. It was the hour of love; the hour when the infant god at random plies his darts. It was the hour too of heavenly contemplation; and the words of her favourite poet, "These are thy glorious works, Parent of good; Almighty! thine this universal frame. Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!" were just at that moment finding an almost inaudible utterance from her parted lips, when she heard footsteps approaching her retirement. A moment afterwards her polite and reverend friend presented himself before her, with an apology for the intrusion———.

At an early hour the next morning the Rev. Dr. Bogus left the Branch in haste, and returned to his professional duties in the city.

Pauline had just finished her perusal of the particulars of this interview and of her friend's refusal of the reverend gentleman's overture, when she heard a vehicle approach the cottage, and knew that her father had arrived. Leaving the remaining topics of the letter for another time, she flew to the door; and was soon in the embrace of her affectionate parent.

Hanging upon his arm as they entered the door, her first inquiry was:

"Dear pa, what have you been able to effect towards the recovery of my poor, lost Marie?"

"Nothing that has produced a satisfactory result, my love: and yet every thing that could be done. I have elicited the interest of the entire body of police, by the

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offer of a reward, which ought, indeed, to tempt the miserable wretch himself to return her. A number of persons not regularly connected with the police have also offered their services; and by this time every suspicious quarter, and every den of iniquity throughout the city, must have been subjected to secret or open examination; and if she be in the city at all, she must certainly be discovered. But you must remember, my love, that we know not who she is, nor what may be her parentage; and it is quite possible, that those who retain her may have a better claim upon her than ourselves."

Pauline shuddered at the bare idea of such a reality; and said:

"It is as utterly impossible, pa, that the ill-looking creature who once attempted to seize her, should have any just claim upon her, as that the wolf should be the keeper of the lamb. Besides, an honest person, and one whose claim to her was just, would not assume the place of the wolf, and prowl about the woods, watching his opportunity to snatch her away."

"That may be all very true, my love; but her whole history, as respects ourselves, is shrouded in mystery; and all that remains for us to do, is to leave no means unemployed of unravelling its obscurity. But, what have you done with Eugene, my daughter? Has he not been here?"

Eugene, hearing his name, came forward and answered for himself.

"Well, my boy," continued Mr. Seward, "how does Leflore and the cottage look, by this time? Do you see any traces of its former self?"

"Very many, my dear sir; but my glance at it in the evening twilight was too slight to enable me to give you more than a general reply."

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"Well, you must make an especial survey of it to-morrow *à cheval.* Pauline, is your filly in good order?"

Pauline knew too well the object of the inquiry, and, blushing, she replied:

"Really, dear pa, I do not know; I have not used it this summer."

"That shows how much you deserve to own her. Well, Sam, no doubt, can give us a good account of her."

Soon after supper, being weary with their day's journey, the travellers separated for the night.

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CHAPTER XXI.

There's mourning on earth,—let the angels rejoice
To welcome among them this new seraph voice;
And in praise of their queen, their golden harps tune,
Who gave to the prayer of her earth-weary one,
Not 'the glimpse that she asked in the visions of night,'
But the fulness—the bliss—of the regions of light.—M. M.

Tottering, as he moves under the luscious burden of his fruits; smiling, as he scatters his treasures with a liberal hand into the lap of industry, and crowning the mansion and the cottage alike with joy, once again returns Autumn. Autumn, that re-collects around the family altar, those whom Summer's heat had driven to cooling shades and rural bowers; Autumn, that with his trumpet of sighing winds and creaking boughs, heralds the approach of the icy sovereign of the year; Autumn, whose falling leaves and fading flowers give melancholy note of the evanescence of all sublunary things, hovered over Leflore, sereing its verdant hills and pleasant vales with the finger of decay, and clothing them in the sombre habiliments of death. A fit memento, a passing tribute, due to the lost, now hopelessly lost, Marie.

The inmates of Eglenton Cottage obeyed the general summons of return. Every preparation had been duly made, and the travelling equipage was waiting before the door for its familiar burden.

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It was Mr. Seward's intention to have accompanied his daughter to the city, but just as the moment of their departure had arrived, his agent was seen approaching the house in great haste. He held a roll of paper in his hand, and on arriving, requested Mr. Seward to give him some attention before his departure, at the same time presenting him an open letter. Mr. Seward became somewhat agitated as he read, but succeeded so far in controlling his emotion as to avoid any special curiosity on the part either of his daughter or of Eugene, who were standing near him, and were, in fact, on the point of entering the carriage when they first descried the agent.

"My children," he said, "here is a vexatious little matter that will require a half hour's delay; excuse me for that time, and I shall then be with you."

So saying, he entered the study, and continued to read the papers that lay before him with more attention than he had first given them. He was not long in comprehending the serious nature of their contents, and uttering in a half-suppressed tone, "Misfortunes, truly, never come alone!" he passed out to the colonnade, where his daughter and Mr. Neville awaited him, and with an air of assumed cheerfulness, said:

"Ah! my children, I shall not have the pleasure of your company, as I expected, to the city. Can you excuse me? I have just learned that the recent rains have so damaged my property, that it will require my presence here for several days to come; but you may expect me in the city in a very short time. Eugene, I place Pauline under your especial protection, and wish you an agreeable journey."

This was precisely what Pauline wished to shrink from, and she said:

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"There is no reason why we should go, dear pa, until you do, and I should much prefer to wait your pleasure."

"Every thing is ready now, my love, and at present it is my desire that you should go without me, especially, as I know not when I shall be able to bear you company."

Pauline made no further remonstrance, and, kissing her father, she suffered him to hand her into the carriage. Eugene followed her, and the next instant they had commenced their journey. The last good-bye was said to old Martha, who, with tears bedimming her aged eyes, gazed after the retreating vehicle, eager to catch the last glimpse of the child, whom, it was her constant boast, she had "brought up so beautiful like," and whom, her many infirmities caused her to feel, she now saw for the last time. All once more felt how sad and lonely Eglenton had become. Its fair ministering spirit had departed. Even old Carlo, as he returned from following the carriage as far as he had thought it prudent to go, wagged his tail with less spirit than usual, and mopingly entered his kennel, to forget the realities of his loss in dreamy sleep.

Mr. Seward had spoken truly, when he said that his property had been seriously damaged by the late freshets. The waters, accumulating with such rapidity as they do in mountainous regions, had risen to a most unprecedented height, and sweeping down the valley, had carried off an immense quantity of stock and produce; devastating whole farms in their furious course, and effecting an incredible loss, not only of property, but of life. But his pecuniary losses from this source were not of sufficient importance to arouse a passing thought, in comparison with the development which was the true

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cause of his attorney's hasty and unexpected visit. Of this, he very wisely forbore to make any mention to his daughter, merely giving the minor cause of his detention at Leflore as an excuse to cover the real and only sufficient one. This was a claim upon the beautiful estate of Eglenton. It had been in the possession of Mr. Seward almost twenty years. He had purchased it through an agent, his former attorney, and relying solely upon his sagacity, had never felt it necessary to do more than give the title-deeds a general and hasty perusal, attach his signature to them, and pay the stipulated sum on their transfer. He had since expended large sums of money in their embellishment; and, little doubt rested upon his mind but it was their increased value, which tempted the son of their former possessor to raise a claim, which, however sustainable in a legal point of view, could not be founded upon any principle of justice.

But other events now demand our attention, and wishing Mr. Seward a happy issue from the unexpected and startling difficulties that surround him, we must leave him and his attorney to follow our heroine to the happy, though in more than one point of view, melancholy termination of her theological inquiries.

Immediately on her arrival at Mordant Hall, she seriously disposed herself to take the final step, which was for ever to unite her to the church of her divine Lord. She felt that her severest trial was fast approaching. The contemplation of the profession of the Catholic Faith, even when it was yet remote and doubtful, was gloomily overshadowed by apprehension; how much more trying was it now that it stood before her as an imperative duty; a duty from which, with all her light and knowledge of Catholic truth, if she should now shrink, she knew it must be at the certain peril of

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the salvation of her immortal soul; and yet with all her courage, with all her determination, now that she was called upon to take that step, she faltered. The solemn words of Eugene constantly sounded in her ears: "I can forewarn you, Pauline, if you persevere in this course, of a bitterer draught of sorrow's cup than you have ever dreamed it would be your unhappy lot to drink." What mean those ominous words? Had the father, whom she idolized, disclosed to him some dreadful resolution on his own part, in case of her perseverance? Or was it but the troubled imaginings of one, who she knew, yes, who she had ever known, loved her with an undying love? Then came fresh visions of that love; that love which had ever been the brightest, happiest, richest treasure of her joyous life; that love, which her heart had taught her to cherish as the holiest of passions; holy, because an emanation of the Deity, and because of its being sanctioned by every consideration of its appropriateness. Could she make the sacrifice of that love? She trembled at the thought. Was it needful to make the sacrifice? Alas! her bleeding heart told her it was. God had called her to profess the Faith which the object of her devotion abhorred; the Faith whose ministers he regarded as the emissaries of Satan; whose doctrines he esteemed the doctrines of devils. That Faith she treasured as the richest gift of a merciful God to his fallen creatures, as the only medium by which to recover his forfeited love; those ministers, she honoured as the ambassadors from the court of heaven, commissioned to make overtures of peace and reconciliation to rebellious man; those doctrines, as the righteous standard, whereby those were recognised and sealed for eternal salvation, who accepted the meditation of her crucified Redeemer. Were the

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two compatible? Could they be united, and happiness result therefrom? Every consideration urged her to the sad conclusion, that they were not compatible; that to attempt to unite them would be but to invoke perpetual misery. Human affection is then poised in the unequal scale against divine love. Which must yield? The word of God compelled her to decide. "He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me. And he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not up his cross, and followeth me, is not worthy of me." And again: "every one of you that doth not renounce all that he possesseth, cannot be my disciple." "Oh! my God!" she exclaimed, almost overwhelmed by the painful result to which her meditations forced her; "give me thy grace to choose Thee, and strength to endure all the trials consequent to my choice. Yes, O my God, I love thee with my whole heart; I love thee with my whole soul; I love thee with a sovereign love, and with a firm resolution to love none but thee supremely, and all others in subordination to thee. Thou knowest, Lord, that I love thee; enable me to show it by a life of devotion to thy service."

Such were the reflections, such were the severe struggles, and such the prayers of our heroine during the days that intervened between the day of her return to the city and that of her profession of the Catholic Faith.

Her venerable instructor, the bishop, had wisely postponed the date of her admission in the church. He knew that he had no authority to refuse to exclude a returning prodigal from his father's house; he knew that the Saviour had commanded his disciples to forsake father and mother, and houses and lands, and all

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things whatsoever, if they stood between the repenting sinner and his God; he felt that he stood as the unworthy instrument in the hands of God, to convey to the soul, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, longing after the citizenship of heaven, those sacramental graces which heaven has ordained for our sanctification, and that to turn the sinner away, without the blessing, would be but to betray his trust; yet had he proposed a brief delay, with the hope that the only obstacle to the return of our heroine to the bosom of her true mother,—the opposition of the parent,—being removed, the sorrow that oppressed her might be turned into unalloyed joy and thanksgiving.

This, however, was a vain and fruitless expectation. The day of her reconciliation to God had dawned, and while she still ardently longed for the approbation of those whom she most loved on earth, she justly feared that by further delay she should only provoke them to place obstacles in her way that would render it beyond her power to take the step to which heaven had mercifully called her, and she resolved, as she arose, that that day should find her reconciled to God by membership with his church, be the consequences as to worldly considerations what they might.

"Would that I had but one friend!" she sighed, as she habited herself to meet her appointment and fulfil her resolve; "but one faithful friend who would accompany me on my solitary way, and lend me her support. Oh! Bel, my own dear Bel, why might I not rely upon thine aid, even in this dreadful hour, so trying to myself, so repugnant to thee? Art thou not a friend? Why then hast thou not answered me?"

Pauline had written to Isabella more than once to apprise her of her return to the city; but strangely and to

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Pauline most unaccountably, she had given no intimation of her desire to see her former friend. It was only the day before, when she felt the crisis to be so near, and still receiving no word from Miss Crawford, that she resolved to commit to paper, for the first time, the substance of her resolution, and begged her if she felt the slightest sympathy for one who had ever loved her, she would not refuse at least to accompany her to the Cathedral. The intervening hours were passed in painful suspense, which was the more intense, as she had no one to whom she might appeal. She had just rung the bell to order her carriage, with the determination of going in person to her friend, to learn the reason of her silence, and ascertain certainly if it had been caused by a resolution not to encourage her by her presence in taking a step, which she had so often protested against. "If she refuse me," said Pauline to herself, "then will I proceed alone, trusting in the strength of Him, who never deserts those who rely upon His aid."

The servant that answered the bell received the order she had intended to give, but at the same time presented his mistress with a note. A beam of hope inspired her, as she extended her hand to receive it; but a weakness instantly crept over her, and her trembling fingers refused to break the well-known seal. Breathless with expectation, yet she trembled in every limb. The note was a reply to her last. It was very brief, and ran thus:

"Dearest Pauline,—judge not your own devoted Bel so harshly as to suppose she has no sympathy for the only bosom friend she ever desired to make. No, dearest, her whole soul is inspired with the deepest and most tender sympathy for one so sadly circumstanced as she is. And yet, Pauline, I cannot aid

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you. You desire me to accompany you to the Cathedral. This, under present circumstances, is impossible. But without wishing to distress you, when I ought, and would—oh! how infinitely rather—comfort you, permit me to ask if you have now well and fully weighed the determination which your note informs me you have made. If you have, and are satisfied; if you think that the profession of the Catholic Faith is your bounden duty, why then I have but one prayer to offer at the throne of Grace for you; and that is, may God endue you with fortitude to sustain the trials, which I know are in store for you, whose life heretofore has been but one long continued, bright summer day. I can say no more at present, dearest, but will speak more freely when next we meet. Till then, adieu, my sweet, my own Pauline; and though she cannot serve you now, you will ever have at least one devoted friend,—your own dear Bel."

Pauline burst into tears as she finished the note, and sank back in her chair, overwhelmed with hopeless grief. She, the peerless and unrivalled queen of every circle, whom all esteemed too much to envy; she, the admired of all admirers, possessing as she did every quality that could touch the heart and influence its adoration, sits drowned in tears, without one of those, whom she had called friend, coming to support her in the dark hour of trial; not even her own devoted, her fond familiar friend.

How long she had remained in this troubled state of mind she knew not; but she was suddenly aroused from her painful loneliness by the announcement that the carriage was waiting her pleasure at the door. The hour had arrived at which she should have been at the Cathedral, and assuming as calm a bearing as

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possible, she adjusted the remainder of her dress, and with somewhat of a desperate resolution advanced to the door. As she seated herself in the carriage, she answered to the coachman's inquiry as to the direction: "The Cathedral." He received the unexpected order without exhibiting the surprise he felt, and in a very few minutes drew up before its spacious portal. Wishing to avoid the attraction which the sight of her carriage before the bishop's door must occasion, she dismissed it as she alighted, and entered the already open door of the episcopal residence.

As she approached the parlour, she distinctly heard the bishop's voice, evidently in conversation: and with some feeling of surprise that she was to have witnesses to the profession of her faith, she remained closely veiled as she entered; and bowing to the bishop, she tremblingly took the seat to which he had invited her, without venturing to raise her eyes to scrutinize her associates. She, however, just then recollected that the bishop had made some intimation that she would probably not be alone in the event of her entering the Catholic Church; but her agitation at the time prevented her from paying much attention to what was said.

The bishop continued his instructions to his fair penitents. It was the last he deemed it requisite to make previous to their immediate reception into the church; and after continuing his remarks for some time, he paused, and turning more particularly towards one of his hearers, addressed to her a question. No response was made to it. Pauline still kept her eyes upon the floor. A deep drawn sigh was the only sound that broke the solemn stillness of the room. The bishop, perceiving her embarrassment, was about

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to continue his observations without waiting for a reply. Her sighs were soon followed by a convulsive effort to conceal the external signs of her emotion. Pauline knew too well its irresistible force, and though she felt her own cheeks moistened with tears, she timidly raised her downcast eyes in sympathy towards the stranger.——

"Bel! Bel! yes: it is my own dear Bel!"

Joy forbade the utterance of more; but that was enough. Pauline and Isabel were clasped in each other's arms, mingling their tears, their hearts beating in unison of fond affection, and their burning lips again and again meeting in the simultaneous gush of purest love, of sympathy, and joyful surprise. It repayed her for all she had suffered. The bishop, with the delicacy which so peculiarly marked his character, in order to relieve the friends from the embarrassment which the unrestrained and irresistible expression of this unexpected meeting produced, excused himself and withdrew.

After the first expressions of surprise and joy were made, and the ladies became sufficiently composed to speak, Pauline, still clinging to her friend, exclaimed:

"Oh! Bel, my dearest Bel, how could you be so cruel as to keep this from me? I have ever shared with you my joys and griefs."

"Dearest, do not chide me. I have acted in such a manner as to leave you entirely uninfluenced in your decision. Had I acquainted you with my intentions, you might have been influenced by my example to precipitate your own decisions before you had fully weighed all their consequences. Was it not better to leave you entirely unbiased?"

"But when I informed you in my note of yesterday

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that I had already made my decision, and only wanted some friend to support me by her presence; why did you not then confess and lend me your aid?"

"This interview with the bishop was then decided upon, dearest, and my engagements were such that I could not promise you my company; and indeed that is the amount of the impossibility of my doing so, mentioned in my note: besides, dearest, I must not deny some desire to afford you a little surprise."

"Oh! Bel, I longed and prayed so earnestly for one friend to bear me company on my solitary way, and———"

"Now you have three;" said Isabel, interrupting and concluding the sentence; and smiling through her joyous tears and kissing her, she turned and presented Pauline to her new Catholic friends.

"I need not formally introduce my friend Miss Seward to you, Miss Worthington and Mrs. Reed," she said; "you are acquainted with each other already."

Pauline knew that there were other ladies in the room, but so much was she under the influence of the timidity engendered by her sense of loneliness and the strangeness of the position in which she found herself placed, that she had not once looked at them. They were standing near her, when Miss Crawford turned, making vain efforts to conceal how much they were affected by the unusual scene that had transpired before them during the last half hour. They each embraced our heroine, and Miss Worthington said:

"My dear Miss Seward, may this be the commencement of a friendship that shall be as warm and lasting as I am persuaded we all feel it to be sincere."

"That will indeed be a happiness," replied Pauline, who, from the moment she first looked at her, had been

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impressed with the gentleness and winning tenderness of every lineament of her fair face; "and I am to call you ———"

"Louisa is my name."

"What a sweet name," exclaimed Pauline as she repeated "Louisa, Lou: how I shall love to call you my dear Lou; and you shall call me ———"

"Dearest Pauline," added Miss Worthington.

"And you will be my godmother, will you not, dear Lou?"

"I must first ascertain if you will be an obedient child:" she playfully replied.

Miss Crawford had already appropriated Mrs. Reed to her sponsorship, and there was therefore a sort of necessity in the choice of sponsors which excluded the idea of partiality between the new friends, and removed all embarrassment in their choice for the interesting ceremonies by which they were soon to be admitted into the one fold of the one Shepherd.

Just as these points were being talked over, the bishop returned to the parlour. He was not altogether prepared for the change that had come over the spirits of his new converts. Instead of the melancholy look, downcast eyes, and deep-drawn sighs that had before characterized them, he saw them reversed in every particular. They stood near each other happily conversing; and as he opened the door, his ear caught the word "sponsor," uttered by one of them, he knew not which. It happened to be Pauline, and Mrs. Reed seeing her blushes and confusion, with a sprightliness and naïveté perfectly peculiar and natural to her, said:

"Oh! Bishop, we have converted these ladies, and there is nothing left for you to do, but to admit them at

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once to the church. Though, Bishop," she continued, "I have taken a strange fancy to administer the rites myself, and beg that you will let me give them absolution without delay."

The bishop was not averse to the cheerful mood which the ladies had assumed since he excused himself from the parlour, and replying to her in the same mirthful strain, observed, "that he had overheard the settlement of the sponsors alluded to, and he did not doubt but they would perform their part in the most edifying manner." He then seriously disposed himself to discharge the solemn duties connected with the profession of the Faith by the intelligent and well-instructed penitents before him.

Perhaps the reader has become sufficiently interested in the friend of our heroine, to wish to learn the particulars of a change, which, considering her strong attachment to one of the many forms of Protestantism, is, to say the least, remarkable; if so, a description of the interesting rites which are about being administered, to unite her to the Catholic Church, may be deferred, in order at once to gratify a very natural curiosity. We may simply observe, that two hours may have elapsed since the administration of those rites to which allusion has just been made. The solemn ceremonies were over; and the friends had the unspeakable consolation of feeling that their feet were now securely placed upon the Rock of Ages, the rock on which the Redeemer has built his church, and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. There were their hearts securely fixed; no more to be tossed about by every wind of doctrine and sleight of cunning men, who lie in wait to deceive. Pauline and Isabel had returned to Mordant Hall, having parted with their new friends on leaving

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the Cathedral, with many promises given and reciprocated of speedy and frequent visits.

"Now, dearest," said Pauline, as soon as they were once more seated, "tell me every particular of this extraordinary, and, to me, sudden and unexpected change, which has been so startling, and at the same time so joyous. Just when your friend was most disconsolate and forlorn, just when she thought herself cut off for ever from every object which she had most fondly cherished, here is her own dear Bel beside her a—Cath—— Oh! I cannot believe it—say the word yourself, Bel, a ——"

"Catholic, dear Pauline; a Roman Catholic!" she emphasized.

"Dear Bel, keep me no longer in suspense, but tell me all; tell me every slightest circumstance."

"I might be tedious, dearest, were I to be so very minute. I have had, almost from the first conversation we ever held upon the subject, though I studiously concealed it from you, a series of checks, of misgivings. You, yourself, unconsciously produced them. Though at that time you knew little or nothing of the Catholic Faith, I found I could not, satisfactorily to myself, answer the plausible reasons you gave, by way of palliating what I thought absurd, or even impious. Several times you placed me in dilemmas from which there was no escape but by advancing some new thing. I attributed my discomfiture then to my ignorance of the subject, instead of the badness of the cause, and proceeded with my objections. Finding that I was likely to involve you, where I was sincerely desirous of extricating you from difficulties, I enlisted the aid of one,—who, on account of recent occurrences, must be nameless,"—she added, deeply blushing; "and, what was my astonishment, to

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find, that after you had heard him under the most favourable circumstances, you retired, if not the victor, at least not the vanquished! These were the first two steps in the premises. There were many other minor points that intervened, but the next most striking, and, to me, insurmountable difficulty consisted in the four marks of the church. Partial as I was to the one in which I had been brought up, I found, on a serious and candid investigation, that it was impossible to apply, at least two of them, to the Protestant Episcopal denomination: namely, Unity, and Catholicity. At first, I thought that the latter was sustainable; but on the day I heard your soliloquy while standing behind your chair, I left you with new ideas: prompted, not so much by what you then said, for, you may remember, I applied all that to my own church, but, by what was afterwards said, in our conversation. And, when I read the books you then showed me, my mind was filled with a far different, and unspeakably more enlarged view of the glories of the church of Christ, especially in its attribute of Catholicity. My admiration was excited by the stupendous spiritual conquests of that church which I had ever been taught to despise. I began, as you had done, to compare it with that universal and everlasting kingdom of which the prophet Daniel so eloquently discourses; I compared it with the same prophet's rock, cut out of the mountain without hands, and that grew and filled the whole earth; and with the great tree of which the Saviour speaks, under the shadow of whose branches the nations of the earth found shelter; and I was forced to the same conclusion to which you had come, that whatever defects may characterize that church, it pre-eminently substantiates its claim to the leading

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features, which even Protestants confess are marks whereby to distinguish the church of Christ.

"These, Pauline, were my impressions when we parted. You repaired to Eglenton, and I to the Branch. There, as you are aware, I became acquainted with the amiable beings who have this day favoured us, by assuming our spiritual relationship.

"Mrs. Reed was my principal instructress. She, as I informed you, having been, like myself, educated an Episcopalian, but now a Catholic, of some years standing, remarkably intelligent, and well informed in all the points of controversy between the Catholic church and that to which she had formerly belonged, was well calculated to disabuse my mind of its false impressions. But more than that, her fervid piety and ardent charity so engrossed my admiration, that to have continued longer to have regarded the Catholic church as I once did, was an impossibility, and not to become a Catholic after all my convictions, after all I had heard and seen, equally so. You know all the rest."

"And this then is that 'one little word' excepted in your letter, which you intended as a surprise when next we met. Indeed, dear Bel, with all the happiness you have now afforded me, I can scarcely forgive you. If you had only let one little word peep out, so that I might have had even the slightest expectation of something agreeable; but to preserve such perfect secresy—oh! I shall have to punish you for this."

"Even one slight intimation would have spoiled it all, Pauline. I have already given you good reasons for my conduct; and I think you ought to consider it to have been the wisest and best course I could have pursued."

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"But your parents, dear Bel, what do they say to an event so unexpected?"

"You know, dear Pauline, that although all their preferences are for the Episcopal religion, they have never placed any restrictions upon my choice. It is but natural they should have preferred that I should remain as I was, but when they found that I was convinced, they said no more, but left me to pursue that course which seemed to me the line of duty."

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CHAPTER XXII.

Ah, is it not pitiful to look on her there,
Good and so beautiful, laden with care?—Miss Coleman.

In his private parlour, at Mordant Hall, with a clouded and anxious brow, sat Mr. Calvin Seward. His detention at Leflore had been much more protracted than he had at first anticipated. On examining his titles to the Eglenton estates he became perfectly astounded to discover defects, in the process of transfer, so glaring as utterly to preclude the idea that any man, pretending to legal sagacity, could have been ignorant of them upon the most cursory perusal: he was therefore reluctantly—for he had ever placed the utmost confidence in his attorney—forced to the conclusion that fraud was from the first designed, and that circumstances alone were wanting to profit by its successful operation, the former possessor suddenly dying a short time after the sale of the property, leaving his only son and heir in his minority, who was at this time neither capable, nor is it to be supposed base enough to become an accomplice in so fraudulent a collusion. The property by every principle of justice was his; he had paid for it a full equivalent, and he now determined, little as he needed it, to maintain his claim to the last extremity of the law, and also to expose and visit upon the heads of its base perpetrators the fraud which they had concocted.

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The events connected with these difficulties must be allowed to take their course, while we trace others that more particularly concern the order of the narrative.

The time was now rapidly approaching which was to have witnessed the happy nuptials of Eugene Neville and Pauline. Mr. Neville was in close conversation with her father in reference to the disposal of his property and settlement at the North.

"You do not then advise me to dispose of my estates:" he said in reply to an observation of Mr. Seward.

"No, Eugene, at least not for the present. In addition to the reasons I formerly gave you against it, I can now add the weight of an experience which strongly indicates that the steps which I have so recently taken with regard to my own property will be injurious to my interests; the disposal of your property might not be less so to yourself, should you at the present time relinquish it."

Mr. Seward here referred to the sale of that portion of his property which had escaped the torch of the incendiary during the late disturbances. He, like many of his fellow citizens, had become perfectly disgusted with the feeble protection which the city authorities afforded against the destruction of real estate. He had lost all confidence, from the absence of security, and he sold his entire property, investing his funds in stocks. One quarter had scarcely transpired before he discovered enough respecting their varying and fickle character to cause him to regret that he had so hastily moved in such an important matter.

Mr. Seward had inherited his fortune; and not having been trained to business, it is not extraordi-

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nary that, though an intellectual man, he should have twice subjected himself to serious and extensive loss through not being conversant with its details. It seems to have been his lot, as well as that of the greater part of mankind, to purchase wisdom by painful experience. Before he was well aware of the character of the market, into which he had thrown his entire fortune, he found himself in a whirl of excitement and anxiety from the thermometer-like expansion and contraction of the daily quotations; and he experienced a feverish restlessness, which had never before disturbed his quiet and independent life. It was the force of this experience that prompted his advice in the present instance to Eugene.

"Retain your property, Eugene, and avoid the anxiety occasioned by the fluctuation of a moving capital. But," continued Mr. Seward, "what objection can you have against placing your plantation in the hands of a faithful agent, and making this the place of your residence? Your father was accustomed to spend many consecutive years at the North, and I think you would find it quite as convenient, and perhaps far more agreeable, than the plan you have proposed."

"I thank you, my dear sir, for your kind advice, and will be guided by it, at least for the present. But I have now one more subject to refer to you, which surpasses in interest and importance all other considerations whatsoever."

Mr. Seward understood the reference, but, although it was the first wish of his heart, he could not conceal a shade of gloom as it was revived in his memory, if indeed it could be said ever to lie dormant there. The emotion was perhaps undefinable even to himself, though, if words could portray it, it might be said to

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consist of mingled doubt and fear, prompted by the peculiar reserve, which he knew Pauline to have constantly observed towards Eugene ever since his return. Eugene could not entirely conceal his embarrassment as he continued:

"Last spring was to have made me supremely happy in the enjoyment of that nearer relationship, which it has been the pride of my life to anticipate. I suppressed the ardour of my pursuit in submission to your better judgment, and consented to a postponement of the claims which I have been permitted to cherish, until such time as you thought they might reasonably be presented. You spoke of the autumn; might I hope, my dear sir, that this reference to the subject meets your approbation?"

"I know of no obstacle, Eugene," replied Mr. Seward, "which can be justly interposed to detain you longer from the possession of a treasure which we have ever encouraged you to expect: and from what I have recently observed in the deportment of Pauline, I think that the sooner your union takes place the better will it be for all parties. Excepting upon the one subject of religion she has made me very happy; I pray that you make each other so without that alloy. I believe you both have every quality to constitute human happiness; and I speak without flattery, when I say, that I have seen no one so worthy of her as yourself; certainly, no one to whom I could yield her with such entire confidence. You have my permission to speak to her whenever you please."

We cannot admit that the moisture which was forced from the eyes of Eugene Neville, by the warm confidence which was apparent in every word which Mr. Seward uttered, and by the undoubted proof of its sincerity given in his closing words, was an exhibition of

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unmanly weakness. It arose from a just pride, blended with an ardent feeling of the coveted happiness which he now found almost within his reach.

"Words form but a poor medium, my dear sir," he tremulously responded, "to convey to you my thanks for this generous expression of your confidence, and more particularly for the evidence you give of the depth of its meaning in the precious pledge with which you have sealed its truthfulness. I leave you now, sir, for a few days upon business with which you are acquainted; but you can easily judge with what haste I shall return."

"My blessing go with you, Eugene; may you be as happy as you deserve to be."

Before his departure for Leflore, (that being his destination, on business for Mr. Seward connected with the Eglenton estate,) he had a brief interview with Pauline. He made no direct reference to her that he had spoken with her father respecting herself, though he said enough to cause her to understand that the time was not distant when he should expect to be permitted to refer to a claim he had been taught to entertain for her.

Although his very delicate reference to the subject may have more vividly revived in her the realization of the trial that awaited her; yet it was not necessary merely as a reminder of its near approach. She constantly anticipated, and earnestly sought, by prayer, wisdom to conduct, and strength to sustain her through it. She knew him well, and saw in him every quality that could adorn the man and satisfy the heart of one who sought but human happiness; and three years previously, had her parent's plans respecting her been matured, it would have been the proudest act of her

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life to have permitted that parent to bestow her upon him. But a change had occurred in herself and a quality had been thereby developed in him, which impressed her with the conviction that their union was incompatible with the happiness which should ever be its consequent; and she felt that neither the length of time it had been contemplated, nor the sanction it had always received from the parents of both, were of sufficient weight, if indeed any consideration were, to render it incumbent upon her to consent to a union, if that union were to be made at the sacrifice of her individual happiness. That change in her, was religion; the consequent development in him, uncompromising hostility to that religion. And although neither her father nor Eugene knew that she had made a positive profession of it, enough had been already developed to convince her that such a step, were it known to have been made, would meet with no tolerance from either; and though a heart, so filial and sensitive as was hers, shrank from inflicting a wound upon her father by causelessly disclosing it, she resolved to communicate it upon the first opportunity that was afforded her. She had already advised with her friend Miss Crawford upon the subject, but she felt the necessity of further support; and being desirous to learn more particularly what course the religion she now professed pointed out to her, she resolved to confide her troubles to her experienced friend and sponsor, Miss Worthington. She penned and immediately despatched the following brief but expressive note:

"Dear Louisa—I need the assistance of your experience and advice. Will you not come to your spiritual daughter and permit her to lean her aching head upon your gentle heart? Forgive her, that at a time

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when, in the rich possession of heavenly treasure, she should be happy, she addresses you in such mournful tones. Believe her, when she says that within all is joy and peace; a peace that passeth knowledge, and that the world can neither give nor take away. There is one only impediment to the possession of perfect happiness: it is that impediment which she wishes to confide to you. Come to me then, my gentle, my own dear Lou. Ever your devoted

PAULINE."

Miss Worthington in every respect merited the confidence which our heroine was about to place in her. Her only fault, if fault she had, sweetly inclined to virtue's side. It consisted in being over scrupulous; but even that, though it might cause her unnecessary distress of mind with respect to the examination of her own spiritual life, and might render her as an adviser or confidant too timid, yet did it prompt the pleasing confidence that even if she erred in giving advice, the practice of her discipline would lead to an enviable state of perfection. Miss Worthington was habiting herself for a walk, when Pauline's note was placed in her hand. She read it with affectionate interest, and returning the sentiments of love which it expressed, sent word that she would immediately answer it in person.

Pauline received her friend's reply with delight, and anxiously awaited her arrival. When Miss Worthington was announced, Pauline moved forward and welcomed her friend with a fond and affectionate embrace.

"Dear Louisa," she said, "how kind it is in you to respond so promptly and sweetly to the request of your new friend. Would that I were able to convince

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you how much I esteem it as a proof of the warmth and disinterestedness of your friendship."

"My dear Pauline," she replied, "you place too high an estimate upon one who far more than yourself needs a counselor and consoler in the hour of difficulty and trial, and though it would afford me more happiness than I can express to be able to advise you properly, yet I should mislead you from the commencement did I conceal from you that I doubt my ability so to do; there is but one point that I can promise you, it is that whatever your confidence may lead you to repose in me, it will be as sacredly kept as if it still slumbered in your own bosom."

"Dear Louisa, your modesty is only equalled by your goodness; and the sweetness of your words is not inferior to either. You have already won my heart, as entirely as if we had been friends for years. I will not, then, hesitate to breathe my secret in your ear. I must however tell you beforehand, why I should seem to pass by our own dear Bel to confide in you, when our acquaintance is comparatively of so recent a date. If I did not make this explanation, you might justly feel surprised when you have heard the subject of my anxiety that I could possibly have consented to tell you of it; perhaps you might even regard the mention of it as a want of delicacy in me. You must know then that Isabel is fully acquainted with it, and that she has encouraged me to seek this interview, and that the reason she encouraged, and I consented to it is, besides for your own sake, because you are better acquainted than we are with the usage of your—I mean our holy church, on the subject, of——of;——oh! dearest Lou, cannot you guess the word I want to say? indeed I cannot utter it;" she added as her voice, gra-

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dually sinking to a whisper, tremulously died away. She reclined her head against the shoulder of her friend, and timidly raised her eyes inquiringly towards her sweet face.

"No, dearest," she replied, as she pressed her lips to Pauline's forehead; "I cannot divine your meaning. Tell me the rest without that one word, which seems so hard for you to utter."

"Dear Louisa," Pauline continued, her voice and her whole frame in a tremor of abashed excitement, "there exists one who, from childhood upwards, has been the idol of my heart."——She paused, but after one or two fruitless efforts proceeded:—"If there were not a God, he"——she paused again——"yes, dearest, he would have been the sole object of my homage.——Need I now say that I love him—oh! think me not vain while I utter it; I have loved him as an angel might have loved, for his sake alone. He was to me all that heart could wish, all that buoyant fancy could portray. We were to have been —— dearest cannot you comprehend me now?"

"Yes—dearest—go on."

———"last spring. The day to which I once looked forward with such blissful anticipations arrived, and was indefinitely postponed. He——oh! how shall I utter it of him, dear Louisa? how shall I utter a word that is not to his praise?—He—hates our most holy Faith."

Louisa was too much overcome both by the words and manner of the new convert to attempt to speak. Her own tender and generous heart was inspired with every shade of feeling, just as she saw it in Pauline. Her own words and her own emotions would have been just the same. She remained mutely enchained to her words, only clasping her arms more closely

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around the sweet girl, and pressing her more warmly to her bosom as their tears fell together. Pauline, after a pause, continued:

"Such is the uncompromising nature of his opposition and such his unyielding disapprobation, that-much as I know he loves me—there is no hope, that in this one particular he will either regard it or me with leniency, did he but know that I am a Catholic."

Miss Worthington regarded Pauline for a moment with an inquiring look; and then with some degree of firmness in her tone asked:

"Pauline, have you the courage to act as I shall advise?"

"It was with the hope that I might, dearest, that I sought your aid."

"Then, Pauline, tell him what you are; and if he act as you have described, he proves that he is not worthy of the heart that is offered to him; and rather than grieve, you should rejoice in your rescue from perpetual misery."

"That, dear Louisa, I might assume the courage to do; but now let me disclose another cause of grief, which, indeed, if it alone could but be removed all the rest would vanish, or at least become comparatively easy. Our venerated parents have looked forward to the result of our love, and have desired it almost, perhaps fully, as much as we. My dear father is the only surviving witness of its accomplishment; did he but know that I contemplated it as an impossibility, it would break his heart; and though I have had warning of some dreadful result, should it not transpire, yet conscience, religion, a just regard for my own future happiness; yes, every consideration impels me forward to undertake the trial, be it what it may; and yet I could not

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act without advice. I had none to whom I could resort in such a matter, who understands the council of the church. I have appealed to you; I have buried my grief deep in your gentle heart, for I see, I feel that you fully, perfectly sympathize with me; now, dearest, dearest Louisa, teach me how to act. Shall I brave his scorn? Shall I break a fond parent's heart by disclosing the secret of what I am, and of what my sense of duty to myself demands? Or shall I seal my misery for life, and sacrifice my religion by assuming an engagement which will but too certainly endanger it, to please a parent and gratify an ardently attached heart?"

"Be comforted, dearest Pauline. There needs not this gush of grief. There is no reason in religion, or in common sense, that can justly require of you so great a sacrifice. As I feared, I shall not be able fully to advise you, nor do I think you should be satisfied with what one so inexperienced as I necessarily must be, could say. I however can give you the teaching of holy religion respecting it. It is laid down as the first and most necessary thing in a choice of such vital importance as this, that the parties, one being Catholic, should choose the other party of his or her own religion."

"But, dearest, in this case the choice has been already made."

"That matters not, dear Pauline, we must accommodate ourselves to religion; we should not expect religion to accommodate itself to us: and, the reasons that enforce the principle which I have mentioned, are so obvious as to need no extended observation. The first reason is, on account of your own salvation; and this is manifest from the testimony of God himself,

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who expressly charges his people not to marry with those of a different religion,* expressly giving as a reason for this, the fear and danger of their being withdrawn from His true religion.† In this last, he only mentions the fear and danger of being withdrawn from true religion; but, in the former place, he absolutely affirms, that those who make such ill-assorted attachments *will be* drawn away; his words are, 'for he will turn away thy daughter from following me:' and though there might be cases in which this would not literally happen, we have no authority to put ourselves in danger; on the contrary we are commanded to flee from it.

"And a second reason is, on account of your own peace and happiness; for, when the parties are of different religions, the one of the true religion, the other of the false one, what a source of dissension and disturbance does it become! How often are calumnies and slanders against the true religion thrown out by the other party! How many gibes and sneers against their religion is the believing party often exposed to hear! What difficulty do they find in observing the rules and practices of their religion! And, though none of all this happen, what a heartfelt affliction must it be to them, if they have any sincere sense of eternity, to see the person, whom, by the laws of God and nature, they are bound to love above every other creature, living in a way so ruinous and dangerous to their own souls! And how must this affliction be increased, if they see their dear children, whether they will or not, brought up in the same way!‡ These, besides an

* Deut. vii. 3. † Exod. xxxiv. 16.
‡ Bishop Hay's Sincere Christian, p. 303.

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innumerable number of other trials, which attend such connections, but of which the world never hears, ought to deter any one, but especially the female party, as they value the salvation of their soul, to shrink from all such engagements.

"Think not that I underrate the sacred character of the marriage contract, or of the vows that bind us to fulfil it in any given case. With us, as you are aware, marriage is a sacrament, and indissoluble except by the hand of death; and even then, the surviving party is not so perfectly free to renew his vows as in the first instance; at least the sacrament when repeated is not so perfect an image of that mysterious spiritual union of Christ and His Church to which it is likened, and the Church, in view of this imperfection, omits a certain portion of the ceremony in every repetition of it. And it is on account of this characteristic, its indissolubility, that it is more incumbent upon us to weigh the subject long and well before we assume its solemn vows and obligations.

"Dearest, since you have confided in me, I have felt it my duty to speak thus plainly upon the present subject of your grief, but, permit me also to add, that the grief you now experience, bears no comparison with that which must inevitably be your lot, in case of your union, if he whom you so ardently love, and of whom you have now spoken, be as you have led me to suppose. I could give you sad instances, Pauline; but in the mean time, do nothing hastily or rashly; pray much, and commit your entire being to God; give him your heart, your soul, and all that you have and are; and rest assured, that in his own good time he will unfold to you his sovereign will in this, as in all other trials."

Pauline had no voice to reply, no energy to move,

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no strength to rise; she sat motionless and still, and, before her friend was really aware of her situation, she fell fainting in her arms.

The rosy hours had reflected back the blushes of twice seven suns, when Pauline sat in the same parlour, and Eugene Neville by her side. They had already been for some minutes in conversation, when Eugene said:

"You will not refuse to listen to me, Pauline?"

Pauline replied, with deep feeling in her tone:

"I intreat you, Eugene, as you value your own happiness and mine, never again to address me upon this subject."

"Pauline, pardon my importunity, but has it not been our highest boast, our supreme delight, from our earliest recollection, to think of each other with reference to this hour, when I should thus formally seek from you the pledge that I now have asked? Has not every passing hour borne its testimony to the love, which almost intuitively bound our hearts in one? And our venerated parents, dear Pauline! did they not live but to cherish the hope of seeing us united in fact, as we have ever been in heart?"

"It was so, Eugene," she tremblingly, and almost inaudibly replied.

"Then, why, oh, dearest treasure of my life, for whom alone I live; oh! why should you now causelessly repel me? Why should you, from the moment of my return to claim your hand, and fulfil fondly cherished hopes, and redeem our sacred pledges, so oft, and so fondly given, why should you maintain this unaccountable reserve, and almost without explanation, reject me?"

"Eugene," she replied, pale and almost voiceless,

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"to save you from a pang, which I am unwilling to inflict."

"The severest pang, Pauline, would be pleasure, in comparison with this mysterious language. It fills my heart with agonizing doubt, and causes the last ray of hope to die within me. Oh! why not act towards me, Pauline, like your noble self, and generously disclose to me the reason that 'you would not pain me?' Pauline, your silence inflicts the wounds of ten thousand hopeless words."

"Eugene, you force me to a task, from which, out of regard for you, I have made every effort to shrink," she reluctantly replied.

"Go on, Pauline, I must bear to hear the worst."

She proceeded with hesitation, but increasing somewhat in emphasis:

"Eugene, do you, can you respect the Catholic Faith, or esteem its followers?"

He regarded her for a moment with astonishment and wonder, then ejaculated:

"God knows, Pauline, that I abhor it with a holy hatred, and from my inmost soul pity its deluded votaries!"

The faint traces of colour that still tinged her beautiful lips and cheeks fled with the speed of electricity, as he spoke.

"It is enough, Eugene," she faintly articulated; "words of love must never more be breathed to me again."

"Pauline!"—he gasped, in the agony of expiring hope,—"no—you do not—you cannot mean, that—that you are, a ——tell me, a ——"

"Catholic!" she found strength to utter, and openly profess her Faith.

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What compound of emotions is that which now blanches the cheek with ashy paleness, then impetuously drives the changing hues through every shade to deepest crimson? It may be fear, or hopeless grief, or hate; it may be love, abhorrence, anger; or, it may be shame. The effect, be the cause what it might, was rapidly passing over Eugene's changing countenance. He arose, started a step or two backward, regarded her for a moment with a wild and troubled look; then waived his hand, and in silence left the room. Passing through the hall with rapid strides, almost unconscious of what he did, he left the house.

Pauline prayed for tears, but none came to her relief.

Mr. Seward sat in his library, alone. It was some hours past the time that Eugene ought to have met him there, after his interview with his daughter. But, Eugene came not. After some further impatient waiting, he rang the bell, and of the servant who answered it, he asked for Mr. Neville.

"Mr. Neville, sir, left the Hall more than three hours ago, sir; he must have gone, either in a great hurry, or only for a short time, sir, as here are his gloves and cane."

"Tell your mistress I would speak to her," added Mr. Seward, with ill-suppressed emotion.

Pauline was reclining upon a sofa when she received the message. She was about to send a request that her father would be so kind as to excuse her, as she was quite indisposed: but, upon a moment's reflection, she concluded it were better so, and that, perhaps, she might now be able to bear the worst that was to befall her, better than in a repetition at some future time, which she knew must sooner or later occur; and she

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arose to comply with her father's request. She paused for a moment to gain her composure, and to seek by prayer the assistance of divine grace.

When she entered the library, Mr. Seward was pacing the floor, and turning towards her as she entered, he inquired:

"My daughter, have you seen Eugene?"

"Yes, pa;" she replied, with great agitation.

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"No, dear pa; I did not know that he had left the Hall."

"Your whole manner, Pauline, informs me of something unusual. Unfold to me the mystery. He has sought you to fulfil the pledge, after which it has ever been our happiness to encourage him to aspire!"

Pauline sank upon her knees before her father. She spoke not, and he continued:

"And you have rejected him. Is it not so, Pauline?" he inquired, with a troubled look, and agitated voice.

"Dearest father, you know all; ask not your unhappy daughter to renew her grief."

"I know all, Pauline, but the cause of this extraordinary action on your part. What could have caused you to have denied his suit?"

"Dearest father, we could not make each other's happiness. I did not deny his suit; I but revealed to him my heart, and he withdrew."

"Pauline, there is some mystery that you keep concealed from me, which is the cause of all this. I now charge you to disclose it to me."

"Oh, dearest, best of fathers, I have never had a thought or a wish, but what you have been the first to know it and advise; never, but this one: and this I

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have concealed from you, not because I wished it, but because I knew it was useless and a forbidden subject. Your unhappy daughter is not what she once was: but, oh! dear pa, spare her from saying more."

"Proceed, Pauline; I must know all."

"Dearest pa, your daughter is a Catholic, and——"

"Merciful heavens! ———" he ejaculated, and fell senseless upon the floor.

Pauline's shrieks brought the servants to the library. They raised him, cold, and apparently lifeless, from the floor, and bore him to his chamber. Pauline hung around his pillow. The shock he had received was so great, that it was hours before it yielded to the remedies resorted to, and his consciousness returned. When he had revived, endeavouring to soothe and comfort him, she said:

"Dear pa, your daughter is the same to you, only that she loves you more."

He regarded her for a moment, with a stern, fixed look; and then, with a slow, and clear enunciation, every word solemnly emphasized, said:

"Pauline,—you are—no longer—Calvin Seward's daughter. Leave me!"

She would have thrown herself at his feet, and clasped his knees, to beg his forgiveness; but his stern look and manner forbade it: and feeling her strength failing her, and a film covering her eyes, she turned, and tottering from his presence, had barely time or strength to reach her chamber, when she fell swooning into the arms of her maid.

END OF VOL. I.

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